

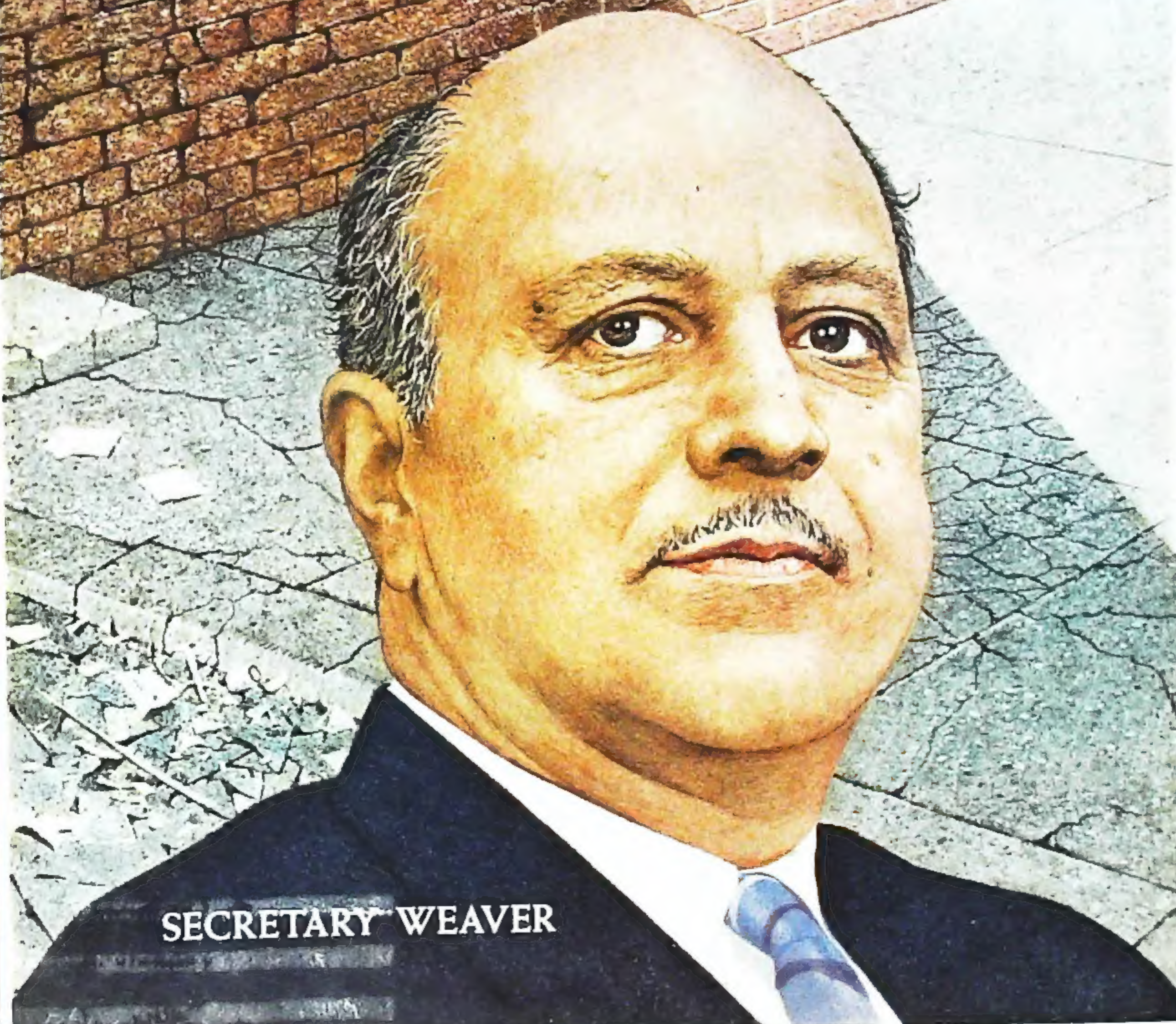
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

MARCH 4, 1966

First Negro in the Cabinet  
TRYING TO SAVE THE CITIES

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



SECRETARY WEAVER

VOL. 87 NO. 9  
(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



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Why not begin enjoying the many benefits of Guild membership by taking advantage of this introductory offer right now? Send no money. Just mail the coupon.

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Please enroll me as a trial member of the Literary Guild and send me the FOUR books or sets whose numbers I have printed in the four boxes at the right. Bill me only \$1 plus shipping for all four. If not delighted, I may return them in 10 days and this membership will be cancelled.

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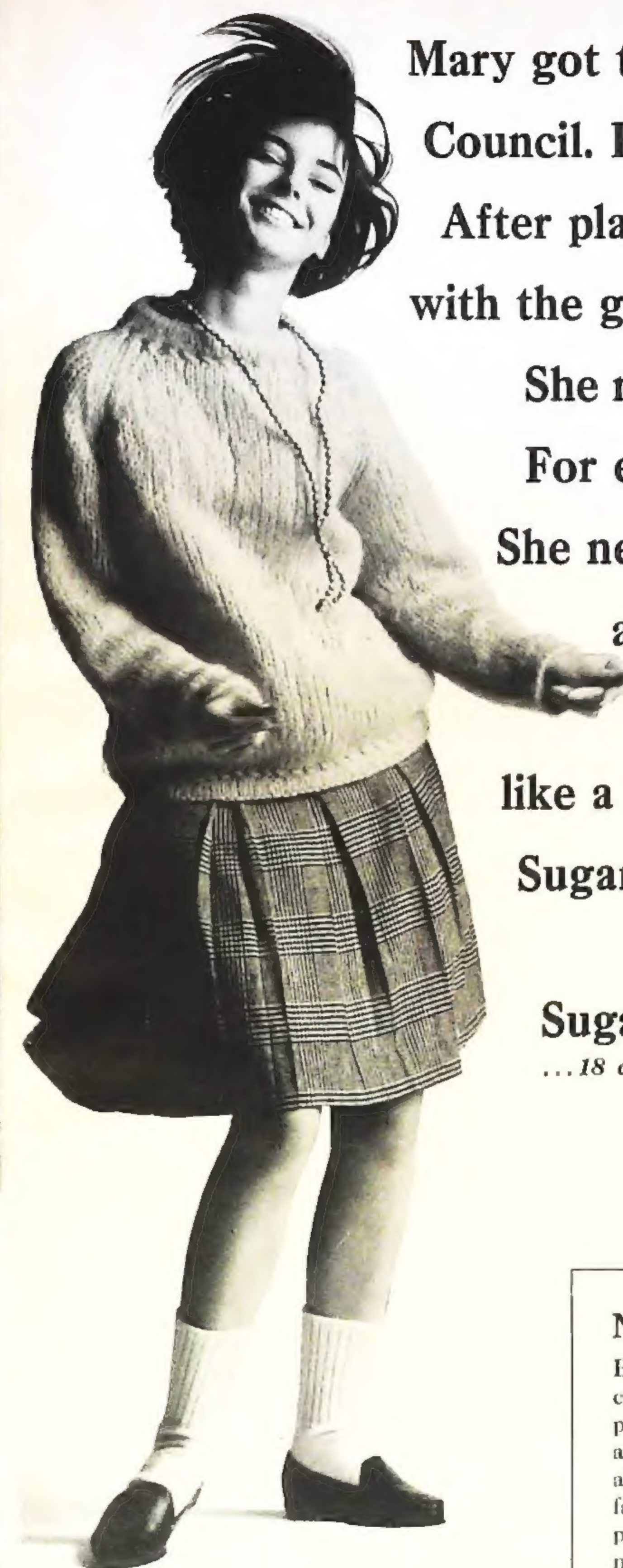


**Feast your eyes on a Delta dinner!**

## Can you think of a nicer way to eat up 600 miles?

Cocktails, hors d'oeuvres, Champagne, vin Rosé... Gulf shrimp *remoulade*... a crisp tomato salad... charcoal broiled strip sirloin or filet mignon. What a delight to dine *a la Delta*! From Banner Jet First Class menus like this to appetizing Tourist fare, Delta makes your trip a real treat.

**DELTA**



Mary got to school early for Student Council. Her team won in gym.

After play rehearsal, she'll Watusi with the gang.

She needs sugar in her life.

For energy.

She needs energyless,

artificially sweetened  
foods and beverages

like a turtle needs a seat belt.

Sugar swings. Serve some.

**Sugar's got what it takes**

...18 calories per teaspoon and it's all energy



### Note to Mothers:

Exhaustion may be dangerous—especially to children who haven't learned to avoid it by pacing themselves. Exhaustion opens the door a little wider to the bugs and ailments that are always lying in wait. Sugar puts back energy fast—offsets exhaustion. Synthetic sweeteners put back nothing. Energy is the first requirement of life. Play safe with your young ones—make sure they get sugar every day.

**Sugar Information, Inc.**

TIME, MARCH 4, 1966

For sweetness with energy, get beet or cane sugar.





## Diamonds bespeak an ever-growing love

Love can never grow old. Neither can the beauty of the diamond. It matters little whether your gift for an important occasion or a special day is lavish or modest. The diamond's meaning is beyond all worldly values.

Bracelet, about \$3500; earrings, about \$250; ring, about \$950. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



## Growing tall in the saddle business



Vice President G. M. Powell of Employers Mutuals and President J. E. Watkins of Chattanooga Saddlery Company, Inc., anticipate the excitement these new western saddles will bring their owners. (They didn't allow this lunch-break amusement to become horseplay—a plant taboo.)

## Wausau Story

In fifteen years the Chattanooga Saddlery Company has grown from a 12-man shop into an operation employing more than 200 men and women. Each week, now, some 1500 saddles are shipped for distribution across the U.S. and overseas.

"We must be doing something right," says President J. E. Watkins of his company's growth.

Many things right, we'd say—and among them, having the experienced counsel of Employers Mutuals of

Wausau right from the very start.

With Employers Mutuals' sound guidance in safe procedures, Chattanooga Saddlery has integrated safety with routine, spared loss to employees and the company through the control of accidents and insurance costs.

If your company is growing or grown up, right now is the time to take a look at your business insurance needs. Workmen's compensation, group health and accident plans, all forms of fire and casualty insurance.

Let the "good people to do business with" help you. Call Employers Mutuals of Wausau, listed in the Yellow Pages. Or, write Employers Mutuals, Wausau, Wisconsin.

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of WAUSAU**



185 Offices Coast  
to Coast  
"Good People to do  
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## Introducing the new Triumph 2000 sedan.



The new  
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what?

Sedan. The 4-door,  
5-passenger Triumph 2000  
sedan.

(You probably thought we only  
make exciting sports cars. Like the  
TR-4A and Spitfire Mk2.)

But please don't think we've  
"gone Detroit." Because the 2000  
is probably quite unlike any sedan  
you've ever driven. In fact, you  
might think you were driving a  
Triumph sports car.

With accurate rack-and-pinion  
steering. Four forward synchro-

mesh gears.

Bump-smoothing,  
independent suspension.

Dependable disc brakes. (You  
won't find standard features like  
these—all from the TR-4A—on  
most of the higher-priced sedans.)

And a 6-cylinder engine—0-50  
in only 9.4 seconds—that still  
squeezes about 26 miles from  
each gallon of gas.

Of course, the Triumph 2000  
boasts such sedan-like features as  
luxurious reclining front bucket  
seats. Child-proof door locks.  
Yawning trunk. (Swallows five

large suitcases, bulging  
bag of golf clubs.) And  
optional automatic transmission  
or overdrive.

Remember these latter features  
when you test-drive the 2000.  
Otherwise, you might think you  
were driving the world's only 4-  
door, 5-passenger sports car.

## Triumph 2000



Suggested retail price P.D. \$2015 plus state and/or local taxes. Slightly  
higher in West. Look for dealer in Yellow Pages. Overseas delivery available.  
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Your electric service costs so little, you can do all sorts  
of baking for a few cents' worth.

That's part of the miracle of electric service—its very low  
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less per kilowatt-hour for service than it did 10 years ago.  
Which all goes to prove an important point. Sound business  
management—and energetic business enterprise—together  
mean dependable, low-priced electric service for you, both  
now and in the future.

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Watch for "Hollywood Palace," Saturday, March 19, 9:30 P.M., Eastern Time, on ABC-TV.

\*Names of sponsoring companies available through this magazine.



## TIME LISTINGS

### TELEVISION

Wednesday, March 2

**BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER** (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).\* William Shatner stars in a drama about a jungle doctor accused of malpractice and murder.

Thursday, March 3

**CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIE** (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). *The Devil at Four O'Clock*. Spencer Tracy, as a hardheaded Irish-American priest, and Frank Sinatra, as a hard-case Italo-American criminal, invoke the blessings of heaven in their work at a children's leper colony situated on the slopes of a volcano that may erupt any moment.

Friday, March 4

**THE SAMMY DAVIS JR. SHOW** (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Sammy's third appearance of the season will have more of himself and less of his friends. Guests include the Supremes and Jonathan Winters.

Saturday, March 5

**ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS** (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The World Ski Jumping championship from Oslo, Norway; the Daytona 500 Stock Car championship from Daytona, Fla.

**SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES** (NBC, 9-11:15 p.m.). *The Five Pennies*. This movie biography of Jazz Musician Ernest Loring ("Red") Nichols is laden with heroics and sentimentality, but Danny Kaye and Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong have a ball and save the show.

Sunday, March 6

**CBS NEWS RELIGIOUS BROADCAST** (CBS, 10-11 a.m.). A tour around the new Israel Museum in Jerusalem to see exhibits ranging from 5th century Persian gold ornaments to Picasso and op art.

**CAMERA THREE** (CBS, 11-11:30 a.m.). Part 3 of "In Search of Ezra Pound" traces Pound's childhood, college life and self-exile in Europe.

**THE TWENTIETH CENTURY** (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "Nehru: Man of Two Worlds" highlights Nehru's career from his days in prison to his election as independent India's first Prime Minister.

**WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR** (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Part 2 of the story about a girl who wants to dance, filmed with the Royal Danish Ballet.

Tuesday, March 8

**CBS NEWS SPECIAL** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). "Our Friends, the French": the state of the Franco-American alliance as seen through the eyes of Frenchmen.

### THEATER

#### On Broadway

**PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME!** is an honest and lyrical, sentimental and humorous account of a young Irishman's preparations to leave his homeland for America. A uniformly excellent cast is headed by Dubliners Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford, who play the hero's inner and outer selves.

**SWEET CHARITY.** As a taxi dancer in search of lasting love, Gwen Verdon is Terpsichore's darling and fortune's foil.

\* All times E.S.T.

Bob Fosse's choreography sizzles, but Neil Simon's book is a burnt-out case.

**INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE** is John Osborne's *Inferno*, the journey of an "irredeemably mediocre" middle-aged soul through a modern hell, all the while lashing out at his fate with visceral scorn and waspish humor. Nicol Williamson makes him a good sight larger than most heroes.

**THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE** blends Brecht with the Theater of Cruelty, mixing in philosophy, revolution and insanity. A skin-tingling assault on the senses.

**CACTUS FLOWER** is a French bonbon oozing with sex. Barry Nelson is a sybaritic dentist who is affair-prone; Lauren Bacall plays the slightly soured nurse who saves him—then conquers him. Director Abe Burrows keeps this candied love apple dripping with amusement.

**YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU.** A note of nostalgia and innocence is struck by the APA repertory company in its stylish revival of the 1936 George Kaufman-Moss Hart comedy classic.

#### Off Broadway

**THE MAD SHOW.** With only a passing nod to *Mad* magazine, this revue satirizes TV kiddie shows, soap-flake operas, recording stars. It has more jaw than teeth, but the show is entertaining.

**HOGAN'S GOAT.** Ethnic memory is tapped as William Alfred evokes Irish character, customs and clout in Brooklyn at the turn of the century. Beneath the blarney and blather lies the story of the making and unmaking of an American politician.

**THE WHITE DEVIL.** A revival in modern dress recaptures all the gory gothic elements of John Webster's 17th century melodrama of destruction wrought by ambition, greed, murder and revenge.

### RECORDS

#### Folk & Other

**PAUL BUTTERFIELD**, at 24, is a virtuoso on the harmonica, the new "in" instrument that folk aficionados, picking up an old colloquialism, call a "harp." Butterfield's harp is electrically amplified, and he gets extraordinary saxophone-like effects with it. On his first album, *The Paul Butterfield Blues Band* (Elektra), he not only blows a wild-sweet harp but also shows that he is one of the best young bluesmen around by singing the likes of *Shake Your Money-Maker* and *Thank You Mr. Pooh-bah*, vigorously backed by guitars, drums, organ and bass.

**SANDY BULL**, an accomplished guitarist, plays folk music as well as jazz, classical works and his own too-lengthy ragahike musings. His *Inventions* (Vanguard) includes such surprises as a Bach gavotte played on an electric guitar with an organ-like sonority, a 14th century ballad performed on oud, banjo and guitar, and a swinging selection of 20th century rhythm and blues.

**HARRY BELAFONTE** heard Nana Mouskouri, 28, singing in a supper club outside Athens and brought her to the U.S. to tour and record with him some *Songs from Greece* (RCA Victor), with folk lyrics but melodies mostly by Manos (Never on Sunday) Hadjidakis. Greek is

a poetic language of love for Belafonte's mellifluous voice (*In the Small Boat, Walking on the Moon*). Mouskouri adds some dreamlike songs about freedom (*The Town Crier, The Baby Snake*).

**AMALIA RODRIGUEZ**, one of Portugal's most marketable exports, is queen of the lemon-flavored café song known as *fado*. (*Fado* literally means fate and is always cruel.) Amalia's new album, called *The Soul of Portugal* (Columbia), contains a dozen *fados* (*Corner of Sin, Useless Angel*), similar in mood to Edith Piaf's *chansons* but stamped with Portuguese rhythms and Amalia's tangy timber.

**KENNETH MCKELLAR**, a stylish Scottish tenor who is equally at home singing Handel arias, gives meticulous attention to *Greensleeves and Other Songs of the British Isles* (London). Abetted by a sensitive orchestral accompaniment, McKellar's expressiveness and polish bring freshness to such faded ballads as *The Last Rose of Summer* and *Ye Banks and Braes*.

**THE ROMEROS**, which is to say the young Spanish guitarists Celin, Angel and Pepe along with their father Celedonia, perform *An Evening of Flamenco Music* (Mercury). The quartet plays four of the gypsy dances, but the most brilliant interludes are Pepe's solos, including the flashy *Bulerias* and the moody *Granaditas*.

### CINEMA

**THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET.** Folksy humor and lyrical fantasy heighten the impact of this masterly Czech tragedy—a deceptively simple tale of a hennecked nobody (Josef Kröner) who befriends but ultimately betrays the doomed old Jewess (Ida Kaminíka) whose button shop is given to him by Nazis ruling a complacent Slovakian village in 1942.

**THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW.** An Italian Communist, Director Pier Paolo Pasolini, vividly re-creates the world and work of Christ with a cast of non-professional actors, a script taken line for line from Scripture, and a blessed absence of the usual conventions.

**KING AND COUNTRY.** The trial and execution of a pathetic World War I deserter (Tom Courtenay) mean agony for the officer (Dirk Bogarde) assigned to defend him in this rigorous British drama by Joseph Losey (*The Servant*).

**THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX.** While the wreckage of a twin-engine transport simulates in mid-Sahara, Director Robert Aldrich coolly studies a crew of survivors headed by James Stewart in their attempt to escape on a wing and a prayer.

**OTHELLO.** Playing the Moor of Venice in blackface, Laurence Olivier often strikes verbal fire from the kindling poetry of Shakespeare's tragedy but fails to ignite the smoldering passion of the inner man.

**DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.** Before and after the Russian Revolution, lovers move through a many-splendored landscape in David Lean's version of Pasternak's classic. Omar Sharif is Zhivago, Julie Christie his Larra.

**REPULSION.** Terror shrouds a London flat in this classic chiller about a demure blonde murderess (Catherine Deneuve) and her eager suitors.

**THUNDERBALL.** The latest James Bond survival kit includes an Aqualung, a backpack jet and, again, Sean Connery conquering the fair sex and some foul foes.

**THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.** This strong, stark adaptation of John le Carré's novel has Richard Burton giving his best screen performance as a burnt-out



## TRICYCLE

Remember when you rode a tricycle as a kid? Compared with a bike it was pretty simple to handle. Same thing's true of the modern Piper Cherokee because it, too, uses the tricycle principle for its landing gear.

IT'S one reason why the Cherokee seems to want to do everything right. It inherently rolls straight on take-off and landing. If you land with a little drift, the tricycle gear automatically corrects for it, whereas older airplanes with their little tail wheels had a tendency to wander all over the place. And you don't have to teeter on a stall a few inches off the ground to make a "three-point" landing. You just ease down onto the runway with seldom an embarrassing bounce.

Actually, all modern airplanes now use the tricycle landing gear and this innovation is one of several big reasons why flying is so much simpler than just a few years ago.

The tricycle gear takes on even better characteristics when combined with low wing design. That's why we at Piper, after building tens of thousands of high wing airplanes, have switched completely to low wing except for the Super Cub (still produced in limited quantity). With low wing several good things happen. First, the

center of gravity is much lower. Second, the wheel tread can be made much wider. With low CG and wide stance there's no top-heavy tippy feeling when you fly the Cherokee.

The low wing offers other benefits, too. Visibility's so much better. And, in the Cherokee, a "magic" pillow of air between wing and runway cushions every landing.

#### \$5 Introductory Flight Lesson

Like to see for yourself? Five dollars is all you need for the Special Introductory Flight Lesson your Piper dealer is offering. With a government-rated flight instructor, you'll quickly learn how easy—and fascinating!—it is to handle the quiet, smooth-running Cherokee.

Visit your Piper dealer today—this weekend for sure. No coupon needed. Just come out to the airport, say you want to take the Special \$5 Introductory Flight Lesson, and the rest is easy.

If you don't find your Piper dealer in the Yellow Pages, write for his name. You'll receive a Flight Facts Kit including 20-page booklet "Let's Fly." Just write Dept. 3-T.



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AIRCRAFT CORPORATION  
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PIPER HAS BUILT MORE AIRPLANES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD

TIME, MARCH 4, 1966





## "LONG DISTANCE SELLING IS GIVING US ANOTHER BANNER YEAR!"

says **Philip Bell, President, Pearce-Simpson, Inc., Miami, Florida**

"As a leading producer of marine and citizen's-band two-way radios, we have been doing 90% of our selling by Long Distance over the past three years," Mr. Bell points out. "We've enjoyed steadily increasing sales success at steadily decreasing costs—and last year we nearly doubled sales of the year before."

"With 925 dealers scattered all over the country, Long Distance provides us with regular sales coverage. Personal visits prove costly for us to use too frequently. We use Long Distance to get

reorders, solve problems as they arise, and maintain good manufacturer-retailer relations. The payoff clearly speaks for itself."

Though your sales requirements may be entirely different, Long Distance can still be a vital tool in building sales at low cost. To find out more, call your Bell Telephone Business Office. Ask for a communications consultant to contact you.



**Bell System**

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Take a new look at Long Distance!

Mr. Alec Pappas, Vice-President and Assistant Director of Engineering, at the test site for a drone antisubmarine helicopter made on Long Island, N.Y., for the U.S. Navy's DASH weapons system.



**"Look, I work for a helicopter company. I'd rather invest in that than buy life insurance!"**

"But a MONY man proved that I wasn't building up anything like the right amount of cash to *guarantee* my family an income if anything happened to me!"



MONY man Arthur Engelson talks it over with Alec Pappas.

"I've got investments, some life insurance plus group insurance. That's enough," I told MONY man Arthur Engelson.

"But Arthur proved if anything did happen to me my family might suffer severe financial hardship. What sounded like a lot of cash wouldn't be in terms of yearly income. If I wanted to *guarantee* an income, one my wife could live on for life and yet big enough to support the children in the early years... then I couldn't afford to stall."

"So Arthur came up with a really comprehensive plan. One that could provide my wife a realistic lifetime income. Or if all

went well I'd have cash towards a retirement fund. Or cash I could borrow. Since then Arthur even helped me set up a trust fund through my bank."

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The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, New York, N.Y. — Life, Health, Group Insurance, Pension Plans — Sales and Service Offices throughout the United States, in Canada, and serving our Armed Forces in Western Europe.

TIME, MARCH 4, 1966



We hate to think you'd  
buy this shoe just because  
it looks great.



#### THE EXECUTIVE

Style 113—in antiqued brown  
or black grained calfskin

Great looks? that's only half of it.

Great comfort is the other half.

The four exclusive Wright Arch Preserver® features have you  
stepping out free and easy, feeling better than you ever felt  
before. Looks *and* comfort. You'll admit it's rare to get both.



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British agent sent to set a diabolical trap  
for a tireless foe (Oskar Werner) in East  
Germany.

**DARLING.** Low jinks in the jet set, with  
Julie Christie bouncing from pillow to  
post.

**JULIET OF THE SPIRITS.** Baubles, bangles  
and Freudian heads bob to the surface  
when Director Federico Fellini (8½)  
plumbs the subconscious of a matron  
(Giulietta Masina) beset by marital woes.

#### BOOKS

##### Best Reading

**AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOVEL**, by Ken-  
neth Rexroth. Novel it is not, but it is a  
novel autobiography of an old bohemian  
who describes with much wit and some  
wisdom the anarchists, pacifists, ragged  
utopians and plain cranks he encountered  
during a merrily freewheeling life.

**THE MEMOIRS OF FIELD-MARSHAL KEITEL**,  
Chief of the German High Command, 1936-  
1945, edited by Walter Görlitz. Completed  
just before he was hanged as a war crim-  
inal, this memoir by Hitler's top military  
man gives a fascinating account of the  
last days of the Wehrmacht as well as a  
chilling insight into the moral myopia  
that afflicted the Nazi high command.

**ALLENBY OF ARABIA**, by Brian Gardner.  
An eloquent and meticulous biography of  
Sir Edmund Allenby, the great British  
general whose Palestine campaign knocked  
Turkey out of World War I.

**A CHOICE OF WEAPONS**, by Gordon  
Parks. The well-known Negro photogra-  
pher recounts without a trace of self-pity  
his struggle to find a better weapon than  
hatred to use against the injustices he en-  
countered in a white man's society.

**IN COLD BLOOD**, by Truman Capote. The  
darkest side of murder—in this case the  
slaughter of a farm family in Kansas—is  
illuminated with a fidelity that makes  
the act as real as it was meaningless.

**A VISION OF BATTLEMENTS**, by Anthony  
Burgess. This wry account of a young Brit-  
on's jousts with the military bullies and  
oafs stationed on Gibraltar during and  
after World War II shines like a Faery-  
bauble when compared with the usual as-  
sortment of wartime reminiscences.

**THE PROUD TOWER**, by Barbara Tuch-  
man. The author skillfully reconstructs  
the edifice of Europe—comfortable, con-  
placent, seemingly secure—that was  
topple before the guns of August 1914.

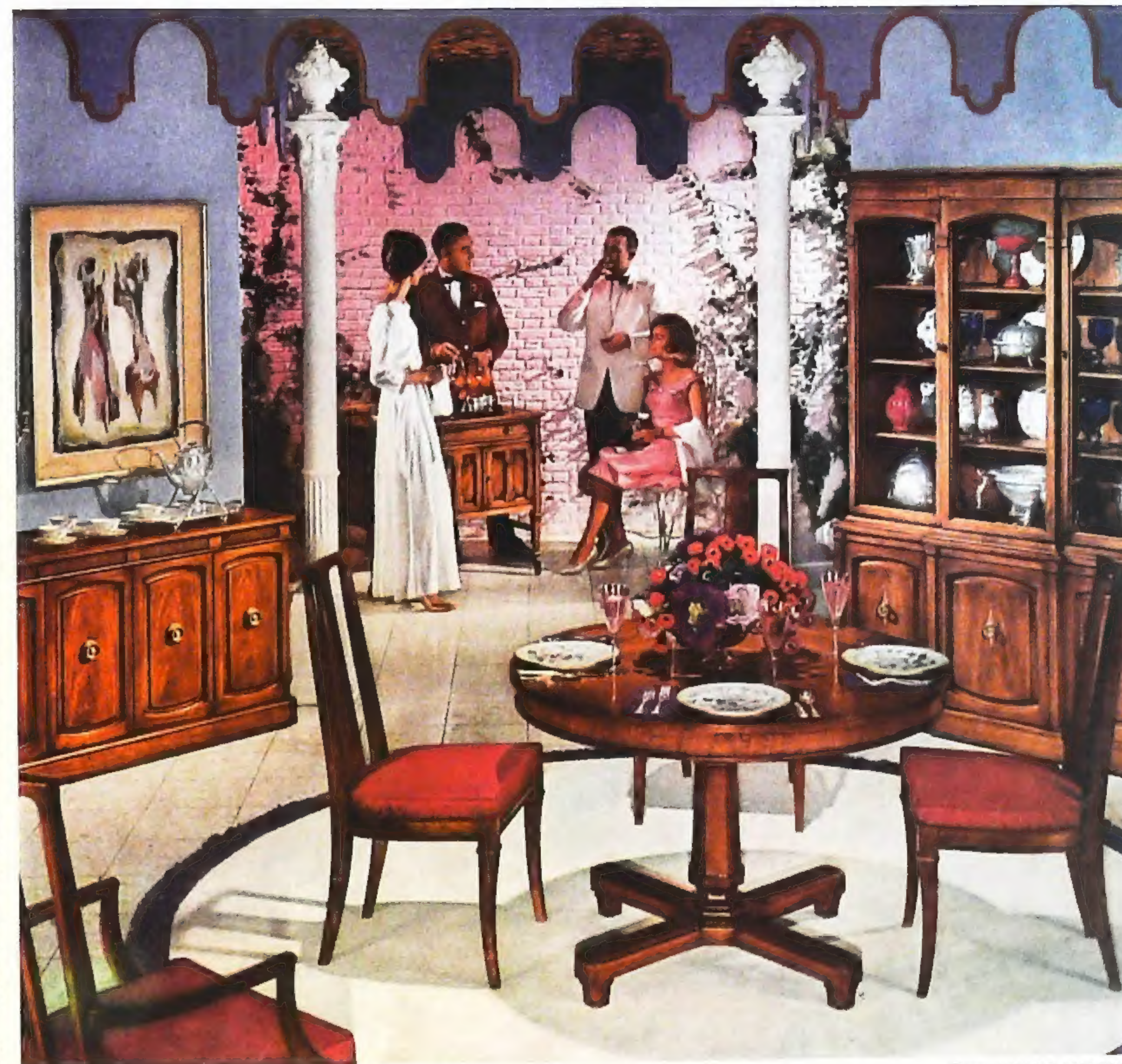
##### Best Sellers

##### FICTION

1. The Source, Michener (1 last week)
2. Those Who Love, Stone (2)
3. The Double Image, MacInnes (3)
4. The Embezzler, Auchincloss (7)
5. The Comedians, Greene (5)
6. The Lockwood Concern, O'Hara (4)
7. Up the Down Staircase, Kaufman (6)
8. The Billion Dollar Brain, Deighton (9)
9. Thomas, Mydans (8)
10. The Rabbi, Gordon

##### NONFICTION

1. In Cold Blood, Capote (1)
2. The Proud Tower, Tuchman (3)
3. A Thousand Days, Schlesinger (2)
4. Games People Play, Berne (4)
5. A Gift of Prophecy, Montgomery (6)
6. Kennedy, Sorensen (5)
7. The Penkovskiy Papers, Penkovskiy (7)
8. The Last 100 Days, Toland
9. Yes I Can, Davis and Boyat (8)
10. A Gift of Joy, Hayes (9)



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## LETTERS

### Artur's Round Table

Sir: Thank you for a fascinating and perceptive story on Artur Rubinstein [Feb. 25], surely one of our most enduring—and endearing—musical geniuses. In a world in which so many distrust or dislike their lives, it's a pleasure to read about someone who loves and cares about his own enough to transmit his joy to others.

(MRS.) ELIDA D. LAWSON  
New York City

Sir: Your enthusiasm overreaches itself when you call his playing of Mozart "impeccable." Though fine indeed, it is still marred by that same romanticism that is the Rubinstein trademark. What is interesting in this regard is not the pianist's limitation but the certainty that he will improve, that in time his Mozart will have the clarity and refinement it needs. On the basis of his spirit and energy alone, Rubinstein deserves his superb life.

DONALD WILSON  
New York City

Sir: Rubinstein's unique blending of "romantic" and "modern" piano styles deserves the highest praise of the civilized world. But to state categorically that he is "the world's greatest pianist," to put him on a pedestal above Horowitz, Richter, Serkin, etc., is irresponsible reporting of a type to which I think Rubinstein himself would take exception.

MILTON SETZER  
New York City

Sir: The Rubinstein story is a gem.  
WILLIAM M. AVERY JR.  
Elmhurst, Ill.

### War With Words

Sir: As a Vietnamese, I find your cover story on Premier Ky [Feb. 18] excellent. At last people will understand that the government is doing its best to defend and help the people.

DOAN TAN HOI  
Nashville, Tenn.

Sir: TIME's Viet Nam coverage has been nothing less than outstanding, the story on Dean Rusk [Feb. 4] nothing less than just. Now, after a week of Fulbright's foreign relations circus, I think we can all agree with Truman's view of the man as "that overeducated Oxford s.o.b."

NORMAND W. DUFRESNE  
Lowell, Mass.

Sir: What we need is more "overeducated Oxford s.o.b.s" [Feb. 18] in Congress and fewer "shocking exposes" that are shocking only in their intent to malign.

(MRS.) MARIE G. ALI  
Mt. Rainier, Md.

Sir: To accuse Senator Fulbright of a "blind spot" in not accepting the myth of a monolithic-belligerent Communist bloc is to reveal your own. That Communist doctrine is neither monolithic nor necessarily nor always belligerent is no longer an opinion. It's a fact! I know of no reputable scholar who would argue otherwise.

HERBERT W. WERLIN  
Instructor in Political Science  
State University of New York  
Stony Brook, N.Y.

Sir: My greatest fear is that the Fulbrights, Morges and Kennans will prevail.

TIME MARCH 4, 1966

These men don't want to negotiate; they want to capitulate.

L. G. HAMILTON  
Geneva, Ill.

### Third Force

Sir: True, Lockheed is a great company, and much of the credit belongs to Chairman Gross and his dynamic executives [Feb. 11]. You say the chairman is a banker turned supersalesman and that the president and vice president were accountants who became brilliant administrators. But it takes more than salesmen and administrators to produce technological triumphs. Oh yes, you did say "Engineers and scientists constitute a third of Lockheed's work force."

CHRISTOS T. CHRISTY  
President

Engineers-Scientists Guild  
Lockheed Section  
Burbank, Calif.

Sir: About your story on Courtlandt Gross, I raised half of that \$40,000 to buy the company out of receivership in 1932, at the bottom of the depression, and served as a director during the formative years. As a close personal friend of Bob Gross from childhood, may I add that only a genius could play second fiddle to his inspiring brother all those years—and in the end rise to greater heights.

MAJOR GENERAL LAWRENCE C. AMES  
U.S.A.F. (Ret.)

Oakland, Calif.

### Stress & Distress

Sir: TIME's discussion of clerical celibacy [Feb. 18] has done a great service by bringing into the open a festering sore in the structure of the church. Celibacy as a *sine qua non* for the priesthood of the Latin Rite is a product neither of the demands of faith nor of the conclusions of sound theology. The stress on celibacy in Western Catholicism at times borders on the irrational. The Oriental Church has realized the error of identifying a vocation to the priesthood with a vocation to the celibate life.

(THE REV.) ROGER J. MOAG  
Catholic Student Center  
U.S.I. Campus  
Lafayette, La.

Sir: As a married Roman Catholic layman, I have always felt that I should much prefer to receive marital guidance from a married priest. I firmly believe that clerical celibacy should be a matter of

choice, not a requirement for ordination. Matrimony is considered a sacrament by Roman Catholics. Why deprive our priests of its many graces?

DONALD E. COLOGNE  
Smithtown, N.Y.

Sir: Your treatment of celibacy is misleading, superficial and one-sided. You cite exceptional cases to show that the celibate priesthood is falling apart. You should realize that the church's situation in South America is anything but favorable. What you attribute to some priests there may be one of many symptoms of a more widespread disease infecting South America's Christianity. Perhaps in South America many priests "who found celibacy no problem" were either emotionally immature or latent homosexuals. But don't imply that this is so everywhere.

JOHN J. BUCKLEY JR.  
Archdiocesan Seminary  
Cardinal Glennon College  
St. Louis

Sir: A priest who seeks solution of his problems in marriage betrays an immature appreciation of what marriage is about. Marriage is not a solution, it is a vocation, wherein persons give themselves totally to form a new creation. The celibate is capable of the greatest fulfillment because the possibility of devoting himself to many rather than to one is uniquely his.

(THE REV.) STEPHEN F. DUFFY  
St. Augustine's Rectory  
Union City, N.J.

### Taint Necessarily So

Sir: Three cheers for the Ford Foundation! It is time someone began teaching Americans their native tongue [Feb. 18]. But why stop with the American Negro? Slurred and mispronounced speech is one of the characteristics most frequently noted by foreign visitors among Americans. Classes like those you describe should be available to all students with poor speech.

JOHN M. BRENNAN  
Port Jefferson, N.Y.

Sir: We wondered, as we drove South last December, when we would notice dialectolalia. It happened in Tennessee, when the gas-station attendant responded to my "Fill 'er up" by saying "Hahtaste!" In a Florida state park the ranger said, "Ahmtored. Hadahordnot."

GEORGE JOHNSON  
Wausau, Wisconsin

Sir: It is too late for the Ford Foundation to save the U.S. from so-called Amos 'n' Andy accents. Dig the President! Dig

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Gershwin! Dig all the rock 'n' roll beat groups! Pick up on all the bestselling novels! Because I am one of them millions of "can-not-be/shall-not-be/integrated or (Uncle Ralph Bunche) assimilated," I figure it's best to talk, walk, sing and swing like a true nigger! It is like my music, jazz. It's personal, and the sounds often change from nigger to Negro and from colored to Afro. That's our sound. It's our contribution to the world, it's pure Afro-American. It's beautiful. 'Taint necessarily so that our sounds have to go.

TED JOANS  
jazz poet

en route to Dakar

### College of the Air

Sir: Your story on radio's vitality [Feb. 18] fails to mention college radio. While most college operations are limited to the campus, many are expanding. My own station, the country's oldest college station, has turned dream into reality: we have expanded to a 20,000-watt stereo FM station to serve Southern New England with public affairs and music programs. College radio is on the move—I believe that many of tomorrow's radio executives are getting their start at college stations rather than in broadcasting schools.

FRED BRACK  
Program Director

WBRU  
Brown University  
Providence

### Prof's Pride

Sir: I appreciated your excellent piece on the Berkeley, Calif., Police Department [Feb. 18]. Every word of it is correct. I have special pride in the department because I am the sole remaining member of the University of California group that helped Chief Vollmer establish a modern department. Soon after Vollmer (a former mail carrier) became chief, he consulted Professors Jessica Peixotto, A. M. Kidd and me. Dr. Peixotto was a member of the State Board of Charities and Corrections and taught criminology; Professor Kidd taught criminal law; I, formerly at Stanford, had also taught criminology and been chairman of the probation committee of the Juvenile Court of Santa Clara County. We drafted plans for the department and gave lectures on criminology to Vollmer's staff.

IRA B. CROSS  
Retired Flood Professor of Economics  
Berkeley, Calif.

### Acting It Out

Sir: In your review of John McGahern's *The Dark* [Feb. 18], you quote Samuel Johnson. "The Irish are a fair people. They never speak well of one another." They don't act well to one another either. *The Dark* has been banned from Ireland, and McGahern has lost his teaching post at a Dublin school. He has, it seems, committed two unforgivable sins, not only has he written a "dirty" book; he has also (God protect us from all harm) married outside the church.

MAURICE C. KING  
Dublin

### I Remember Ezra

Sir: You say of the Soviet decision to let Novelist Valery Tarsis go to England [Feb. 18] "The official rationale was that since Tarsis' most recent underground novel, *Ward 7*, concerns his experience as a political prisoner in an insane asylum, he is

a certified lunatic, hence not legally liable for his ravings." America, remember Pound!

LAWRENCE RUSSELL  
Torremolinos, Spain

### Pooh Who?

Sir: Mr. Disney's Pooh presump- [Feb. 18] isn't worth a tiddley-pum.

PRESTON K. COVEY JR.  
Pittsburgh

Sir: A great salute to Mr. Disney, who has again brought to life one of the wonderful characters of all time.

(MRS.) CORA S. KILLY  
Seal Beach, Calif.

Sir: You better watch out, Mr. Disney. That is not Pooh.

JULIE CLARK  
Melbourne, Australia

### Good Gout

Sir: Thank you for a story that did me to improve the gout sufferer's image [Feb. 18]. My husband's gout attack was by others with a "ho, ho, ho" attitude and the usual remark, "That's the drink of the boozers and the high living." He ought to command a little respect with that painful big toe.

MRS. EWALD F. FISCHER  
Hastings, Minn.

### Degenerate Blintz

Sir: I wonder if Letter Writer George Cooley, commenting on Barbra Streisand [Feb. 18], realizes that a crepe sunrise is nothing more than a degenerate blintz.

MRS. J. ROBERTSON  
Cleveland

### All Their Buttons

Sir: Before noticing the presence of pocket handkerchief and the absence of stripes on the sleeves, I would have seen your example of avant-garde fashion [Feb. 25] was photographed in a Navy exchange. The Double-B look is certainly not new to us.

S. A. MOHSBERG III  
Midshipman 2/c, U.S.N.

Annapolis, Md.

Sir: Horrors! Is TIME trying to turn new look in fashion by leaving the button on its double-breasted blazer buttoned? I heartily applaud the emergence of the Double-B style, but I am obliged to point out that no Double-B man who is worth his brass would leave a button unbuttoned.

ROBERTO C. BISCHOFF  
New York City

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE, c/o Time, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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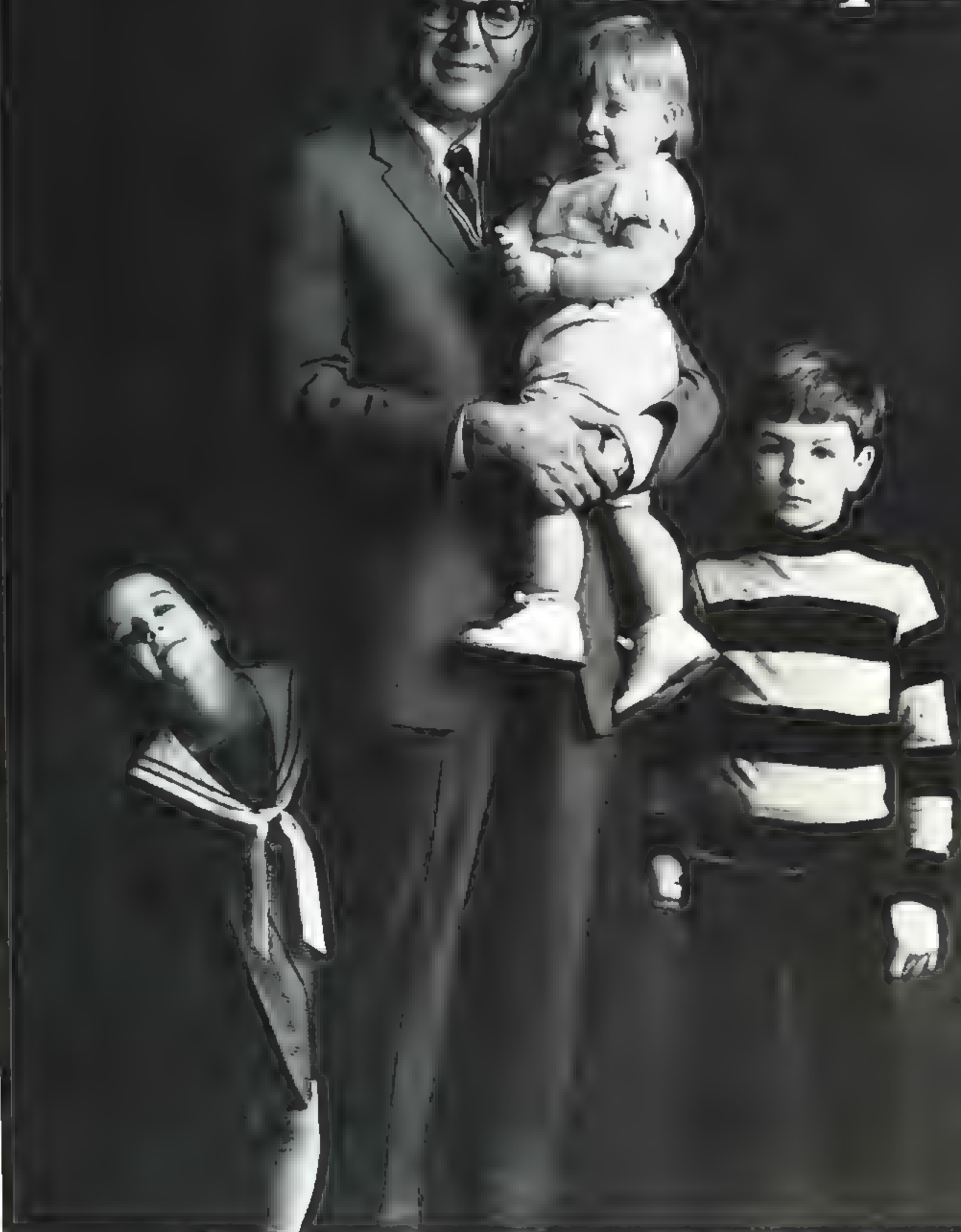
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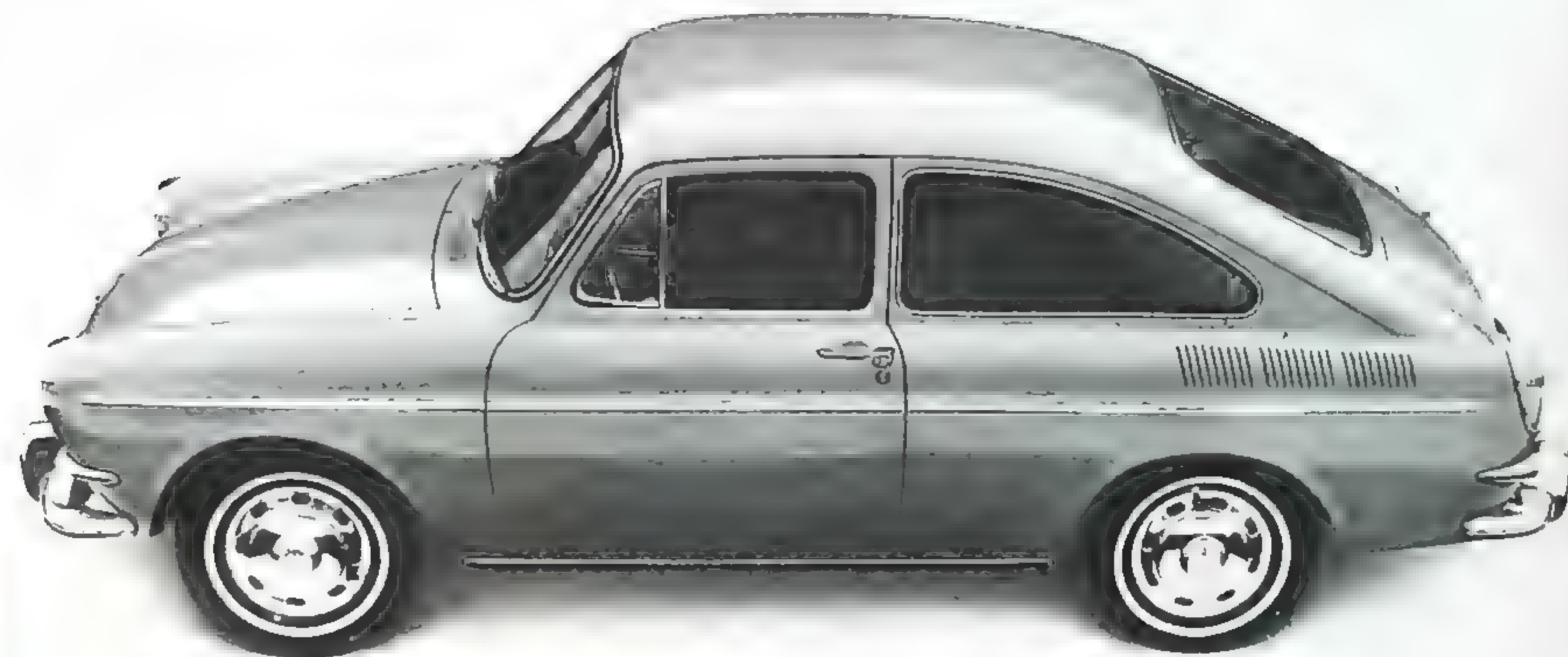
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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

March 4, 1966

Vol. 87, No. 9

## THE NATION

### FOREIGN RELATIONS

#### Hints of a Changing Equation

In the varying calculus of world politics, the principal constant is the fundamental conflict between regimes founded on repression and societies that aspire to liberty under law. The primary protagonists in the Cold War decades have been Communism and democracy; more immediately, they are Communist China and the U.S. And while there have recently been some loud expressions of doubt and counseling of weakness on the free world's side, there were scattered signs last week that the struggle may be going better than most Westerners had dared to hope.

In Viet Nam, where years of frustration have given U.S. officials a painful inoculation against euphoria, old hands almost embarrassedly admitted that things were looking up. "I'm almost afraid to say it," allowed an intelligence officer in Saigon, "but I wonder if the Viet Cong aren't hurting—and maybe even hurting badly."

Elsewhere there were other hints of a change in the equation of world affairs. In Ghana, where Kwame Nkrumah, one of Africa's last China lovers, had been ruthlessly consolidating a squalid little tyranny for nine years, a cadre of young colonels took advantage of the Redeemer's visit to Peking to redeem their nation from his rule (see

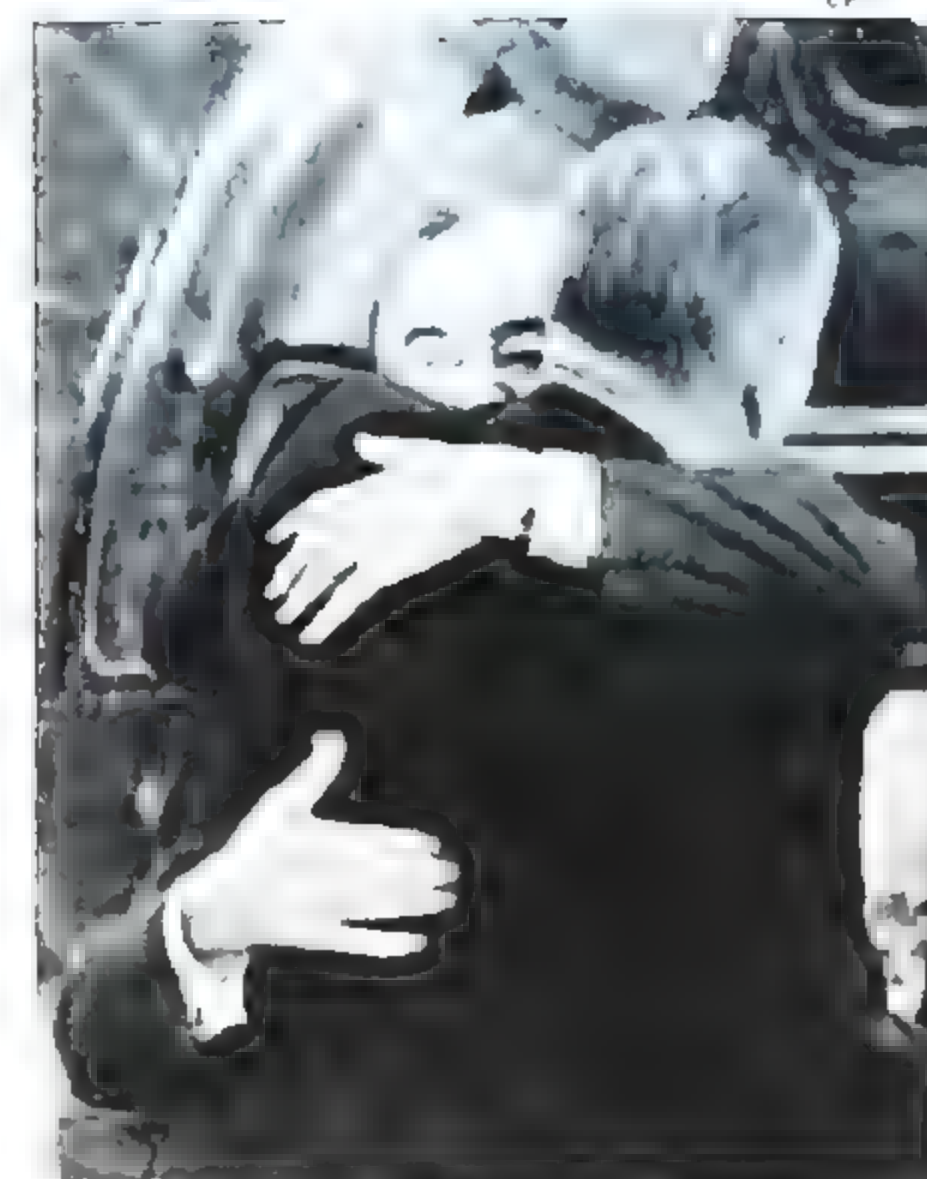
THE WORLD). In Indonesia, where Strongman Sukarno sought to refurbish his sullied image by firing Defense Minister Nasution, one of Peking's arch-enemies, anti-Communist students dared to howl their disapproval at the palace gates.

In Russia, a new five-year plan jettisoned Nikita Khrushchev's dream of overtaking U.S. heavy industry by 1970 and focused instead on a goal that Red China's rulers condemn as pure capitalist decadence—making life more pleasant for the people. Throughout the world, Peking seeks to incite "wars of national liberation." Yet in Red China itself, noted Columnist Joseph Alsop, the regime's paranoid leaders have become so distrustful of the younger generation that they have shipped all members of the three upper classes at pace-setting Peking University to Sinkiang, the Chinese Siberia, "to improve their minds by a period of hard labor."

Clearly, neither in Ghana nor Viet Nam—let alone Russia or China—is a coup or demonstration or a series of advances and retreats any real premise or portent for the future. But the free world could take some comfort last week from the loosely linked chain of evidence around the world that repressive regimes were losing rather than gaining ground in their effort to impress mankind that liberty, Communist-style, is the wave of the future.



NKRUMAH IN PEKING WITH CHOU EN LAI (RIGHT)  
Redeemed from the Redeemer.



HUMPHREY & JOHNSON  
Light in the porthole.

### THE WAR

#### "Restrained Optimism"

The helicopter bearing Hubert H. Humphrey eased deliberately through the chill twilight so as not to reach the White House lawn ahead of the TV cameras. It was the only leisurely part of his homecoming. The Vice President stepped from the chopper into Lyndon Johnson's capacious *abito*, then plunged into a hectic round of briefings and appearances. Having stumped nine Far Eastern countries to solicit support for the Johnson Administration's Viet Nam policy, his task last week was to convert the critics back home.

After giving the President an immediate "quick porthole look" of his impressions, Humphrey was back at 8 a.m. next day to address members of Congress. His listeners found Humphrey unwontedly militant, particularly since his mission had been to emphasize that the U.S. is as deeply committed to the struggle for a better life in Asia as it is to the defeat of Red aggression.

Talking "Win." In each of the "two wars," said Humphrey, "we have a right to have restrained optimism and confidence." Then, paraphrasing South Vietnamese Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, he declared: "The National Liberation Front is neither national nor liberating but it is a front. Communism is one thing as a theory for discussion in this country, but it is quite another in those small countries of Asia where its teeth are bared and its appetite consuming. Its creed is terror, murder, assassination." To make sure that the Administration's congressional critics got the point, Humphrey wondered aloud why some of them "always suggest what we might give up" in order to bring about negotiations. "Why not ask what Hanoi might give up?"

One listener who agreed went away saying: "He was talking 'Win.' He was







## THE CONGRESS

### The Two Wars

The bill, proclaimed Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills, "is intended first and foremost to provide additional revenues to help sustain our operations in Vietnam." The House was unmoved. It was not, for a change, reservations about the war that worried Congressmen but the fact that President Johnson's proposal to raise an extra \$6 billion in taxes contained no proposals to cut back on domestic spending. As a result, the measure ran into unexpectedly stiff opposition.

Republican Whip Leslie Arends warned that "unless we stop spending, we will have additional tax-raising bills before us." A G.O.P. resolution came within 20 votes of knocking out the bill's key provisions, which will reimpose the 7% tax on new cars and the 10% tax on telephone service. In the end, the measure was passed by 246 votes to 146, but even most members who voted aye did so reluctantly.

In a less rebellious mood, the House next day approved, 350 to 27, the Administration's request for \$415 million in emergency foreign aid funds for South Viet Nam, Laos, Thailand, the Dominican Republic, and other countries that might need them. The Great Society also needs funds, and the Administration pressed ahead with several of its cherished projects.

• **FOOD FOR FREEDOM** Before the House Agriculture Committee, Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman defended the proposed \$3.3 billion-a-year Food for Freedom program with the arresting claim that U.S. food exports "will save more human lives than have been lost in all the wars in history."

• **CONSERVATION** To ensure Americans "a sane environment," the President presented to Congress the most exhaustive conservation blueprint ever devised. He requested an initial \$10 million for a new Redwood National Park in California, plus funds for additional parks, seashores and hiking trails.

• **ANTI-POLLUTION** Urging a massive assault on water pollution, the President cited "one ultimate goal: to clean all of America's rivers." Johnson proposed that local, state or interstate compacts be formed "to clean and preserve entire river basins, from their sources to their mouths," and that the Federal Government supply 30% of the funds needed to establish sewage-disposal units along their banks.

## ALABAMA

### George's Better Half

Solemnly pledging not to use "state facilities of any sort" to keep himself in power, Alabama's Governor George Wallace last week turned the state house of representatives into a convention hall to introduce his hand-picked gubernatorial candidate to a crowd of cheering partisans. "Ladies and gentlemen and

fellow Alabamians," said Wallace, "I present to you my wife."

Lurleen Wallace, 39, a shy, honey-blond mother of four, took the podium for 2½ minutes to assure the folks that she had no intention of really governing Alabama if elected. As her husband put it, with characteristic finesse: "Both of us will be Governor of this state. I will make the policy decisions during her term of office."

American politics has not witnessed such cozy conjugality since Texas' Ma and Pa Ferguson played ring-around-rosy with the Governor's mansion in Austin after Pa was impeached for peculation in 1917. Since the Alabama constitution forbids a Governor to succeed himself, George's support for Lurleen is based on the communal-property concept of public office. In his intended



WALLACE & WIFE  
Another hungry "I."

role as a kind of local Lord Bird, Wallace hopes to build support for another third-party presidential bid as states' rights candidate in 1968.

Of ten other gubernatorial candidates, four besides Lurleen have a chance of surviving the first primary round on May 3. They are former Governor John Patterson, a rabid segregationist, and three moderates: Attorney General Richmond Flowers, former Representative Carl Elliott and State Senator Bob Colechrist. If no candidate gets 50% of the vote, there will be a runoff between the two top vote getters on May 31. The winner will face a stiff fight from a strong Republican Party, which is expected to unite behind its own bitter-end segregationist. Freshman Representative James Martin 47, Martin who entered politics in 1962, came within 6,800 votes of winning. Veteran Foster Hill's U.S. Senate seat in that year by campaigning on the integration issue, and his perfect 13 year attendance record at Kiwanis Club meetings. This experience could be a powerful arguing point if Martin runs against Lurleen.

## INVESTIGATIONS

### Knacker Knark Knipperdolling

For months congressional stenographers catalogued the names and pretensions of klahffs, kleagles, kladdy, kludds. Last week the House American Activities Committee decided that it had heard all the testimony it needed—or could stand—and quelled its hearings into the activities of the Ku Klux Klan.

The investigation adduced very little information about the Klan unknown to the Justice Department. Nor did it lead to any convictions or indictments, though Imperial Wizard Robert Shelton, four grand dragons, a kludd and kladd were cited for contempt of Congress. Yet the inquiry served a use, if only by giving an opportunity to a sorry clutch of knacker knarks and Knipperdollings to comment for themselves that "the movement" is moved as much by lust as by racial hatred.

No one expects the Klan to disappear as a result of the House hearing, but the publicity has already decreased membership in most of the Southern states, the exception of North Carolina, where a number of new klaverns have been formed. It has also engendered inter-dissension. Having learned how the hog their leaders live, Mississippi Klan chieftains are thinking of breaking away to see if they can do as well on their own organization.

## ASSASSINATIONS

### The Guns of Dallas

The pistol that shot Abraham Lincoln is preserved in Ford's Theatre, Washington museum. The gun that killed Garfield is *vous cloche* in the Justice Department. The weapon that took McKinley's life is kept by a theatrical society in Buffalo, where it was shot. Last week the nation was assured that the 6.5-mm. Italian-made Mannlicher-Carcano rifle with which Lee Harvey Oswald assassinated John F. Kennedy would not end up in a private collection or a public peep show.

John J. King, a Denver oil gun fancier, paid Oswald's widow \$10,000 for the rifle as a reward, then sued to recover the rifle from federal authorities. In a courtroom, less than a mile from the stretch of road where the President was killed, U.S. Judge Joe E. Estes awarded the Federal Government permanent custody of the assassin's rifle and the .38-cal. Smith & Wesson revolver with which Oswald killed the U.S. Justice Department thus be preserved as relics of history and historical significance.

A knacker slaughters old horses for glue. A knark is a hardhearted, unfeeling fellow. A Knipperdolling is a religious fanatic.

## CITIES

### Hope for the Heart

(See Cover)

"We cannot all live in cities," cautioned Horace Greeley a century ago, "yet nearly all seem determined to do so." His own classic answer to the problem, "Go West, young man," was no lasting remedy—unless one can ignore Los Angeles. Though Editor Greeley disapproved of the country's rapid urbanization, he nonetheless divined accurately one of the American's most deep-rooted traits, his hankering for city lights.

In 1966, 67% of the nation's population is jammed into 9% of its acreage. In all, 130 million people inhabit the 224 U.S. communities that are officially classified as metropolitan. By A.D. 2000, 80% of all Americans—more than today's entire population—will be city dwellers. In those 35 years as Lyndon Johnson has warned, "we will have to build in our cities as much as we have built since the first colonist arrived on these shores."

Johnson's Great Society is in large measure based on belated governmental recognition of the complex needs of an urban nation. Indeed, the President himself, as James MacGregor Burns points out, has become the "Chief Executive of Metropolis." Not for 50 years has the heartland of America been the physiocratic demi-Eden of American myth, the pastoral paradise hymned by Jefferson and Thoreau, famed by Lakins and Wyeth. The ganglia of history's richest nation lie today in the inchoate, intermeshed agglomerations of city, suburb and country that have become *Metropolis americana*. Such is its present rate of growth that by century's end one concrete conurbation will reach from Portland, Me., to Norfolk, Va.

By U.S. Bureau of the Budget definition, a metropolis with a population of at least 50,000, plus that of its adjacent suburbs.



ARCHITECT: JAMES O. WELCH JR. WASHINGTON HOME FOR HUD  
God made the cavern, but man made the house.

TIME MARCH 4 1966



WEAVER AT FIRST CABINET MEETING  
Not because, but maybe in spite of.

in the East, another from the Mexican border to San Francisco in the West.

**Diversity & Verve.** Vaster in size and more splendid in promise than any other form of community in man's history, the metropolitan complex is the epicenter and embodiment of American life. In its Promethean ambit of interests, its cultural diversity and kinetic verve, the city's heart sets the pace for the rest of the nation, and indeed much of the world. It is an unrivaled functional framework for finance and business, a rich lode of pleasure, a superb showcase for art, theater, music, fashion. At the same time, the "oceanic amplitude of these great cities," as Walt Whitman rhapsodized in 1870, has cast up a titanic tide of troubles.

If no U.S. metropolis even approaches the appalling anarchy of far-off cities such as Calcutta, Hong Kong, Rio or Tokyo, the worst areas of urban America have in varying degrees almost everything to which the industrial society

has fallen heir: unemployment, disease, crime, drug addiction, poor education, family disintegration—and slums. The middle class, the bulwark of good government in any community, continues as a result to migrate to the suburbs, helping to create the problem of proliferating racial ghettos. Almost every major U.S. city must fight advancing physical decay and increasing squalor, particularly for Negro populations which within 15 years may outnumber whites in at least half of the North's big cities.

**Predictably Unpredictable.** In March 1965 President Johnson made it clear that it was time to invoke federal action. "Our task is to put the highest concerns of our people at the center of urban growth and activity," he told Congress. "For this is truly the time of decision for the American city." The 89th Congress approved Johnson's request for a new federal agency, the Department of Housing and Urban Development, to give Cabinet representation for the first time to the 130 million metropolitan Americans. The President appointed Robert Clifton Weaver, a Negro, as HUD's first Secretary last January, unpredictably tapping the most predictable candidate for the job. Weaver, 58, the portly, pedagogical administrator of the Housing and Home Finance Agency (HHFA), had been the No. 1 candidate to head HUD ever since John F. Kennedy proposed the new agency five years ago.

Weaver's intellectual and professional credentials are impressive. He is a Harvard Ph.D. (economics, '34), the author of four books on city problems, a canny, cautious veteran of 22 years of Government manpower and housing bureaucracies. As the first Negro ever to hold Cabinet rank, Weaver reasons that his race is irrelevant. "I don't delude myself into thinking that I've ceased being a Negro because I've received recognition in the mainstream of American society and because my prob-



One of Weaver's most welcome qualifications is that he himself is a lover of cities and a connoisseur of urban living. "The American city is like a beguiling woman," he says with gusto. "Each woman has her own attributes, and each man, thank God, can make a choice." Weaver raves about such cities as New York ("You can get the best



ST. LOUIS' PLAZA REDEVELOPMENT

**Short Shift.** Urban needs have historically been given short shrift in state capitals and in Washington, largely be-

Urbanization is a worldwide phenomenon, and there is hardly a city from Vienna to Vientiane that is not hard pressed to accommodate swelling populations in orderly fashion. American cities face



PHILADELPHIA'S INDEPENDENCE MALL

*It will take more than love for a woman 200 generations old*

Other experts disagree, arguing that the U.S. flight to the suburbs is less a status symbol for escapists than a realization of a universal human craving for a bit of green space. Says Planning

Consultant Hans Blumenfeld pattern of residential distribution of family type is entirely voluntary, liberate and rational. It is hard to any sound reason for the fashionable outcry "to bring the middle-class families back into the city." In part, the urban exodus reflects Americans seated anti-urban sentiment, the tanical belief, in Poet William Per's words, that "God made the city, man made the town" (to a City Lover Oliver Wendell Ho-

[illegible]

The color change in the U.S. city has been abrupt and traumatic. In the past 15 years alone 5,000,000 Negroes have moved into U.S. inner-cities. From 1950 to 1960, Detroit gained 185,000 Negroes, lost 361,000 whites. St. Louis lost 22% of its entire white population, San Diego 15.4%, Newark 23.7%. Violence on the scale of the Watts and Harlem riots has so far been rare—



GRANDFATHER FREEMAN  
Since he was

Weaver got his master's degree in 1931 and a doctorate from Harvard in 1934, returned to Washington and was hired by Interior Secretary Harold Ickes as a race-relations officer. Weaver decided that race relations begin at home. Traditionally, Negroes were expected to eat in the Interior Department's non-white "messengers' lunchroom." Soon after Weaver arrived, he and a friend strolled into the whites' cafeteria and ate lunch. A group of enraged white



women flounced into Ickes' office to ask him what he was going to do about "the niggers." Infuriated, the Old Curmudgeon bellowed back, "Not one damned thing!" The cafeteria remained integrated.

Ultimately, Weaver held several New Deal jobs dealing with discrimination in employment and housing. Possibly more important than his official duties in those days was his role as a leader of "The Black Cabinet," an influential group of tough-minded young Negroes in F.D.R.'s Administration—among them U.N. Under Secretary-General Ralph Bunche, U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals Judge William H. Hastie, NAACP Executive Secretary Roy



WEAVER & WIFE

"I don't say, 'Hello, I'm a Negro.'"

Wilkins. They did much to bring full integration to Government offices.

**Top Dixie Student.** Though he was chairman of the policymaking NAACP board of directors in 1960, Weaver has never been a picket-line, front-line fighter in the civil rights movement. His role has been, in his words, that of "a liberal rather than a Negro; I feel that black chauvinism is no better than white chauvinism."

Weaver is a sabbatic, wholly citified man who loves Broadway plays, savors his stereophonic collection of Liszt and Chopin piano concertos, relishes Italian food (favorite is shrimp marinara), sips twelve-year-old bourbon when he works at home at night. He dresses in banker-conservative clothing, favors dark suits and dark Homburgs at the office, a plum-colored smoking jacket and black leather slippers at home. When he became HHFA director, Weaver promptly moved into an urban-renewed Washington apartment ("I wanted to put my money where my mouth was"), but within a year put his money into more luxurious accommodations (\$300 a month) on fashionable upper Connecticut Avenue.

Weaver's wife Ella is an Auburn-haired, fair-skinned North Carolinian

who has a University of Michigan master's degree and a Northwestern University Ph.D. in speech. She did her undergraduate work at the Carnegie Tech drama department from 1929 to 1932 despite an unwritten policy that no Negroes were allowed. Everyone thought she was white—including the all-white Southern Club of Pittsburgh, which awarded her at the end of her sophomore year a scholarship for being the top Dixie-bred student.

Before Mort Weaver's death, Ella was his steady girl; afterward she began to date Robert, and in 1935 they were married. Ella is still frequently mistaken for a Caucasian and seldom volunteers a correction. "I don't say, 'Hello, I'm a Negro,' just as you wouldn't say, 'Good morning, I'm a Catholic' or whatever you are," she says. The Weavers have no children; an adopted son died three years ago in a game of Russian roulette.

**Monstrosity Unassembled.** Weaver's professional career has been a shining example to U.S. Negroes. After leaving New Deal Washington in 1944, he worked for the U.N. Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, taught at several colleges, ran a fellowship program for the John Hay Whitney Foundation, was picked in 1955 by New York's Democratic Governor Averell Harriman to be State Rent Commissioner—the first Negro to hold a cabinet post in state history. In December 1960, John Kennedy, whom he had advised on civil rights during the presidential campaign, named Weaver director of HHFA—at that time the highest federal post ever held by a Negro. Said Weaver then, "I want to be the best possible administrator. Incidentally, I'm a Negro."

As HHFA director, Weaver headed a complicated conglomeration of agencies—IHA, the Urban Renewal Administration, the Public Housing Administration, the Federal National Mortgage Association ("Fannie Mae"). Weaver himself labeled it "an administrative monstrosity," but he did little to pull it together. In too many cases, city officials complained, it seemed that the Congress would pass a housing bill, the President would sign it, and then Weaver's agencies would immediately wrap it in red tape. Yet it was one of the Government's biggest financial operations, with a capital outlay of investments, grants, mortgages and housing subsidy contracts totaling close to \$73 billion.

**Human Renewal.** In the past, IHA programs had dealt essentially with money-bricks-and-mortar policies. But Weaver, who has said repeatedly, "You cannot have physical renewal without human renewal," attempted from the first to instill a more humanized philosophy. He stimulated better-looking public housing by instigating awards for design. He improved relocation policies by increasing funds available to help small businessmen displaced by urban renewal. He saw to it that the Housing Act of 1961 included grants

for recreational and scenic open areas. And he pushed through in bill controversial Section 221(d)(3) gives nonprofit corporations cutting (34%) mortgage loans at the Treasury's expense to provide housing displaced families of low or moderate incomes.

Weaver also revived the long-mant idea of federal rent subsidies the ailing and aged. That program narrowly passed the Congress last year but the eligibility regulations were carelessly written by the HUD. "hardship" cases with as much as \$5,000 in net assets could have qualified for rent help. Congress refused to appropriate funds for it and many people thought that Weaver had destroyed his chances of becoming Secretary. Weaver now airily dismisses it all as "purely a printer's slip."

**Strength & Diversity.** Weaver's pointment as head of HUD did bring universal joy to municipal officials, many of whom were hoping that a mayor might get the job. Weaver's academic background and experience in Government housing clearly made him better qualified than any city official. Nevertheless, he has a reputation for being professionally cautious, personally aloof—a man more comfortable with ivory tower theories than with city hall politicians.

As HHFA Director, Weaver has an essentially inner-city-directed rather than attempting to deal with the metropolis as an entity. That approach has attracted criticism. Arguing Harvard Business School Economics Professor Vernon: "To talk about using central cities for re-use is a bad idea. There now is a good political movement for a bad social one. Our slums were built around 1800. What a remarkable coincidence it would be if the density established for those terms of life happened to be the same in 1965!" To such barbs, Weaver frostily replies: "I'm all for letting people want to live in the suburbs and I improve our cities and I want to have city living. This is a count strength is diversity."

**Expanding Empire.** The same he said of HUD. Weaver faces of coordinating diffuse and dispersed federal programs ranging from disposal research (under the Health Service) and the local new inner-city schools (Health and Welfare) to the design of metropolitan freeways (B. Public Roads). He has no chance to annex other agencies' territory; it will be a matter of deft and ingly diplomatic manipulation, finding some semblance of coherence.

The HUD empire is certain. Says Weaver, "There are certainties which must in time be the department. The problem is to identify these and encourage Administration to sponsor them plans to bring them into

big, politically sensitive area that will almost certainly be identified as HUD property is Sargent Shriver's poverty-oriented community action program.

Understandably, Weaver has picked academic experts and Government careerists for several top jobs. His Under Secretary is Robert C. Wood, a brilliant Massachusetts Institute of Technology expert on metropolitan government, who helped draft major task-force reports on cities for the President. Assistant Secretary for Metropolitan Development is Charles M. Haar, 45, a Harvard law professor who headed the President's task force on natural beauty.

**Creative Federalism.** The final definition of HUD's responsibilities may spring from the President's "demonstration" program for cities offered to Congress in January. It calls for a \$2.3 billion six-year pilot project aimed at encouraging broad, unified plans that will prod suburban and inner-city governments into the cooperative ventures that they have so assiduously avoided in the past. Though its initial appropriation of \$12 million is scarcely enough to buy 13 miles of Manhattan subway, the program at last—and at least—recognizes that the metropolitan crisis demands a coordinated, scientific approach to quicken civic consciences and radically improve the total context of city living.

Underpinning this imaginative concept lies Lyndon Johnson's oft-repeated—and more often misunderstood—demand for "creative federalism." Its simple essential theory is that Washington has the power and the money, but that its application can be most wisely prescribed by those closest to the problem—the municipalities themselves. There, ultimately, lies the greatest if not the only hope for the American city.

## HEROES

### Home Is the Sailor

All the way from Washington, Chester Nimitz had studied the statistic of disaster. None conveyed so urgently the task that faced him as the sight that met the admiral at Pearl Harbor on Christmas Day, 1941. Where three weeks earlier the proudest flagships of the U.S. Navy had swung at anchor, only small boats plied through the oil slick, still bringing ashore the dead crewmen of a dead fleet.

Thirty-seven years earlier, his Annapolis classmate had taken a curiously prophetic bearing on the sailor who was to lead his nation out of the great naval disaster in its history. "Here in the United States, the sea is the lifeblood of our nation. So the Pacific Fleet, Nimitz secured the Navy's strategic base, the Navy's greatest asset, the Navy's greatest confidence in the Pacific. We've taken it all away, but I have no doubt

to the ultimate outcome." In less than two years, U.S. shipyards enabled him to begin to fight on even terms. In the meantime, perilously outnumbered Nimitz played a brilliant game of patty and thrust.

**Break in the Chain.** Japanese strategy was to 1) destroy the rest of the Pacific fleet that had miraculously been on patrol when the dive bombers struck Pearl Harbor, and 2) build such strong defenses on its newly won island bases that no new U.S. force, no matter how strong, could possibly break through to disturb the inner empire. The island of Midway, 1,336 miles northwest of Pearl Harbor, was to be the final link in this defense chain. At the end of May 1942, some 200 ships, the bulk of the Im-



NIMITZ (RIGHT) WITH MacARTHUR, F.D.R. & ADMIRAL WILLIAM LEAHY (1944)

Of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows.

perial Navy, converged for an invasion of Midway and a second surprise attack on the battered Pacific fleet.

By then Nimitz was ready. From a reading of the Japanese "Purple Code," deciphered by Army cryptographers nearly a year before, naval intelligence knew an attack was planned at invasion point "AF." Washington thought that "AF" was Hawaii itself. Nimitz was certain it was Midway. He bolstered the little island with every plane he could spare, ordered nearly every ship in his command to rendezvous just outside what he thought would be the farthest radius of Japanese air patrols. Nimitz urged on his commanders the same policy principle of "calculated risk" that he himself had followed in ordering his ships to Midway. He explained: "You shall interpret this to mean the avoidance of exposure of your force to attack by superior enemy forces without good prospect of inflicting, as a result of such exposure, greater damage on the enemy."

**Unmentionable Word.** His gamble paid off. In the resulting battle, the enemy lost four irreplaceable carriers and a momentum that had propelled him

from victory to victory. For the Japanese Midway became an unmentionable word. Nimitz indulged himself in a rare pun: "Perhaps we will be forgiven if we claim that we are about midway to our objective." Though more than three years of hard, bitter fighting remained, that single, three-day battle marked the turning point of the Pacific war, the beginning of the end of Japanese ambitions.

A spare, modest, friendly man, blue-eyed, Texas-born Chester Nimitz never won or sought the public renown that came to the aloof MacArthur or his own subordinate, flamboyant William ("Bull") Halsey. Early in his career Nimitz had run a destroyer aground in Manila Bay, escaping with a reprimand

\* The others, all dead: Ernest King, William Leahy and Halsey.



# THE WORLD

## GHANA

### Goodbye to the Awful

The world has known many tyrants, but few were as reckless, as demanding, as pretentious, as noisy and, at the end, as rejected as Kwame Nkrumah. He was the founder of his country and had been the very symbol of black African independence. Yet last week when he was overthrown, scarcely a tear was shed for him in Africa or anywhere else in the world.

The end came while Nkrumah was flying toward Peking on a self-appointed, self-inflated peace mission. Like the Nigerian coup six weeks earlier, it was led by Sandhurst-trained officers who knew precisely what they were doing. At 4:30 a.m. in the predawn darkness of Accra, two brigades of Ghanaian troops quietly took over the airport, the cable office, all government ministries and the government radio station. While early-morning market mammies stared, Jeeploads of soldiers moved into the suburban gardens of government Ministers and tanks deployed around Nkrumah's presidential compound itself.

**White Handkerchiefs.** There was little resistance. Nkrumah's presidential guard, dug in behind the four concentric walls surrounding the compound, held out for several hours, but by noon, downtown Accra was jammed with jubilant Ghanaians, dancing in the streets, cheering, singing, many of them wearing white handkerchiefs around their heads and white clay on their faces as a token of victory. "Fellow citizens," announced Colonel E. K. Kotoka, one of the coup leaders, in a



ANKRAH  
By the sons of Sandhurst



FREED POLITICAL PRISONERS  
Just about everybody lost his enthusiasm.

broadcast over Radio Ghana. "I have come to inform you that the military, with the cooperation of the police, have taken over the government. The myth surrounding Nkrumah has been broken."

It was quite a myth while it lasted. In his 15 years as Ghana's Prime Minister, Founding Father, President, Commander in Chief and Osagyefo (Redeemer), Francis Nwia Kofi Kwame Nkrumah, son of a village goldsmith, had striven with some success to make himself all but synonymous with God. His face appeared on Ghanaian stamps and coins, statues of him littered the country, and his name flashed in neon in Accra. Ghanaian schoolchildren began each day by reciting that "Nkrumah is our Messiah, Nkrumah never dies." Among his official titles were Victorious Leader, the Great Messiah, His Messianic Majesty, the Pacifier, the Awful, and His High Dedication.

**Maginot Hilton.** Ghana used to be known as the Gold Coast, and independence, in 1957, came with a silver lining. With cocoa exports thriving and the beginnings of a modern industrial plant, the country had \$560 million in foreign currency reserves, boasted one of Africa's highest per capita incomes. Nkrumah squandered it on such expensive status symbols as an international jet airline, which loses almost twice as much money as it earns, and a \$20 million international conference site which includes a bulletproof, bombproof, twelve-story apartment hotel that Accra wags call "the Maginot Hilton." To promote his image abroad, he opened 61 foreign embassies, his entourage to Peking last week numbered no fewer than 71 persons.

He spent wildly and badly on crash

industrial schemes. Since 1962 he launched 47 state enterprises that invaded almost every sector of the economy. All but three of them are in the red, and the Kwame Nkrumah Works had to close down after months because it had used up a Ghanaian scrap iron, its only source of raw material. Government pay swelled to an amazing 250,000 per two-thirds of all salaried workers Ghana—and corruption was rampant. The wife of one of Nkrumah's Ministers imported a gold-plated bed, and one of his close advisers emptied his swimming pool to provide storage for the stream of "gifts" he received from local and foreign businessmen.

The \$198 million Volta River Project will eventually turn Ghana into Africa's major producer of electricity and power and irrigate 6,000 sq. mi. of farmland. But not for many years there be customers for all the electricity will generate. All in all, Nkrumah's reckless spending has brought the country as close to bankruptcy as any African state can get. Foreign currency reserves were wiped out long ago, and Ghana's foreign debt now totals a staggering \$1 billion, most of it in short-term loans.

In his obsession for absolute power, Osagyefo banned all opposition, passed a series of laws empowering him to jail all suspected enemies, and without trial declared Ghana a one-party state with himself perpetual President. He also imposed strikes and clamped rigid control over the press.

**Strong Suspicion.** All the while he was proclaiming himself the champion of Pan-African nationalism and

out intricately vague political doctrines about "African socialism." It all sounded splendid enough, and his fellow Africans were impressed at first. Later, when they found his agents bent on overthrowing their regimes, other African leaders lost their enthusiasm for the freedom pioneer. He was strongly suspected of instigating the 1963 assassination of Togo's President Sylvanus Olympio; last year 14 French-speaking states joined together in a formal denunciation of his eternal plotting.

At home, too, he was running into trouble. Shortages of such basic items as soap and matches were felt in every home, and most Ghanaians deeply resented his government's blatant corruption. At least five attempts have been made to assassinate him. Nkrumah's answer was to crack down even further, increase his security guard—and to retreat behind the four walls of his palace. He reportedly took to wearing a bullet-proof vest, nervously kept five bullet-proof Rolls-Royces ready to carry him around Accra, waiting until the last minute to choose the one he would ride in.

By last summer, he suspected everyone of plotting against him. He packed off his Cabinet for three weeks of enforced "self-study" while he attended a Commonwealth conference in London, turned the government over to three hand-picked cronies in his absence. Ever suspicious of his army, he fired its commanders when he heard rumors that they had been talking against him, took command of the army himself. Then, three months ago, he announced plans to form a "people's militia," the obvious purpose of which was to neutralize the army if it tried to move against him.

**Late News.** That, as far as his officers were concerned, was the final blow. Led by Major General Joseph Arthur Ankrah, a tough, pro-British soldier who



THE REDEEMER

had been army chief of staff until Nkrumah fired him, they secretly drew up their plans for Nkrumah's overthrow. Perhaps because Nkrumah himself was absent it was surprisingly bloodless. Two Cabinet ministers were killed, and 25 soldiers reportedly died in the fighting at the presidential compound, but most of Nkrumah's vast array of plenipotentiaries were hauled off to jail rather than shot. His Egyptian wife and three children were even allowed to fly off to exile in Cairo.

The news came to Nkrumah rather late—after he got off his plane in Peking, but just before he showed up for a gala state banquet. By then, his Red hosts had also got the word, and realized that they were stuck with a President without a country. With cold formality the party went on, but Chinese protocol officers carefully kept Nkrumah separated from the rest of the guests. After that first party, Peking's embarrassed bosses canceled the rest of Osagyefo's program.

With that, Nkrumah disappeared into his suite in Peking's Welcome Guest House and refused to come out. Through his Foreign Minister (and former President of the United Nations General Assembly) Alex Quason-Sackey who was traveling with him, he announced that he would "soon" return to Ghana to throw the military out, but he was obviously whistling in the dark.

If he does, we'll cut his throat," grinned a soldier on duty at a roadblock near Accra. Offered exile in Guinea by his good friend Sekou Toure, Nkrumah replied with a cryptic cable: "WILL VISIT YOU SOON."

**Fate of Many.** In Accra, the military government wasted no time in getting down to business. A seven-man National Liberation Council headed by General Ankrah was named to head the government. One of its first acts was to open the political prisons in which more than 1,000 of Nkrumah's enemies had been held for months—even years. Suddenly the newspapers and radio stations, which had so slavishly adored Nkrumah, were heaping scorn on their onetime leader. The new regime had its own words of explanation. Said Radio Ghana: "This act has been made necessary by the economic and political situation in the country." Nkrumah had brought Ghana to "the brink of national bankruptcy."

What we need is a radical revolution. This will be done almost immediately, and we hope to announce measures for curing our troubles within the next few days." In this type of spirit the new leaders promised to provide strict separation of powers, reorganize the government and appointed a committee to rewrite the constitution, which later would be submitted to the nation in a referendum.

Meanwhile, Nkrumah was suffering the fate of many a departed demagogue in the past. With hammers, chisels and crow-wrecking crews, crowds tore down his statues.

## UGANDA

### Coup of Convenience

The strange goings-on in Uganda last week presented a variation on Africa's current crop of coups. Uganda's government was overthrown all right, but not by military men. It was Prime Minister Milton Apollo Obote himself who seized full powers, and he did it, so he said, only to prevent another coup which was being planned against him.

Obote has long nursed an ambition to do away with the political opposition and run Uganda on a one-party basis.



PRIME MINISTER OBOTE  
The stories were a scream.

under the domination of his fellow Nilotic tribesmen of the north. Trouble is that a split recently began developing even in his own Uganda People's Congress, caused by a group of Bantu Cabinet ministers determined to resist control by the northerners. The split widened last month when the anti-Obote faction supported the charge in Parliament by an opposition party leader that the Prime Minister, two of his ministers, and the deputy army commander had illegally shared a \$325,000 windfall that was captured from Simba rebels by Uganda troops during the 1964-65 Congo rebellion. At first, Obote agreed to set up a judicial panel to investigate the charge. But before the judges could convene, Obote took matters into his own hands. Ordering the arrest of five of his ministers, Obote had them dragged screaming and kicking from a Cabinet session by members of his personal 500-man police force. Next he suspended the constitution and began broadcasting wild stories about internal intrigues and the threat of invasion by foreign troops.

Obote's actions caused deep divisions among Uganda's 8,000,000 people. His political opposition refused to be intimidated. It is the duty of all Ugandians to protect the constitution and to die



for it, if necessary," cried Kabaka Yekka Party Leader Daudi Ocheng. "Once the constitution is broken, the rule of the jungle takes over." Actually, whether there was to be any dying appeared to be up to the four-battalion army. So far, its loyalty seemed badly split between Obote and the figurehead chief of state, Sir Edward ("Freddy") Mutesa, 42, who is the Kabaka, hereditary ruler of Buganda kingdom, most powerful of Uganda's four regions.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### Veering Toward a Vote

Britain buzzed with speculation last week over whether Prime Minister Harold Wilson would call a general election in the next few weeks. He had every reason to do so. The pound is strong,



WILSON & KOSYGIN  
But when is the right time?

wages are up, and unemployment is at a near-record low. The fortunes of the Tory opposition are down, with polls showing Labor moving farther ahead in popularity. What better time to seek a margin in Commons more comfortable than the present three-seat majority? But to all inquirers, the stolid little Yorkshireman had one answer: "I shall make a statement in the right way at the right time, but at the moment I am not in a position to say what the right way is or the right time."

**Talks in Moscow.** For all Wilson's caution, the campaign had in effect already begun. A campaign manifesto for Labor was already coming off the presses. The Conservatives sent a version of their own to the printer. Both parties were setting up speaking schedules, booking accommodations and distributing new campaign material. Party whips arranged with radio and TV executives for equal time.

Wilson himself was acting more and more like the Compleat Campaigner. He sought to buttress his position on

foreign affairs by jetting off to Moscow for talks with the Kremlin's duumvirate, Aleksei Kosygin and Leonid Brezhnev. In three days of conferences, he won a Soviet pledge to consider larger purchases in Britain and a promise that Premier Kosygin would soon pay him an official visit. Though Wilson could report no progress toward settling the Viet Nam war, the fact that he sent his disarmament minister to seek out Hanoi's top man in Moscow would help silence Labor's antiwar clique, which accuses him of not doing enough to halt the conflict.

"No Ratting." Into public view last week came one issue that Wilson wanted out of the way well in advance of a national vote. It was his long-awaited White Paper outlining a new "defense posture for the 1970s." While Wilson

Instead of financing the development of expensive home-grown weapons, Britain will buy much of its gear in the 1970s from the U.S., a decision strikes a severe blow at Britain's flying aircraft industry (see WORLD NEWS). The R.A.F.'s new bomber will be 50 swing-wing General Dynamics F-111A's, which Britain is buying from the U.S. for \$297.5 million. The navy will be outfitted with four U.S. type Polaris submarines, and the air force will be regrouped in a few strategically located bases (Singapore, Bahrain, Gibraltar) from which units can be quickly airlifted to trouble spots by a fleet of 48 U.S.-built Hercules.

March 31. Ironically, the most serious attack on the new policy came from the Conservatives but from a Conservative, Christopher Mayhew, who signed in protest as Navy Minister. The \$5.6 billion budget, warned Mayhew, was "too small if we stay east of Suez and too big if we do not." Though he had quit specifically over the question, he told the House that his greater fear was that Britain simply could no longer support its world defense responsibilities unless it depended so heavily on U.S. assistance that the British would become vassals rather than allies of the Americans.

Despite Mayhew's criticism, the defense policy caused few political ripples than the Prime Minister feared. Though many Englishmen were shocked by the plan, their reaction was more than offset by the millions of British who had a vigorous hold-down on defense spending is long overdue. The White Paper returned to London to find the House quite in order. The only speculation was that he would call an election for March 31.

## RUSSIA

### A Little Realism

Soviet economic plans are more like daydreams than sober forecasts of intended achievements. The classic was Nikita Khrushchev's year plan (1959-65), which was to make Russia a Communist superpower by 1970, complete with the world standard of living and largest industrial production. Moscow's new plan is more realistic. Last week Premier N. Kosygin unveiled a new plan that takes up where Khrushchev's seven-year plan leaves off, the old bombast, the exuberant phony dreams. And gone was the promise of utopia.

Emphasizing their new realism, the Soviet planners say the good life is still a goal. By 1970 they expect the Soviet per capita income to be up 85 percent, impressive, but still only half the Khrushchev goal. Where Khrushchev forecast an annual electricity capacity of 950 billion kw, the new five-year plan predicts



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**CONTINENTAL** The Proud Bird with the Golden



kw-h. Over the same period, steel production is supposed to climb to 124 million tons a year (v. Khrushchev's 145 million tons), oil production to 355 million tons a year (v. Khrushchev's 380 million tons), and fertilizer output to 62 million tons annually (v. Khrushchev's 77 million tons). In agriculture, Khrushchev had called for an 8% annual increase in grain production and a total crop of 229 million tons by 1970. The new plan projects a more realistic 4% yearly increase and a 170 million-ton crop by 1970.

As part of their new realism, the Soviet planners also softened the emphasis on heavy industry and called for more consumer goods. By 1970 they hope to double production of television sets, treble the production of refrigerators and quadruple the production of cars. Yet even if Soviet automakers reach the goal—some 800,000 units a year—output would still amount to little more than one-twelfth of the U.S. production in 1965.

Some Western Kremlinologists felt that the revised goals were within reach; others, that they were still a shade too high. Either way, they underscored the tremendous economic problems that Moscow faces. With 45% of the American G.N.P. and a population 20% larger than that of the U.S., Russia must shoulder a heavy arms burden, support costly space research, and at the same time meeting the growing and impatient expectations of 232 million people.

### And Don't Come Back

When Soviet Rebel Novelist Valery Tarsis, 59, was permitted to fly to England last month for a lecture engagement, Western observers were frankly surprised. Tarsis had spent six months in a Moscow insane asylum for his outspoken attacks on Soviet officialdom in his first published underground novel, *The Bluebottle*, badgered the author-

ities still further last year with a scathing account of life on the funny farm, called *Ward 7*. All the same, counseled Komsomolskaya Pravda, "Let him go. We know why they [the West] need him. It is to pump all the anti-Soviet fascist vomit out of this mental case and then dump him onto the garbage heap. Let him go."

The authorities let him go, all right. Last week the Supreme Soviet's Presidium announced that it had deprived Tarsis of his citizenship, "for actions discrediting a citizen of the U.S.S.R.," leaving him permanently stranded in Britain. Tarsis had asked for it. He had roundly condemned "Soviet handit fascism" at a London press conference, followed that blast with an article, obviously written before the edict but published after it, in the Sunday Telegraph reporting that despite savage persecution, "our people's immeasurable love of freedom is growing day by day."

It seemed curious that the Kremlin had allowed him to leave. One theory had it that Tarsis' trip had been meant to distract attention from the trial of Soviet Writers Yuli Daniel and Andrei Sinyavsky (TIME, Feb. 18). According to a more ingenious version, he had promised the KGB (secret police) to publicly condemn Sinyavsky and Daniel when he reached London, then proceeded to do just the opposite. What seemed most likely, however, was that the Soviets had simply hoped that Tarsis would seek asylum of his own accord, thereby sparing them the problem of coping with a certified lunatic who, on occasion, makes altogether too much sense.

### FRANCE

#### Soil, Sky & Sea

*Alors*, announced Charles de Gaulle at his press conference last week, "We will speak of NATO." That, in itself, was no news: he has been speaking about NATO, not always very kindly, ever since it was founded in 1949. Last week, however, he publicly gave NATO a timetable for getting out of France. De Gaulle told his audience that France would "modify successively the measures currently practiced" before the North Atlantic Treaty expires in 1969. "It means re-establishing a normal situation of sovereignty so that everything French, including soil, sky, sea and forces, and any foreign element in France will in the future be under French command alone."

Exactly how did *le grand Charles* plan to evict or take command of NATO headquarters outside Paris, 14 U.S. Air Force bases, 26,000 U.S. servicemen and NATO's complex network of pipelines and storage dumps in France? He was saving, for part of his plan in the canny tradition of French diplomacy, was to provoke the U.S. into offering some compromise or alternative.



DE GAULLE  
A canny plan for eviction.

Washington did not rise to the bait. "1969 is quite a long way off," remarked one U.S. diplomat, aware that many things could alter France's attitude between now and then—including the departure of Charles de Gaulle. In any case, plans have been made to cope with outright ouster. Already the day-to-day supply of the U.S. Seventh Army in Germany is based not on French ports but on Antwerp, Rotterdam and Hamburg. And though it would cost at least \$700 million, the U.S. could move most of its facilities in France to the Low Countries and West Germany. To the U.S., it seemed a sizable sum to charge for *amour-propre*. But not to De Gaulle. As an atomic power, he said, France has world responsibilities. France desires to handle these responsibilities herself. This desire is incompatible with the organization of defense under which she is now subordinated.

### ITALY

#### A Fine Italian Hand

A new 26-member center-left coalition Cabinet put together by Christian Democratic Premier Aldo Moro was sworn in by President Giuseppe Saragat in Rome's Quirinale Palace last week. There was practically no difference between this Cabinet and the last, which fell 33 days before. Nonetheless, Italy applauded, and the Milan stock market surged to a new three-year high. Italians rightly understood that Premier Moro had triumphed over a positively Borgian plot.

The latter-day Cesare was Moro's ambitious ex-Foreign Minister, Amintore Fanfani, who left the Cabinet under fire in December because of his (and his wife's) bungling attempts to



WRITER TARSIS



solve the Viet Nam crisis. Fanfani forced Moro to resign in January by talking some of Moro's (and his) fellow Christian Democrats into voting down a trivial nursery-school bill in the Chamber of Deputies. Fanfani wanted more than to just get back into the Cabinet. He wanted Moro out. So he persuaded the right wing of the Christian Democrats to insist on the inclusion of their leader, ex-Premier Mario Scelba, in any new Cabinet. Why? Because, naturally, as a bitter foe of the left, Scelba was certain to be rejected by Moro's Socialist coalition partners, and thereby force a new deadlock to plague Moro.

Moro is a meek little law professor from the University of Bari, who never drives above 35 m.p.h. and maintains that he would only be caught dead in an airplane. But he possesses a virtue rare in Italy. He is a born listener. He patiently attended while the feuding faction leaders talked themselves out, then shyly pointed out to Scelba's fans that they were being used as Fanfani's tools. With that, the rightists withdrew Scelba's Cabinet candidacy, settled for two new lesser Cabinet posts. Fanfani was not consulted until everything else was set. Then Moro told a minor Senator to call him and offer him the Foreign Ministry. Sourly, Fanfani accepted.

With luck, the new Cabinet will last until the new elections in April 1968. This would make Moro runner-up for the postwar endurance championship among Italian Prime Ministers, after the late Alcide de Gasperi, who resigned in 1953. However, Italian politicians, especially Christian Democrats, dislike strong leaders, and they will be doubly tempted to cut Moro down—just as they did De Gasperi. Observed one Roman: "Aldo Moro is the father of his party right now, but it's risky being Papa if your children have an Oedipus complex."



STUDENT RIOT IN DJAKARTA  
Catharsis by conversation to consensus

## INDONESIA

### The Bung's Bounce

"Here I am, Sukarno, President and Great Leader of the Revolution. I will not retreat one step or even one millimeter!" There he was indeed, full of bombast and braggadocio, munching cake and sipping orangeade—and apparently back on top of the heap. After five months of submission to his anti-Communist generals, Indonesia's President last week demonstrated the reasons behind his reputation as Southeast Asia's most durable politician.

Almost as if his own position had never been in jeopardy, Sukarno blithely fired Defense Minister Abdul Haris Nasution, leader of the anti-Red forces that put down last October's Communist coup. He also installed a new Cabinet, some of whose members—though avowedly non-Communist—were far to the left of the generals. Nasution took the demotion quietly, but it was an ominous silence. Still loyal to him are Army Chief Suharto and the crack Siliwangi Division, elements of which moved into Djakarta last week. "We are ready to move the second Nasution gives the signal," claimed the Siliwangi's commander.

Nasakom Is No More. Sukarno managed his comeback subtly. Outwardly he appeared submissive, while secretly calling in junior officers for sessions ripe with flattery and promises. The seeds of rivalry were quick to sprout. At the same time, he wooed and won Moslem groups long neglected by the government. All the while, the Bung was practicing the traditional Indonesian *musjawarah*, a catharsis by conversation that ultimately leads to consensus. Last week Sukarno felt it had been reached.

Whether or not Nasution's ouster sticks, it will be some time before Sukarno again feels free to court the Chinese-backed *Partai Komunis Indone-*



SUKARNO ANNOUNCING CABINET CHANGES  
From seeds to sprouts.

sia as ardently as he did before the October coup. In the first place, PKI ranks have been severely depleted by anti-Communist slaughter, and surviving party members are lying low. Secondly, Sukarno knows that a return to the pro-Communist past would trigger an army coup, Nasution or no. Nasution Indonesia has accepted the decline of Communism to such an extent that even Sukarno's beloved acronym Nasakom (a combination of *nationalism*, *religion* and *Communism*, on which his policy is based) has been amended to Nasasos (for *socialism*).

Rage in Yellow Shirts. Even at Sukarno's balance is precarious. Last week mobs of angry anti-Red students stormed through Djakarta, blocking trances to Merdeka Palace with trucks and forcing Sukarno to take helicopters to pick up his Cabinet members for the swearing-in ceremony. Nervous guards fired into one group, killing three students. That brought a second mob scene, with 100,000 students—led by yellow-shirted members of the Indonesian Student Action Command (KAMI)—lining the five-mile funeral route. Sukarno retaliated by outlawing KAMI, declaring a curfew for forbidding groups of five or more to meet in Djakarta. With that, he retreated behind machine guns to Merdeka Palace to await developments.

With the army sullen and the students enraged, Sukarno's comeback might prove a short one.

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### The Tunnel Rats

To the Viet Cong, a shovel is as important as a rifle. Steadily increasing pressure from American ground and air power has literally pushed the underground, and in the past few years they have carved out a subterranean Viet Nam that is every bit as extensive as the surface one. Every city is

by miles of intricate tunnels; Red redoubts in the countryside are riddled with sniper-manned "spiderholes," command bunkers, storage vaults, and even underground hospitals with electricity and running water.

Like some breed of superbadgers, the Reds dig round the clock. Even hardcore V.C. troopers often dig an hour each morning instead of doing calisthenics, but most of the excavation is done by three-man teams of "volunteers"—usually village boys and girls impressed for the duty—who are expected to dig three yards of tunnel a day. The results are amazing. At Cu Chi, the newly blooded American 25th Infantry Division last month found a three-level tunnel network that snaked to 15 feet below the matted jungle and stretched more than 200 yards.

Viet Cong tunnels are shored with bamboo, take right-angle turns roughly every ten yards to baffle the blast of satchel charges dropped in the mouths of the tunnels. The Viet Cong use rabbits or gophers in open-topped cages to bore breathing holes to the surface. Headquarter complexes also have primitive "early warning" systems for air attack: conical pits five meters deep, from the bottom of which a man can hear planes miles away, as if he were resting in the cup of a giant ear.

Foiling the Fire Ants. At first, American troops simply destroyed the Red tunnel complexes. Then it became evident that intelligence, food, even weapons could be retrieved from them. In



TUNNEL RAT THORNTON  
Big ears in a conical pit.

the vast Ho Bo Woods, 35 miles northwest of Saigon, U.S. troops found a 14-mile tunnel complex that contained some 100,000 documents—listing everything from names of Viet Cong terrorists to billet locations of every senior American officer in Saigon. Obviously, all tunnels would have to be explored.

In the 1st Infantry Division, that job falls to a four-man team called "the

Tunnel Rats." Since January, the team has been crawling through miles of mazes in the no man's land north of Saigon, braving booby traps and 100° temperatures. The Rats are an oddly equipped lot: they carry .22-cal. pistols (since .45s would shatter their eardrums at close quarters), wear leather gloves and kneepads, and are connected to the surface by half a mile of wire that runs to a battery-powered headset. Taped to their ankles are smoke grenades, for use when the Tunnel Rats are ready to emerge, and want to avoid a bullet from a startled American's rifle. Another necessity: an aerosol bomb to attack the half-inch "fire ants" that often infest the tunnels.

Notes from Underground. Once explored, the tunnels are ready for demolition. But as Captain Herbert W. Thornton, 40, Alabamian team leader of the Tunnel Rats, says: "There isn't enough dynamite in Viet Nam to blow up all of them." That problem is solved by 10 lbs. of a crystallized riot agent called CS (O-chlorobenzalmalononitrile), developed by the British for mob control. Placed on top of a powder charge, the CS is blasted throughout the tunnel, sticking to walls and floors. When it is disturbed by returning Reds, it gets into the respiratory system and causes nausea and painful burns.

Even without CS, tunnel life is grim for the Viet Cong. A diary captured in a complex north of Saigon last week carried a typical lamentation: "Oh, what hard days! One has to stay in a

## THE PURPLE HEART BOOGIE

Every war breeds its balladeers, and Viet Nam is no exception. Xenophon's Greek mercenaries marched "up country" into the Persian empire 2,300 years ago to the rhythm of harshly sung battle hymns. Wellington's light infantry quick-stepped through the Iberian peninsula to the bugles of *Over the Hills and Far Away*. Pershing's doughboys remarked the lack of lingerie in Armentieres, while Rommel's Afrika

Korps lusted for *Lili Marlene*. In Viet Nam, the anonymous lyricists sing of "the Air Cav" (the 1st Cavalry Division turned Airmobile) and "pees" (South Vietnamese piasters worth roughly a penny); they abbreviate the helicopter gunships that support them to a curt ARA ("aerial rocket artillery"). "Charlie" is the enemy, Victor Charlie being Viet Cong in the military phonetic alphabet. Top tunes in Viet Nam today

(To the tune of *I'm Movin' On*)

I was landin' on a paddy, thought I had it made  
Until a friendly farmer threw a hand grenade—  
I'm movin' on, I'm movin' on  
Convoy flyin' through Man Giang Pass  
Play the Purple Heart Boogie on the Air Cav's ass  
I'm movin' on, I'm movin' on.

(To the tune of *Rock of Ages*)

Victor Charlie—at Plei Me  
Threw a hand grenade at me  
So I caught it, in my palm,  
Threw it back, and he was gone  
Victor Charlie, at Plei Me,  
Thanks a lot, you s.o.b.

(To the tune of *The M.T.A.*)

I met a fellow of a Cong by the name of Charlie  
On a rainy and fateful day  
He had a gun in his pocket, kissed his wife and family,  
And he was up the A.R.A.  
I never saw him return. No, he never returned  
His name is still unlearned  
He ran over through the trackless jungles  
He never returned  
I met a fellow of a Cong at the An Khe station  
I never saw him return.

When he got there the boss man told him "one day's labor,"  
And he gave him only fifty pi.  
Now Charlie's wife went down to the airstrip  
One day at quarter past three  
And from the open chopper she pulled Charlie to safety  
and they infiltrated Plei Me  
But did he ever return? No, he never returned  
and his fate is still unlearned  
He may run forever through the trackless jungles,  
He's the Cong who never returned



tunnel, eat cold rice with salt, drink unboiled water!" That was the last entry. Next day, Tran Bang, the 29-year-old diarist, was killed in an American assault on the once-inviolable underground world of the Viet Cong.

## AUSTRALIA

### Toward Acceptance of Asians

As Minister of Immigration, Harold Holt established a milestone of sorts in 1952 by ruling that Japanese wives of Australian servicemen could enter Australia in spite of the tight restrictions on Asian immigrants. As Prime Minister, Holt last week ordered a re-examination of Australia's immigration policies with a view to bringing them more in line with the country's emerging awareness that its destiny really rests in Asia. Already the review has produced one result: a prime-ministerial recommendation reducing the 15-year period that non-European immigrants must wait before becoming eligible for citizenship to five years, the same as for European settlers. Holt also hopes to make it easier for Asian executives and technicians who come to Australia on assignments for their companies to bring their wives and families with them. Commented Sydney's Morning Herald: "The minor changes that Holt has mentioned will go some way to undo the immense harm caused by the present rigid white-Australia policy."

Other press comment was equally laudatory.

## SYRIA

### A Party Affair

In long-turbulent Syria, no one has yet been able to topple the ruling Baath (Renaissance) Party. To be sure, there has been a dizzying chain of uprisings within the governing hierarchy itself, but they always left the top man intact: Strongman Amin Hafez, 43. Last week the party went through its 15th major reshuffle since seizing power in 1963. Only this time, Hafez himself was shuffled right out.

The coup grew out of a split between the party's leftist moderates, led by Hafez, and a powerful, pro-Peking group of officers led by General Salah Jadid. Where Hafez sought closer ties with Egypt, Jadid demanded a complete break. Where Hafez pledged Syria to a nonintervention agreement with other Arab nations, Jadid wanted Syria free to meddle where it might. As for Hafez' Russian-style socialism, Jadid insisted on a far stricter Red Chinese version. Last December their feud exploded into the open when Hafez discovered a Jadid plot to overthrow him. Hafez chased his rival underground, forced pro-Jadid Premier Youssef Zayyen to resign, and replaced him with his own man. Jadid kept consolidating his power, however, and last week he struck back.

Early one morning pro-Jadid troops and armored units rolled up Damascus'



JADID



HAFEZ

*Shuffle off to Peking.*

fashionable Abu Rummana Street, and began blasting away at Hafez' home and the tough desert troops guarding it. For hours the battle raged—interrupted only by one brief pause when the rebels permitted Hafez' wife and a wounded daughter to escape. Outmanned and outgunned, the defenders were finally whittled down to three men, who came out with hands up and holding a white flag. They were gunned down in their tracks, and a placard hung on the front of the demolished home: "This is the fate of all traitors." According to some reports, Hafez was captured and put under arrest; other reports claimed he was elsewhere during the shooting and managed to escape. Either way, the rebellion soon spread throughout Syria, taking a toll variously estimated at 150 to 300 dead.

An important pro-Hafez army garrison in the north was still holding out at week's end, but nevertheless the rebels went on the air to call themselves "the provisional command of the Baath Party," and termed the coup a party affair to "correct" a situation that "threatened to impose a dictatorial regime on the country." As their chief of state, they named Nouredin Attasi, a Jadid-style leftist and Hafez' onetime second-in-command. As Premier, they appointed—once again—Youssef Zayyen.

## EGYPT

### Back to the Balcony

In recent months, Gamal Abdel Nasser has been the very model of sweet reasonableness. He has counseled caution in Arab threats of war against Israel, taken steps to end the war in Yemen and toned down his blasts at the U.S. Perhaps the strain of moderation was too great, for last week he was back at his old propaganda stand, happily blasting everyone in sight.

The occasion was Unity Day, the an-

nual observance that oddly celebrates Egypt's short-lived union with Syria. Warning to his subject, Nasser accused Saudi Arabia's King Feisal of financing a plot against him last summer, and of trying to form a conservative, anti-Nasser "Islamic alliance" with Iran, Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlavi. "The object," Nasser steamed, "is to destroy Arab nationalism and unity." And who are the real architects behind the alliance? "Obviously," Nasser answered, "Washington and London." With that Nasser all but tore up the six-month-old Egyptian-Saudi truce on Yemen, declaring that he would not withdraw his 70,000 troops, as promised, until a "acceptable" government in Saudi Arabia was agreed upon. "If anyone thinks we have become tired," Nasser vowed, "let us say that we are a struggling nation, a fighting nation, a patient nation. We can stay in Yemen for one, two, three, four or even five years." As for Israel, Nasser threatened a "deterrent" if the country decides to go ahead with the development of an atomic weapon. In the same hot breath, Nasser attacked Tunisia's Habib Bourguiba for daring to advocate Arab negotiations with Israel.

What was eating Nasser all of a sudden? Genuine fear of encirclement by the Arab conservatives? Frustration over his expensive troop commitment in Yemen? Some old Middle East thought it might be merely a vector for the good old days when he was constantly embroiled in international intrigue. They suggest that President Johnson may have stirred him by sending Averell Harriman to Cairo as a virtual invitation to join the Nam peace effort. "London's got dragged Nasser away from the balcony and onto the balcony again," sighs an American expert. "Once you get out there, it's a helluva job to get back to the fireplace again."

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we've been making medicines  
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## PEOPLE

"Of course we'll live off his income," insisted the bride-to-be. "He wouldn't think of it any other way." And another thing, Luci Baines Johnson, 18, pointed out in an interview with *McCall's*, those reports that she had to strong-arm Daddy into approving the match were just "hogwash." When she brought her beau, Pat Nugent, whose career plans are still up in the air, down to the ranch last October, the girl explained, "my father came to us and asked, 'What's all this I read in the newspapers?'" And that, said Luci, sticking out her jaw, "is when we sat down and reasoned together."

At first there was some doubt she would make it there at all. But then the stout Boy Scout commissioner and five other loyal subjects on the tiny British West Indian isle of Nevis pleaded that Queen Elizabeth II not ignore them on her month-long Caribbean tour. And so she came. As the royal yacht *Britannia* docked at the jetty, nearly all 13,000 Nevisians were dancing in the streets. Then with endless royal waves, Elizabeth and Prince Philip drove off through the cotton and sugarcane fields to pay a gracious call at the birthplace of one of the Crown's less loyal subjects—Alexander Hamilton.

It was the old mousetrap play. The U.S. Army captain and the Vietnamese airborne battalion, which he served as adviser, fought their way into a Viet Cong camp near Bong Son one night, only to find the place deserted. Then, at midnight, with the ammo running low, Captain Pete Dawkins, 27, had the V.C. red-dogging in on both flanks. After a quick firefight, Army's 1958 All-



CAPTAIN PETE DAWKINS  
Out of the mousetrap.

America halfback huddled with his assistant, Lieut. Dick McDaniel, a former Nebraska end, and called for a "quick draw"—an artillery barrage from the nearby 1st Air Cavalry Division. That play scored fine, and afterward, as Dawkins and his unit rested in Saigon, Premier Nguyen Cao Ky awarded him and McDaniel South Viet Nam's second highest decoration, the Gallantry Cross.

After five weeks of arguments, Widow Mary Hemingway had her verdict. She had tried to stop publication of a book by A. E. Hotchner (*TIME*, Feb. 11), a friend and drinking pal of Ernest's during his last years, describing how the prideful lion sometimes fell into black and irrational moods before eventually shooting himself in 1961. In writing these reminiscences, argued "Miss Mary," Hotchner had used Papa's spoken words, which should be considered his property. But New York State Supreme Court Justice Harry Frank ruled that "spontaneous oral conversation with friends" cannot be considered subject to copyright. Random House will publish *Papa Hemingway* in April.

And wasn't it a long, fond wake the widow held? After Irish Playwright Brendan Behan died of "the gargle" two years ago, Beatrice Behan, 40, told *Redbook* in Dublin, "I spent a few months drinking around in the pubs where they knew him." After a while, said Beatrice, "I felt his personality slipping under my skin. I imagined that everyone loved me, and I even sang those dreary I.R.A. songs that Brendan used to sing. But then I realized I was not being natural, so I drink but little now." Still, considering the mourning after, the great gargler's widow conceded, "I love the life of the pubs."

Filed for probate in Manhattan Surrogate's Court, the will of General Motors Magnate Alfred P. Sloan Jr. grandly disposed of \$90 million, with \$60 million pouring into his Sloan Foundation, \$10 million going to his alma mater, MIT, \$10 million to the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, and \$10 million to the Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases, both in Manhattan. His brothers and other relatives, said a lawyer for the estate, "were provided for earlier."

As the provost of England's Coventry Cathedral explained after his new and radically beautiful church had risen beside the ruins of the old cathedral bombed out in 1940, "History has given us a chance to experiment, but we're not hanging cymbals and drums." Maybe not then, but some distinctly unconventional sounds were issuing from Coventry last week as Duke Ellington, 66, staged the European premiere of his *Jazz Concert of Sacred Music*.



DUKE ELLINGTON  
Back to the cymbals and drums.

swinging out on the steps of the chancel beneath Graham Sutherland's tapestry of *Christ in Glory* (*TIME* cover, Dec. 25, 1964). "There's a story of the man who accompanied his prayers by juggling because that was the thing he could do best," said the Duke. "That's what we're doing—we're playing our kind of music here."

I'll endorse with my name any of the following: clothing, cigarettes, tapes, sound equipment, ROCK 'N' ROLL RECORDS, anything, film and film equipment, Food, Helium, Whips, MONEY—love and kisses Andy Warhol, EL 5-9941

That's how the ad in the *Village Voice* ran and, while it wouldn't exactly be like having Mickey Mantle endorse your shaving cream, manufacturers might well consider what Andy's painstaking pop pictures did for Campbell Soups. As yet no helium or whip manufacturers have called up for the artist's endorsement, and what Andy really wants is to lend his name to some nice Manhattan restaurant, which in turn would agree to keep him and his entourage in sandwiches and beer up in his loft. But kindly don't send any of those canvas Oldenburgers.

Most of his impressive art collection looks genuine enough, sprinkled as it is with the signatures of people like Picasso, Matisse and Henry Moore. But you never can tell, testified Collector Nelson Rockefeller, 57, at the New York State attorney general's hearing on art fraud. There was that time in Sumatra in 1930, the Governor went on ruefully, when he picked up a lovely piece of "primitive sculpture," only to have a local innkeeper inform him that the things were mass-produced for the tourist trade. On other occasions, admitted Rockefeller, he's been a "sucker," and "naturally, I feel very silly."



## AMERICAN HUMOR: Hardly a Laughing Matter

"HUMOR can be dissected, as a frog can," E. B. White once warned, "but the thing dies in the process and the innards are discouraging to any but the pure scientific mind." Until recently, many American humorists obeyed that caveat by looking the other way when the subject was raised, or treating the whole thing as a joke. Robert Benchley spoke for most of his colleagues when he lampooned the scientific students of humor with his dictum: "We must understand that all sentences which begin with *W* are funny." Well, something unfunny has happened to American humor. Today the humorists are outexamining the examiners, some of them even making second careers as commentators who probe and pontificate on the radio and TV panels that ceaselessly sift American manners, morals and mores.

The reason for all the talk is that the nature, quality and targets of American humor are undergoing considerable change. Bob Hope and Columnist Russell Baker both believe that the change is for the better, and Carol Burnett proclaims: "Humor has gotten braver; we're doing nuttier, wilder things." S. J. Perelman, on the other hand, says unequivocally: "I have never seen so much ghastly work, even in television, as this year." And as far as Playwright (*Cactus Flower*) Abe Burrows is concerned, "there is nothing to kid any more. This is the age of consensus, and all the humorists are censoring themselves." If the purveyors of humor disagree on whether the change is for better or worse, however, they at least agree that it has profoundly affected their art.

That art has its roots in the work of a writer who made his mark before the century began. "All modern American literature comes from one book by Twain called *Huckleberry Finn*," wrote Ernest Hemingway. "There was nothing before. There has been nothing as good since." If Twain affected serious writers, he affected humorists even more. His timing as a public speaker is still being imitated by stand-up comedians. His wry one-line sermons ("Man is the Only Animal that blushes. Or needs to") have influenced every prose humorist who followed him.

Two generations afterward, Will Rogers twined in the Twain vein, taking America and Americans to task: "Politics has got so expensive that it takes lots of money to even get beat with." Soon afterward Fred Allen followed with his own caustic acid. "He was not brought by the stork," Allen once said about a heritage-happy snob. "He was brought by a man from the Audubon Society personally." During the Depression, Allen recommended setting up "a crumb line for midgets." His friendly enemy, Jack Benny, was not far from Twain's platform personality in a radio skit in which he was held up by a burglar. Thief, "Your money or your life," Benny (after a 30-second pause): "I'm thinking I'm thinking."

## Unshockable Audiences

Twain had his circuit circus, Allen a large radio audience. But TV has exposed more Americans than ever before to a steady, if often unsatisfactory, diet of humor. It offers dozens of stand-up comics a month (on such as the Ed Sullivan and Johnny Carson shows), and some 30 situation comedies every week. As the word fun becomes more and more an adjective, the comic is also spilling over into the commercials: where once the pitchman raved supreme, he now adds a light or whimsical touch to ads—in Buster Keaton's Ford-truck plugs, for example, or Bert Lahr's potato-chip commercials and Jack Gilford's Cracker Jack spiels. The comedians soften the sale—and they frequently outshine the programs.

Today's humor may not be much rougher than it was on the American frontier, but it has shed its inhibitions in full public view. Sex is no longer a taboo topic; it is, in fact, one of the commonest. Humor has not only been firmly en-

trenched in the bedroom, but is increasingly being pushed into the bathroom. Even caustic Cartoonist Jules Feiffer, "It's astounding what's allowable today." The gentle dies that once tillated the town have been replaced by such farces as *What's New Pussycat?* and *Kiss Me a Kiss* in which playboyish exaggeration has been substituted for wit. Contemporary audiences are largely unshockable. build up enough pressure to get a laugh, humorists have begun to abandon sex to take up the grave topic of death. In *The Loved One*, proudly promoted as a picture something to offend everyone. Yet audiences have proved shockproof to spoofs on death and destruction. do not laugh because they understand, and says Play (*A Thousand Clowns*) Herb Gardner. The worst laughter is too much understanding."

## A Dark Breed

Another type of inhibition has been banished by the considerable Yiddishization of American comedy. Before *Tonight* show, the only Jewish comics most of us knew were simply comedians who happened to be Jewish. few of whom would risk their inside Yiddish humor on a general audience. But as the funnymen limbered and moved up on late-night TV, they began to use Jewish phrases and jokes, many of which made Bloomington as hard as The Bronx. Jewish humor has penetrated into print as well. *How to Be a Jewish Mother* is a big seller, bought by a lot of readers who were Jewish nor mothers. Still, beyond the simple shrugging caricatures and the throwaway Yiddishish experience is flavored with some sour salt. "Jewish is supposed to be warm and familiar," says M. Pauline Kael, "but there's a lot of hostility in it."

Because of this hostility—and the fact that the top U.S. humorists are Jewish—Jews figure prominently among the dark breed that has been operating among the megaton-megadopolis age and find it in a fearsome way. In *Catch-22*, now a classic, Joseph Heller presents an American pilot who is his country's bases for "cost plus 6 1/2%." In *Stern* Friedman deflates the American concept of the making his anti-hero a round-shouldered, wide-eyed Jew helpless to handle his neighbors, his job of a flirtatious wife ("I saw a kiss, I saw tongues, course, have no priority on black humor. One of stars, Terry Southern, a Texas gentile, has been successfully in the black for years with humor on pornography (*Candy*), nuclear war (*Dr. Strangelove*), money and morality (*The Magic Christian*).

For Heller, the change to basic black was not really for laughs. "I am not using humor as a means to a goal," he says. "The ultimate of frivolity but bitter pessimism." As Critic Leslie Felt it, "Black humor fits anyone worth reading to only valid contemporary work." Nonetheless, if critics of blackness are found among humorists whom believe that humor that does not make fun is not humor at all. Some of the critics, however, black humor with sick humor, whose chief practitioner Lenny Bruce, the man who made the four a popular mixer before being ruled obscene by the

For many in an age of constant change, the to find subjects for humor is in the news, and so humor reflects a growing dependence on current events. The best humorous columnists—Art Buchwald, Russell Baker—naturally look to the news for their subjects. so do more and more comics. "People are a lot about humor today," says Bob Hope. "People

medians to be current. We have to do the things they're talking about. De Gaulle, for example. One man against the world—he's jealous of the American and the Russian walk space; he's still trying to walk on water."

This concern with events has had its impact on the comedians, where a news-hungry generation that has been in on the information explosion since the beginning finds the genteel, sophisticated comedies of the '30s and '40s relics to be viewed on the museum of the *Late Show*. Their memories are less of Benchley than of Berkeley, and, in the absence of such protest humor, they have concentrated on deliberate surdities that refuse to deal with the adult world. Such are the elephant jokes (What do you get when you cross an elephant with a jar of peanut butter? A peanut that never melts or an elephant that sticks to the roof of your mouth) and the more recent grape jokes. (What's purple and hums? A electric grape. Why does it hum? It doesn't know the words). Another collegiate fad was the Tom Swifities, inspired by Author Edward Stratemeyer's series. "I've been looking forward to this ride," said Lady Godiva shiftlessly.

When they do put up with their world, the college students do so mostly to put it down, cheering on in traditional illegitimate fashion the impudent and the impertinent. Sarcastic Singer Tom Lehrer remains a remarkably long-lived favorite, with five current records to skip study by. A recent threr tune, "Do in the Vatican rag/ Get in line in that procession. Step into that small confessional/ There the guy who's got religion'll/ Tell you if your sin's original." neither favorite is urbane, eccentric Woody Allen, who is currently flipping the filmnicks by writing a Japanese movie which the dubbed-in sound track is totally different from that is occurring on-screen.

In line with the increasing tolerance of American life, at egro-Jewish-Irish dialect jokes are just about dead, at least in public. More in tune is Negro Comedian Dick Gregory's definition of North and South: "In the South, they don't care how close I get as long as I don't get too big. In the North they don't care how big I get as long as I don't get too close." Despite the disappearance of the old ethnic comedy, though, some sub rosa jokes still thrive, on the assumption that only a really minor minority lacks the strength of light or picket. The current favorite is the Polish joke, which ranges from harmless slap to unpleasant slur: Q. Why are there so few Polish suicides? A. It's not easy to get killed jumping from a basement apartment. The one subject that is strictly taboo right now is Viet Nam. says Jonathan Winters. Not that he need travel that far. Winters gets his laughs from way-out exaggerations of American types. Play- ing the farmer. "The Government pays me \$25,000 just to watch the ground. Sometimes I think I would like to do some farming just for the hell of it."

## The Giggling Robot

To the unquestioning audience, the state of American comedy may appear to be healthy indeed. The proliferation of comedy into every corner of American life—the spreading of the general joking seem to indicate one of the healthiest times for comedy in American history. But do they? A closer examination of current comedy reveals neither a renaissance nor a reformation but the beginnings of what could, unless it is reversed, become the dark ages of American humor.

Television, the disseminator of most current American comedy, has abdicated originality in favor of the safe and the recently as ten years ago, such comedians as Sid Caesar and Ernie Kovacs were savagely satirizing everything from motherhood to French movies. Today on TV, comedy is allowed to lumber into view unless preceded by a disclaimer—situation. Perhaps, too, it was inevitable that comedians found a way to can the stuff of life he would not touch. Comedy is to can the stuff of the soul—laughter is everywhere. TV has become a robot giggling at its own jokes. Even the few truly original comedians—*Mr. Smith*, *The Dick Van Dyke Show*—are in demand to be funny and original week after week. "It's surprising," says S. J. Perelman, "that

people who do weekly comedy shows on television are reduced to drivel."

If the quality of TV comedy leaves something to be desired, the quantity of written humor is pitifully small; most writers with a comic talent have been lured by the wide exposure and high pay of TV. No replacements have been found for such essayists as Benchley, Ring Lardner, Don Marquis, Frank Sullivan. There is no longer a Thurber, expressing in word and picture the uneasiness of modern life and the war between the sexes. "Funny men don't seem to write books these days," laments Russell Baker. Nightclub humor—what there is of it—is also in bad shape. San Francisco's hungry 1, where many comedians got their start, has been hurt by the bare-bosom boom; Manhattan's Blue Angel is defunct, and the Bon Soir, where cerebral comedians once gamboled, now has a noncomic policy. The comic strips, too, are in a generally deplorable state, two notable exceptions being Schulz's *Peanuts* and Al Capp's *L'il Abner*.

## A Large Balloon of Wind

Though satire is still around, it is not in very robust condition. Mort Sahl, once a master of the form, is as hard to find as an old Will Rogers routine; his last television show lasted two weeks. Monologist Bob Newhart, one of a line of snipers who picked off American postures and pretensions, is rarely seen on TV nowadays, and Sid Caesar has not been seen regularly since 1964. Mike Nichols and Elaine May, who took the Ins and made them Out to be a group of phonies, seldom appear together any more.

One of the problems of satire is that, to many humorists, the world itself is a large balloon full of wind, a satire on itself. "The world is getting so crazy you just have to laugh," says Art Buchwald, who lists some recent examples of self-satire: Lyndon Johnson showing his scar, Premier Ky and his wife in their Captain and Mrs. Midnight flight suits, the Ecumenical Council debating whether the Jews really killed Christ. There is surprisingly little political satire of Lyndon Johnson. The reason, believes Playwright-Director George Abbott, is that "humor is exaggeration, and President Johnson is his own exaggeration." Kennedy, in short, had a silk hat that could be knocked off by a humorist's snowball. Johnson's Stetson looks funnier on him than knocked off. What satire there is these days often satirizes the village idiot. *Batman* kids the comics—which kid the kids. The man from U.N.C.L.E. is, at its best, only taking off on James Bond, an acknowledged spoof on itself.

Such is the state of U.S. humor that, except for the comparatively small squadron of black humorists, there are almost no original comic talents left. As it is now, the choice seems to lie between the banalities of the TV screen and what are the frequent absurdities of the black humorists, a choice roughly comparable to that offered by a menu with only two items: vanilla pudding and a whisky sour.

Too few of the absurdists have heeded the admonition of their existential idol Kierkegaard, who wrote: "The comic spirit is not wild or vehement, its laughter is not shrill." Black humor has a long tradition that reached its apex in Jonathan Swift. But the humorists who dwell on death and disaster today lean too often toward the narcissistic, reflecting images of themselves as helpless heroes in a world they can neither take nor leave. Their less lugubrious colleagues, on the other hand, have been all too willing to cede the comic to the journalists and to allow the commercial to override the classic. In the end, they have left a society almost without true humorists, making it vulnerable and vain, like a great man without a sense of humor.

Perhaps the American humorist may yet lead himself out of the dark by re-examining his own craft. "The one specific remedy for vanity is laughter," wrote Philosopher Henri Bergson, "and the one failing that is essentially laughable is vanity." Is it only society that is laughable today? Or is it the humorists themselves, too proud or fearful of full of disdain to fulfill their function? That function is to be society's mocking bird, not its vulture. What the U.S. can always use is something that everyone has in him but only a true humorist can bring out: a good laugh.



## SPORT

### POWERBOAT RACING

#### Madness off Miami

They aren't taking volunteers for the Alamo any more, and it is getting harder to find cannibals to invite to lunch. So what does a man do when he's bored and restless (and maybe a little masochistic) and has \$50,000 or so to spend? He races powerboats.

Offshore powerboat racing is no delicate art like trying to steer a skittery hydroplane around the smooth surface of a protected lake. It is simple, straightforward stuff: slamming headlong through the open ocean in anything from a souped-up outboard to a PT boat—until your ribs rattle and your face is white with salt. It is madness, of course. But as Ohio Millionaire Merrick Lewis, 41, explained on the eve of last week's Sam Griffith Memorial Race from Miami to Bimini and back: "Once in a while, you have to force yourself into doing something that petrifies you. If you don't, pretty soon you turn into a chunk of Jell-O."

Too New for Money. Lewis, alas, was unable to compete in the 172-mile race himself because he had four broken ribs, three cracked ribs and a gash on his skull—mementos of the Houston Channel Derby two weeks before. But he sent out no fewer than eight of his boats, including *Thunderbird*, a 32-ft. aluminum "hot dog" powered by two 500-h.p. United Aircraft gas turbines and piloted by Designer-Driver Jim Wynne. So radical that it was classified as experimental (and therefore ineligible for the winner-take-all \$3,000 prize), *Thunderbird* had been clocked at 65 m.p.h. in practice runs. That was enough to make it the prerace favorite, but there was no shortage of high-velocity competition. Miami Boatbuilder Dick Bertram was at the helm of his diesel-powered *Brave Moppie*, the 1965 world champion. Following in

the example of his father, a champion hydroplane racer, Gar Wood Jr. was driving *Orca*, a needle-nosed, 47-ft. monster that packed 1,200 horses under its deck. British hopes were pinned on *Surfury*, a molded plywood 36-footer with twin supercharged engines that generated 525 h.p. apiece.

The rest of the fleet consisted mostly of standard inboards and outboards that might have come from a showroom window. But Jerry Langer's No. 10 was strictly do-it-yourself. An outboard-engine dealer from Miami Beach, Langer had borrowed a Fiberglas mold, poured himself a hull, tacked two ordinary 90-h.p. motors on the back. Just before the race, he decided that he didn't like the pitch of his propellers, so he took a hammer and pounded away until they looked "about right."

Two Minutes to Swim. On race day, a 20-knot crosswind was kicking up 10-ft. swells in the northward-flowing Gulf Stream, and visibility was down to half a mile. But away they went anyhow, 31 boats roaring out of Biscayne Bay into the heaving Gulf Stream. Within minutes, last year's Griffith winner, Bill Wishnick, was back at the dock: his co-driver Allen Brown had smashed both ankles on the jolting deck of their 28-ft. *Broad Juniper*. About the same time, Gar Wood Jr. bounced *Orca* onto a sand bar off Cape Florida, clambered out, and watched helplessly as his \$150,000 craft split open and sank.

After an hour, most of the boats had given up and turned back to port. The rest wished they had. Owner-Driver John Raulerson and a crewman had to be pulled off his wallowing, 33-ft. *Tim Fish* by the Coast Guard (at week's end the empty boat was still floating somewhere in the Gulf Stream). World Champion Dick Bertram didn't even have time to radio for help. *Brave Moppie* was blasting along at 50 m.p.h. in second place, behind *Thunderbird*, when

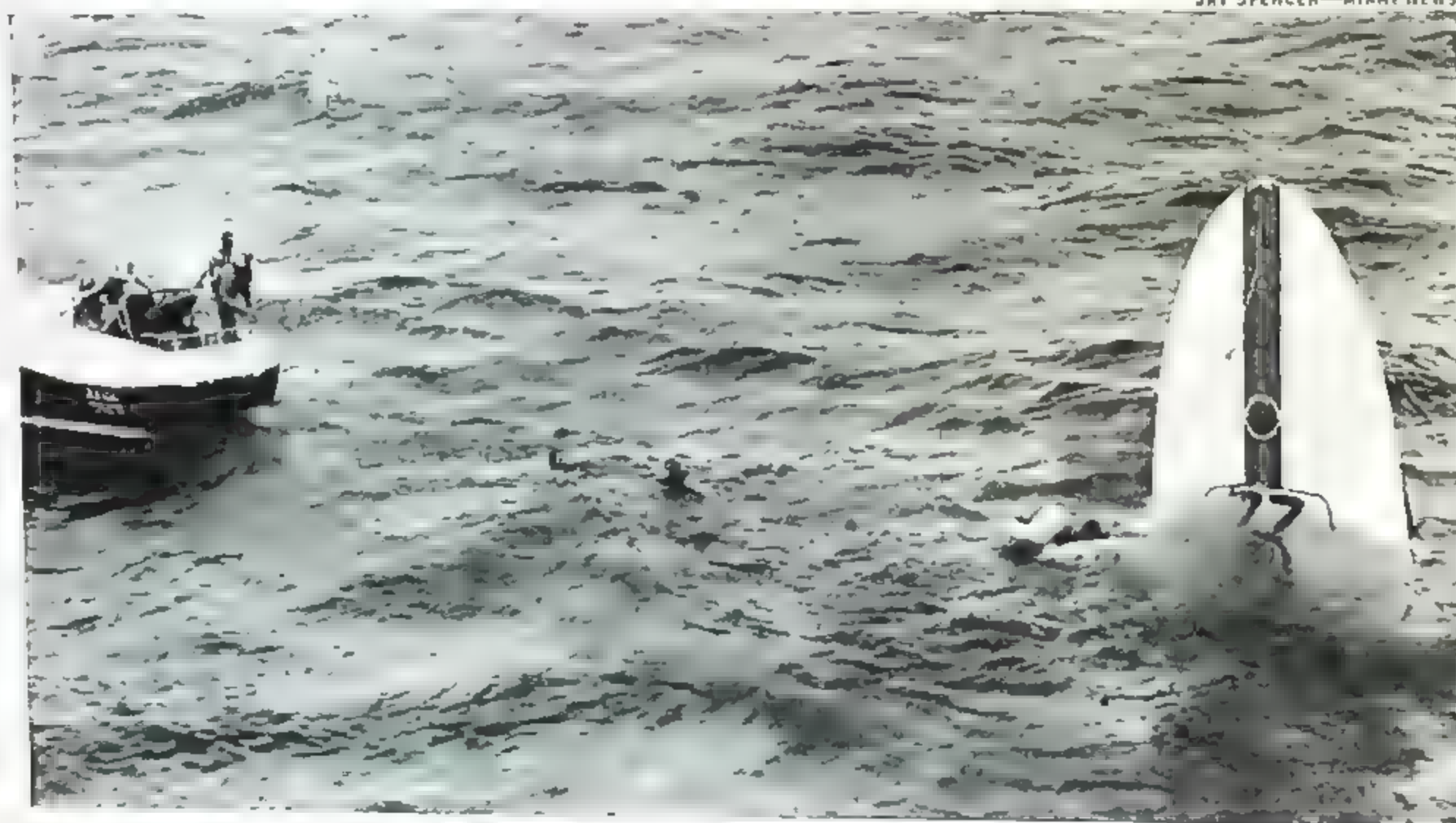
disaster struck. "A red warning suddenly went on, meaning water bilge," Bertram said later. "In two minutes we were swimming." Spectators had pounded its way clear of her hull—nobody would ever know, because she sank like a rock 10 fathoms of water. That gave a place to Charles Gardner in *Star*, but with true British sportsmanship he hove to, hauled Bertram and his man crew aboard, and abandoned race to ferry them back to Miami.

Only four boats reached Bimini; only two attempted the return. Aboard *Thunderbird*, bearded Wynne was having his problems: engines cut out three times when he tossed the boat clear out of water. Driver Walt Walters was knocked unconscious when a wave broke across the boat—but Wynne grimly kept going. So, incredibly, did Jerry Langer's little outboard. Finally, 4 hrs. 45 after the start, *Thunderbird* chugged back into Biscayne Bay, and Wynne gratefully stepped ashore, muttering: "Now that was a wangle." Runner-up Langer, who finished hours behind Wynne, could not agree more. "Where are the B Aids?" was the first question he asked on arrival in Miami. But Dick Bertram, who had lost \$65,000 worth of boat and very nearly his life, could wait to do it all over again. "It made it any easier," he said, "It would be ocean racing—and I'd quit."

### TENNIS

#### Quick Trip to Wicomico

Wicomico County, Maryland, is exactly Wimbledon, which may explain why the world's top tennis players are in such a rush to get out of town next week. For the third year in a row, Wicomico Youth and Civic Center, the site of the prestigious National Indoor Championships, and except for Australians, who stayed home to



"SURFURY" COMING TO AID OF SINKING "BRAVE MOPIE"

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CHAMPION PASARELL  
Everyone else got bombed.

Southern Hemisphere sun, tennis' big-name stars all put in an appearance. Dennis Ralston, the U.S.'s top amateur, was on hand, along with Negro Arthur Ashe, back from a triumphal tour of Australia. The foreign contingent included Spain's Manuel Santana, the world's No. 1-ranked player; Mexico's Rafael Osuna, the U.S. singles champion in 1963, and Sweden's Jan Erik Lundquist, who beat Ralston for the indoor title last year.

One after another the stars breezed in, paid their respects, and left. Ralston double-faulted away his second-round match with Brazilian Left-Hander Tomas Koch. Santana lost in straight sets to a 28-year-old Wall Street lawyer named Gene Scott, and Lundquist duplicated the feat against California's 18-year-old Bobby Lutz. In the quarter-finals, Koch took care of the astonished Osuna, 6-3, 6-4. And then Cliff Drysdale, a South African cigarette salesman who hits backhands with his racket in both hands like a cricket bat, eliminated Ashe in straight sets, 6-3, 8-6. "I surprised myself," admitted Drysdale.

The most surprised player of all must have been Puerto Rico's Charles ("Charlito") Pasarell, 22, who scored 19 aces to beat Koch in the semifinals, found himself matched against Texas' Ron Holmberg in the final. A senior at UCLA (where he played No. 2 singles behind Ashe's No. 1), Pasarell had never reached the finals of a major tournament before. "I've beaten just about everybody in the world," he sighed. "Trouble is I've lost to just about everybody too."

Erratic, unable to control his big first serve, "The Bomb," he reverently calls it, recently, Pasarell seemed to be

doing his best to lose to Holmberg, too, who was so obviously overweight that other players nicknamed him "Dallas Fats." "Oh, Charlie, come on now!" groaned Pasarell, as he belted a Holmberg lob clear out of the court. "Stupid!" he snarled, after netting an easy volley. The first set went to 22 games, the second to 18, and the third to 13 before the puffing Holmberg finally cracked. Ratting off five straight points, Pasarell won the match, 12-10, 10-8, 8-6, for his first major tournament victory.

## BOBSLEDDING

### The Deadly Zig-Zag

There is obviously no such thing as a safe bobsled run, but there are varying degrees of danger. Nobody has ever been killed on Austria's Igls run, and it was a shock around the famed Ronco course at Cortina, Italy, when Germany's Anton Pensberger crashed to his death during last month's world championships. But the Mount Van Hoevenberg run at Lake Placid, N.Y., is another story. With its 16 low-banked curves, abnormally wide straightaways (which leave all the more room for error) and extra-high speeds (up to 90 m.p.h.), it has long enjoyed a sinister reputation as the world's most dangerous course. Since it was built in 1930, scores of sledders have been seriously injured, and three have been killed.

At last week's International Diamond Trophy races, sub-zero temperatures had turned the Mount Van Hoevenberg course so hard and slick that the sleds' runners would not bite into the ice, tended to slip sideways on the turns. Conditions were particularly bad at the 13th and 14th turns—known as the Zig-Zag—where a wooden superstructure was installed to keep the careening sleds from shooting right over the banking. As the four-man competition got under way, a U.S. sled overturned at the Zig-Zag, injuring two of the crew. At that, the wife of the next competitor in line, Lake Placid's own Joe McKillip, begged her husband: "Don't go. Please don't go." McKillip withdrew. His place was taken by Sergio Zardini, 34, an Italian who moved to Canada two years ago. Zardini was the 1963 four-man world champion, and he had won the Diamond Trophy two years in a row. Just a day before, on the same course, he had driven a two-man sled to victory in the North American-National A.A.U. championships.

At the Zig-Zag, Zardini's luck ended. Plummeting into the turn at 80 m.p.h., his sled literally took off, hurling its occupants headfirst into the protective superstructure and spilling them out onto the track. The empty sled rattled on across the finish line while rescuers rushed to its crew. One had a concussion and a broken cheekbone, another was badly bruised, a third was unhurt. Driver Zardini was dead, his head crushed by the wooden safety rail.



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RESEARCH

The Smoking Woman

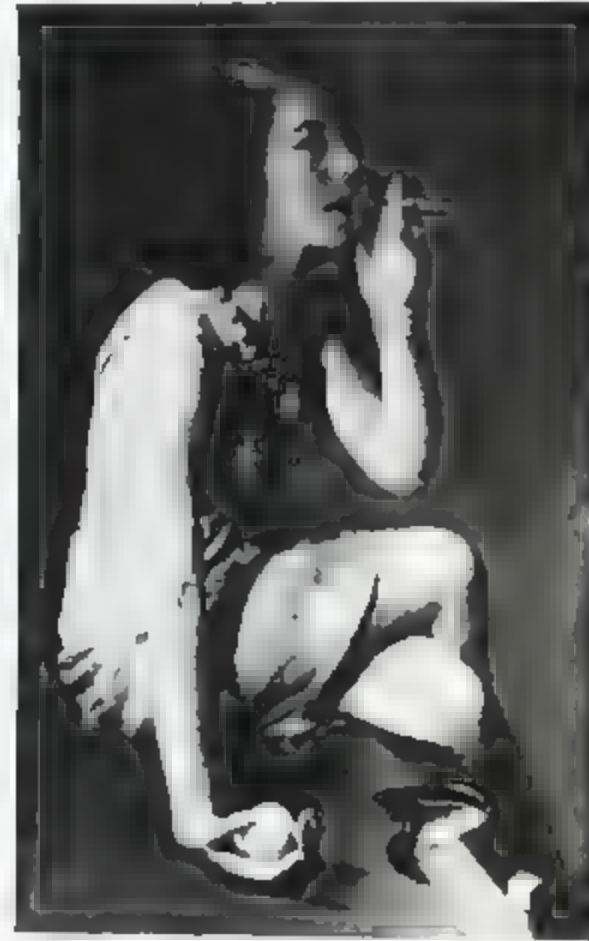
Throughout the 15-year wrangle over the effects of smoking on health, women smokers have offered a medical conundrum. Although they puff at cigarettes with the same freedom as men, they do not suffer as much lung cancer. Why? The answer, Statistician E. Cuyler Hammond of the American Cancer Society reported last week, is devastatingly simple: for all their freedom, modern women do not smoke as much as men. On the average, they do not start smoking as young, do not inhale as deeply, and have

for which data on smoking and health are meaningful), women who limit themselves to less than half a pack a day outnumber men 3 to 1; those who stop at a pack a day outnumber men 2 to 1. Deep inhaling is half as common among the 35-44 women as among men, and only one-third as common in the 55-64 age bracket.

The sampling of current smokers shows that as recently as the 1930s, only one-third as many girls as boys started smoking before they were 15; this is significant because disease and death rates, notably for lung cancer, are related to duration of smoking. All three factors



WALL STREET'S SYLVIA PORTER



HOLLYWOOD'S NATALIE WOOD  
A certain biological superiority.



ISRAEL'S GOLDA MEIR

not smoked for as many years. Hammond's statistics also show, however, that the closer women's smoking practices approach men's, the closer are their disease and death rates.

In a detailed comparison of the smoking and health histories of 441,000 men and 563,000 women, Dr. Hammond's crew of epidemiologists followed the medical history of their volunteers since the winter of 1959-60. The first result of their work was the world's most exhaustive survey of the relationship between men's smoking and disease (TIME, Dec. 13, 1963), a study that was a major factor in persuading the U.S. Public Health Service to condemn smoking. By now, the Cancer Society researchers have followed both the men and the women for four years, and have tracked down the cause in 97% of the 43,000 deaths among the subjects. The delay in reporting the data on women reflects the fact that female death rates from virtually all causes are lower than the death rates among males; the Hammond staff had to wait for enough women to die to give them a valid statistical sample.

**Three Factors.** More men than women smoke cigarettes (47% of men aged 35 and up, as against 27% of women), and the disparity in smoking habits is notably greater in the older age groups. In the 35-44 age group (the youngest

—age of starting, inhalation habits and number of cigarettes smoked—said Dr. Hammond, tend to go together: a boy or a girl who starts smoking before age 15 is more likely to become a heavy smoker and deep inhaler.

Women smokers in the 45-54 age group, Hammond's statistics show, have a death rate 1.31 times higher than that of nonsmokers. And the rate goes up with the number of cigarettes smoked. It is 1.54 times the rate for nonsmokers among women in the one-to-two-packs-a-day range, and 1.96 times as high for those using more than two packs a day. The mortality rates follow practically the same patterns when computed in relation to depth of inhaling and age at which smoking began.

**Innate Advantage.** Comparison of lung cancers in men and women is complicated by the fact that the disease is not the same in the two sexes—women are more liable to some uncommon forms, which all researchers agree are unrelated to smoking. In the Hammond study, lung cancer caused 1,159 deaths, or 4.5% of the total, among men, but only 210 deaths, or 1.3%, among women. In cases where the cancer type could be determined, two-thirds of the men had the form associated with long-continued smoking; so did half of the women. The researchers concluded that

women who have smoked at any time in their lives run a 2.2 times greater risk of dying from lung cancer than nonsmokers, with a peak at 2.82 times in the 54 age range.

Despite the fact that his statistics show that heavy-smoking women have higher disease and early-death rates, Hammond finds that most of them do not fare as badly as men. Their increased risk of heart-artery disease is most twice as much as nonsmokers; of lung cancer is only about half as much as the smoking man's increased risk. The truth is, women seem to have an inherent biological superiority and a capacity over men. The difference in the overall number of deaths among Cancer Society volunteers is striking: there were more than half as many among the men, although there were many fewer men in the study. Enough women smoked heavily enough and long enough to incur the same increased risk of early death as male smokers, says Dr. Hammond, the actual rates among women would still be because of that innate superiority.

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

Drifting Flu

When a man's wife called the last week and said he couldn't work because he was in bed with the flu, the chances were that she was telling the truth. Across the U.S., the flu was reaching a peak. In the New York metropolitan area, most of the cases seemed to be of a mild variety caused by still unidentified viruses. New York, Georgia and Florida had outbreaks caused by Type B influenza virus. California, hardest hit, was throes of an epidemic of Asian Type flu. And Californians were spreading the virus in their Nevada playgrounds. Lake Tahoe, Reno and Las Vegas.

**Infants & Oldsters.** California's epidemic got rolling in the schools— youngsters who had not developed immunity because many of them were living more sheltered, protected when the state had its last major flu attack four years ago. In Los Angeles, up to 300,000 children and teachers were out; 90 public and parochial schools gave up. Said County School Superintendent Clinton Conroy Trillingham, "The epidemic has hit the schools. I don't know any I can remember in 24 years." In missions to Los Angeles' General Hospital ran 25% above average. The police and fire brigades were decimated.

Orange County was almost hit; then the epidemic spread to Santa Cruz and Santa Clara Area and Sacramento, until 4,000,000 Californians with fever, headache, cough and aching muscles. Inevitably, the flu led to pneumonia among infants or oldsters. "It was poor to begin with. An



Interpreter needed

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er victims was Susan Ann Lombardi, 26, the bandleader's niece. There was no way to tell when the California epidemic would pass its peak.

**Wild Strains.** The U.S. Public Health Service had long ago recommended widespread vaccinations and predicted major outbreaks this year of both Type A influenza, which runs in a three-year cycle, and Type B, which runs in one- or four-year cycles. The Communicable Disease Center expected Type A to hit the Eastern states, or brush them off lightly, because they had outbreaks last year. So far, the C.D.C. has been correct. In the East, influenza B has attacked mostly the young and the old, with only a modest increase in respiratory pneumonia. The Asian flu attacks all groups indiscriminately, which explains the epidemic spread in California.

As for vaccines, the C.D.C. now believes that the viruses' antigenic properties "drift," or change slightly, and the current wild strains have drifted away from those used in the vaccine now available. If the change is not great, the vaccine should still offer substantial protection. Next year, the vaccine makers will hurry to catch the

## DOCTORS

### Cutting Words

*A man of true science uses hard words, and those only whom other will answer his purpose with the smatterer in science . . . thinks by mouthing hard words he proves he understands hard things.*

—"Dr. Cuticle" in Herman Melville's *White Jacket*.

By Melville's criterion, suggests Lois DeBakey in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, medicine is full of "smatterers in science." Her records, casual conversations and medical reports "are loaded with incomprehensible to nonphysicians often confusing even to physicians in other regions." A member of a family of surgeons—one brother, Houston Surgeon Michael DeBakey (TIME cover, May 28), and another, Ernest, is also a surgeon—I have a Ph.D. in English and am an associate professor in scientific literature at Tulane University of language. She advises doctors to concentrate on cutting "learned" words and using substitutes in the following choices.

Agrypnia	In-
Cephalalgia	He-
Cholelithiasis	G-
Deglutition	S-
Emesis	V-
Hemorrhage	Blee-
Obese	Fat-
Pyrexia	Fer-
Respire	Br-

Carrying her criticism to the end (not "termination") DeBakey thinks "in extreme expression for doctors."



Captain Frank Baque, Jr., 1st Officer, Wesley Chadwick, 2nd Officer, Justin Campbell

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[illegible]

## THE SUPREME COURT

### How Bert Beat the Bureaucrats

At last got his patent in 1943, the element got its own in 1953, based on slight improvements of two army chemists. Slams finally got mad, and the cause of an anonymous benefac-

**Sweet Victory.** When the Government appealed to the Supreme Court, Adams' New York lawyer, John Reilly,



INVENTOR ADAMS

*Not a dime from the hornswogglers.*

For Adams, who is now 66 and lives in Yuma, Ariz., the next step is getting the Government to fork over damages—a complex legal process that may take months or years. No one yet knows how much he will collect; besides, he is ailing and may have little chance to spend it like the tycoon he might have been. Just his court victory over the bureaucrats, though, is mighty sweet to Tucker Adams.

For five years the Supreme Court has thrown out Southern convictions for nearly every kind of civil rights demonstration. So last week the court's reversal seemed inevitable in the case of Henry Brown and other CORE demonstrators, whose "stand-up" in a Clinton, La., public library resulted in

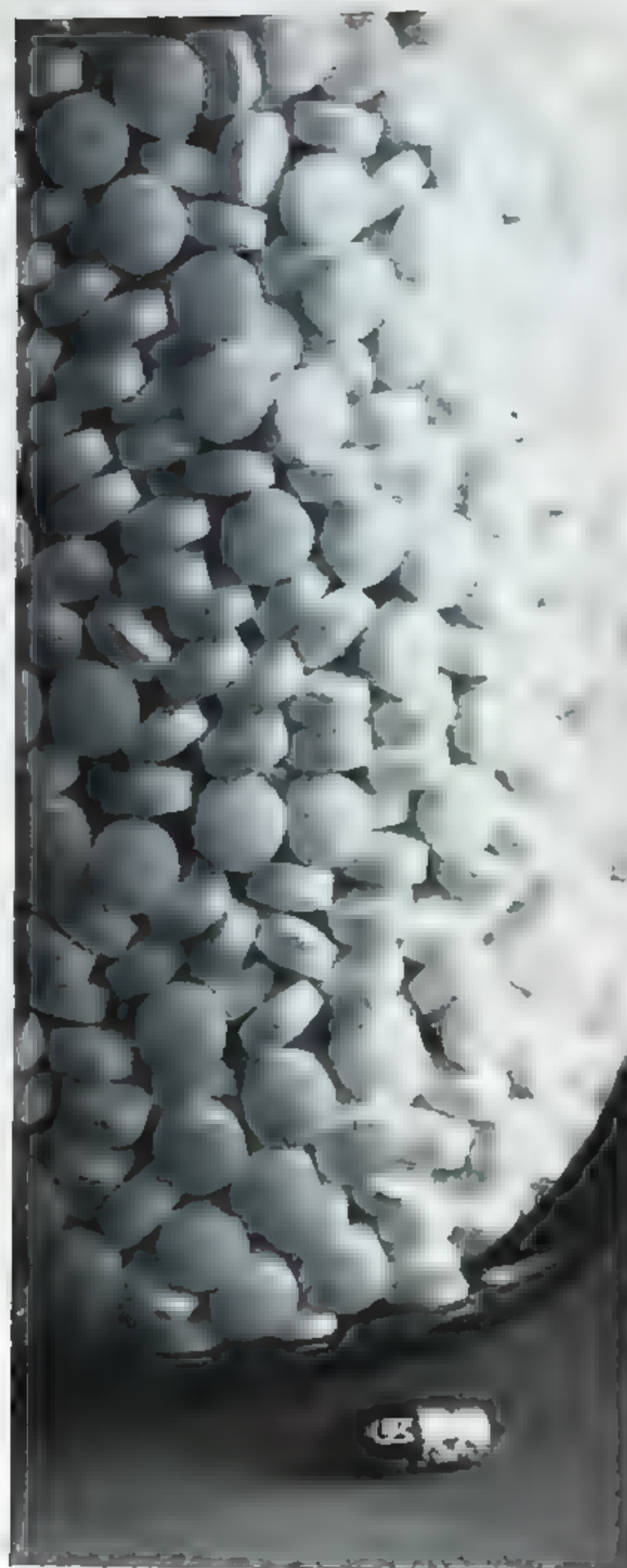
"The crowd moved by noble ideals today can become the mob ruled by hate and passion and greed and violence tomorrow," said Black. "If we ever doubted that, we know it now. The peaceful songs of love can become as stirring and provocative as the *Marseillaise* did in the days when a noble revolution gave way to rule by successive mobs until chaos set in. . . . I am deeply troubled with the fear that powerful private groups throughout the nation will read the court's action as I do—that is, as granting them a license to invade the tranquility and beauty of our libraries whenever they have quarrel with some state policy that may or may not exist. It is an unhappy circumstance, in my judgment, that the group which more than any other has needed a government of equal laws and equal justice, is now encouraged to believe that the best way for it to advance its cause, which is a worthy one, is by taking the law into its own hands." Warned Black. "It should be remembered that if one group can take over libraries for one cause, other groups will assert the right to do it for causes which, while wholly legal, may not be so appealing to this court."

## The Right to Welsh

By the time Wallace's case got to the U.S. Court of Military Appeals, his sentence had been reduced to forfeiture of \$900 in pay—for him, little more than a month's losses. Even so, the nation's highest military court reversed his conviction.

Whether legal or illegal, ruled Judge Homer Ferguson for the court, gambling is "against public policy, and the courts will not lend their offices to en-





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enforcement of obligations arising therefrom." Though Nevada, for example, both licenses and taxes gambling, "the courts of that state deny any right of recovery on gaming transactions." In the same vein, said Ferguson, "the issuance of a worthless check in a gambling game or as a means of facilitating a gaming transaction cannot be made the basis of a criminal prosecution for allegedly 'dishonorable' conduct."

In bemused disagreement, Chief Judge Robert E. Quinn declared: "It can hardly be argued that all gambling is contrary to public policy." All insurance, he noted, is "socially desirable" betting; all courts sanction even "one-shot" insurance bets "against rain on the day of a big event." And what about church-sponsored bingo games? "Speculation in the stock and grain markets is lawful," continued Quinn. "Betting at pari-mutuel tracks is well established." As a result, argued the judge, "I disagree with the majority's conclusion that playing a slot machine, where not prohibited by law, is contrary to the good morals and public policy of the military community." Quinn would have reversed the conviction on a less cosmic ground: the court-martial failed to prove that Major Wallace's checks were passed as "ordinary commercial instruments, and not as IOUs."

For the majority, Judge Ferguson insisted: "The club gambled on the accused having money in the bank and lost. Having done so, it cannot look to the law as a club to hold over those foolish enough to engage in this type of dissipation."

#### PUBLIC SAFETY

##### Misprision: Crime of Omission

When Bus Driver Frank Randazzo spotted a dozen youths beating up a policeman in New York City last summer, he slammed on his brakes, jumped out of the bus to fight the attackers, and suffered assorted facial wounds in the process. Later he spent seven days testifying against two of the youths, who were ultimately convicted of assault. For his trouble, Randazzo had his pay docked \$232. Because the fight was in the street rather than on his bus, ruled the City Transit Authority, the law-defending driver was on his own time each and every minute he spent in court.

Appalled, Queens District Attorney Nat Hentel last week named Randazzo the first winner of an "honor" certificate to be handed out each year by the D.A. "for the exercise of exceptional citizenship responsibility." Unfortunately, though, in what Hentel aptly calls "the cold society," awards seem unlikely to reform those who live by the big-city philosophy. Ignore thy neighbor.

**Dead Crime.** Is there no law against "civic indifference"? asks Lawyer George Goldberg in the American Bar Association *Journal*. There is indeed, he says. It is called "misprision of felony" (from the Old French *mesprendre*, to mis-



HERO RANDAZZO  
Unlikely to reform, or even show

take). Misprision is a crime of omission—a failure to act. In 1907, the Vermont Supreme Court defined it criminal neglect either to prevent or to bring the offender to after its commission." Misprision differs from "accessory" offenses as assent or assistance in a felony cause the two are easily confused ever, misprision is almost never punished, and to the few U.S. lawyers even know the term, misprision is usually a dead crime.

The crime is nonetheless far obsolete in Anglo-American law. Goldberg. In Australia in 1959, for example, the Victoria Supreme Court held the misprision conviction of a man who knew who shot him but didn't tell the police. In England, the House of Lords upheld the conviction of a man who had an arms theft at a U.S. Air Force but failed to report it. In the U.S., Goldberg, misprision of felony is a perfectly viable common-law crime. In Vermont, a statutory offense, and a 176-year-old federal Code, Title 18, Section 4, punishable by a \$500 fine and three years' imprisonment.

**Salutary Influence.** If it survived, argues Goldberg, "misprision would be a very salutary influence in our distressed society. It would raise problems seriously. An offense would require sure? Would it involve misprision as well as knowledge? Would friends or relatives be obliged on one another? Goldberg believes that the offense should be serious crimes, "perhaps crimes against the person." He says, "are families under a legal duty to report serious crimes to the police? It is at least as important as automobile crash

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## THE PRESS

### MAGAZINES

#### Middle-Aged Meliorists

"You appear to be publishing a middle-aged magazine for middle-aged readers," scoffed one reader after a look at the advance galleys of a new quarterly, *The Public Interest*. On thinking it over, Editors Daniel Bell, 46, and Irving Kristol, 45, took the crack as a compliment. "Young people tend to be enchanted by glittering generalities," they wrote in their first issue last fall; "older people are inclined to remember rather than to think; and middle-aged people, seasoned by life but still open to the future, do seem to us—in our middle years—to be the best of all political generations."

**Concrete Critics.** With their second issue, which appeared last week, Bell and Kristol continue their reasoned dialogue with reasonable middle age. Articles range from the obsolescence of U.S. public schools to the trend toward small business in the U.S. economy to the theoretical and practical relationship between men and computerized "thinking" machines. First-rate social critics in their own right, Bell and Kristol have years of experience editing and contributing to such magazines as *Commentary*, *Encounter* and *FORTUNE*. They hope that *The Public Interest* will provide politicians with the latest insights of the intellectual community, while giving intellectuals an understanding of the process of government.

Friends since their undergraduate days at the City College of New York, where they both developed a boundless disdain for ideologies of both the right and left, the two editors emphasize fact and information in their magazine, avoid simplistic political stances. "Too many intellectuals," writes Kristol in the current *Public Interest*, "express decided views on automation, disarmament, urban renewal, and all sorts of other matters on which they are inadequately informed." Adds Bell: "If the function of the intellectual is to criticize, I say to the intellectual: specify—translate ideas into concrete programs."

**No Carping.** Like most other "little" magazines, *The Public Interest* is not likely to become self-supporting in the near future. But Bell and Kristol, who now rely on backing from Wall Street, and other friends, are pleased by the early response; they estimate a circulation of 5,000 or more at \$1.50 a copy. A professor of sociology at Columbia University, Bell commissions most of the stories, for which the authors are paid a token \$100. Kristol, executive vice president of Basic Books, does most of the editing. Their magazine, they hope, will re-create some of the atmosphere of 19th century England when intellectuals took a passionate interest in their government, and were not satisfied merely to carp contentiously from the sidelines. "We are not

ALFRED STAYLER



IRVING KRISTOL

WALTER DAWAN



DANIEL BELL

*The best of all generations.*

interested in the ordinary exposé," says Kristol. "We are incurable meliorists. We think that the people in Washington are doing as good a job as anybody can. They would do an even better one if they were given all the information."

### NEWSPAPERS

#### Dixie Flamethrowers

After learning that Senator Robert F. Kennedy was planning to address the University of Mississippi Law School in mid-March, Columnist Tom Ethridge of the Jackson Clarion-Ledger expounded on Southern hospitality. "It is hoped that Mississippi authorities can guarantee the safety of Senator Kennedy when and if he visits Oxford," Ethridge wrote. "Or is it really possible to guarantee anyone's personal safety here or anywhere else? There are men in our state who might take fantastic risks to get even for the 1962 military occupation of Oxford by federal troops. We do not predict an attempt on R.F.K.'s life, but merely suggest that it could happen with no end of unfortunate repercussions for our state and people."

For the Jackson press to show such solicitude for the health and welfare of a Kennedy was novel indeed. The biggest papers in Mississippi, with a combined circulation of 120,000, the morning Clarion-Ledger and the afternoon Daily News indulge in more Yankee-baiting and race-baiting than any other papers in the South. During the Watts rioting, Ethridge wrote: "What the cops need... are plenty of flamethrowers... Nothing could stop bloodthirsty savages quicker than reducing them to cinders."



TOM HEDERMAN JR.



BOB HEDERMAN JR.

*The second coming of Babbitt.*

Jested Daily News Editor Jimmy W. on the front page: "Did you hear the Negro marine who is serving country well in Viet Nam? He received a telegram on the battlefield which read: 'We regret to inform you your mother and father were killed in action' in Los Angeles." When a Mississippi anti-poverty program in Ward bade farewell to the "slew-footed ragtag of human sloth" were roaming Mississippi to create and provoke a killing."

**Unabashed Boosterism.** Many Southern papers now cover local racial with considerable accuracy and candor. The Jackson papers, which founded in the 1800s, have not changed their attitude in half a century. Hederman, who publishes both papers and his cousin Tom Hederman, edits the Clarion-Ledger, are descendants of the powerful Jackson family. Hederman bought the Clarion-Ledger in 1954 and took over the Daily News in 1954. He has always quickly crunched any competition. The Hedermans also own Hattiesburg (Miss.) American, a able chunk of local real estate and interest in TV and radio in Jackson. They are quite content with things they are in Mississippi—which does mean they believe everything they read in their own newspapers. On the contrary, they are considered to be really malleable Mississippians who, along with segregation because of what the community seems to want them, the newspapers are, above all, highly profitable business ventures.

In addition to championing segregation, the two Jackson papers practice a boosterism that would make a blit blush. The Clarion-Ledger regularly runs a Page One color photo of a maiden or matron gushing something like "It is patio time again." The Daily News runs a front-page cartoon of a donkey named Henny who bawls on behalf of some local cause. Its first night for football in the schools of the state. And it hopes each one'll win its game that be great."

**Too Close to Criticize.** Even at not being able to get to see Paul Johnson, Los Angeles reporter Jack Nelson asked the Clarion-Ledger's political reporter Ch why he didn't raise some "hell" Governor. "Oh, no," replied Nelson, "I can't afford to criticize him. When it comes to past politics, however, the papers are less than forthcoming. Speaking of John Wilkes Booth, may have done him wrong. Ethridge wrote recently, 'Mr. Booth had accused Honest Abe of flouting a cute actress in the play he was in. There was an argument. A colon drew a .44 derringer handgun and fired the fatal shot. Wilkes Booth happened to be in the presidential box at that moment. A true Southern gentleman took the rap for the first lady

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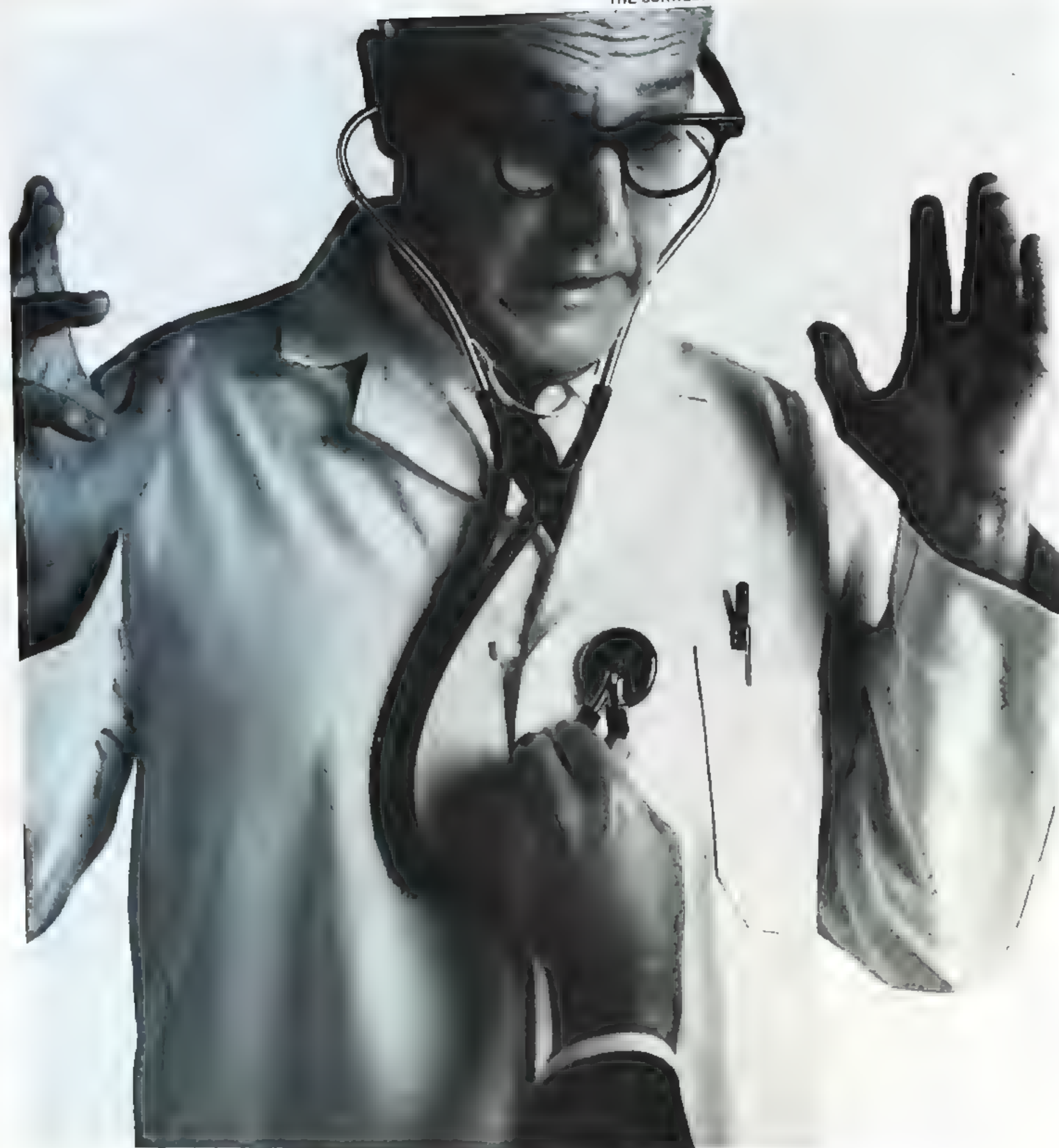
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## EDUCATION

### EDUCATION ABROAD

#### They're Not Talking

Erasmus, who studied there from 1517 to 1521, would be hard put to understand all the pulling and hauling that is going on these days at his alma mater, the University of Louvain. In his day, the school's common language was Latin. Now the university is split into French-speaking and Flemish-speaking halves, and the division is so bitter that the two halves are not talking to each other.

The split, reflecting the national linguistic quarrels, goes back to the revolution of 1830, after which the area now called Belgium—half French (Wallonia), half Dutch (Flanders)—was carved into a country. The literate, liberal French-speaking Walloons in the south dominated Louvain and built it into a university of international reputation ranking with Oxford and the top Roman Catholic University in the world. At the recent Vatican Council, the 13-man delegation of theological experts from Louvain was influential enough to spawn such wisecracks as "Vatican II? No, Louvain I."

**Oppressed Majority.** After World War II, the conservative Flemish farmers in the north began to demand their innings, arguing that they had long been an oppressed majority (5,250,000 to 4,000,000). In 1962, the Flemish succeeded in legislating a line across the country running from just north of Liège across just south of Brussels to a point on the French-Belgian border. The language north of the line (except in Brussels, which is officially bilingual) is officially Flemish; to the south, it is French.

The illustrious University of Louvain, which did not offer so much as a single course in Flemish until 1932, is ten miles inside Flemish "territory." And with all the fervor of those who feel they have been snubbed for centuries, the Flemish have succeeded during the past few years in cutting the school into linguistic divisions just as rigid as the nation's—even to separate budgets for the next academic year.

For the hotter Flemish heads, even this is not enough. A wall near Louvain's medical school is daubed with big red letters: **WAFEN RUITEN** (Walloons Go Home). The extremists are demanding nothing less than moving the French half of Louvain into Wallonia. Flemish-Walloon bitterness has caused occasional rioting at the school.

**Dividing Baby?** Like King Solomon's legendary decision ordering the baby divided between the contending women, this would be no solution at all. The French faction would not think of accepting it without being guaranteed equal facilities—an item estimated to cost a minimum of \$500 million. Even



STUDENTS RIOTING AT LOUVAIN  
Unity at the top, division at the bottom.

if this were miraculously arranged, the massive international prestige of Louvain would be maimed. Though both the Flemish- and French-speaking faculties of the university are equally eminent, most of the 2,000 foreign students (out of a total enrollment of 20,000) speak French rather than Flemish.

In his high-ceilinged, red-curtained office, Louvain's Rector Magnificus, The Most Rev. Albert Descamps, plays for time. "There will be no spectacular solution," he said last week. "There will be accommodations, arrangements. I think we will continue with unity at the top and more and more division at the bottom." To Economics Professor Jacques Drèze, a member of a ten-man commission set up by the university two months ago to study the issue, the future of Louvain depends on the political future of Belgium, and he is gloomy on grounds that the aspirations of cultural or racial communities are generally irreversible.

### SCHOOLS

#### The Pittsburgh Philosophy

School integration, as every big-city educator knows, is not just a matter of folding Negro students in with white ones. The whites have got to stick around—and many of them don't. In 25 years, the proportion of Negro children in the public schools has jumped from 9% to 51% in Chicago, from 8% to 47% in New York, from 14% to 54% in Philadelphia, and from 39% to 90% in Washington. In Pittsburgh the Negro school population has more than doubled since World War II—and Pittsburgh is responding with a creative new program designed to raise the standard of education so high that the whites will want to stay and the Negroes will

get the kind of training they need to take an equal place in society.

The experiment is still too new for hard statistics of success or failure. But it is being watched with growing interest in practically every metropolis north of the Mason-Dixon line, and in Washington with such hope that its administrator has the honor of being the only school superintendent on President Johnson's task force on education.

Sydney P. Marland Jr., 51, came to Pittsburgh's 77,000-pupil school system from such relatively vest-pocket operations as Darien, Conn. and Winnetka, Ill. Since September 1963, Marland has demonstrated that this did not diminish his ability to think big. The chief elements of his Pittsburgh plan:

► **TEAM TEACHING.** As in other schools, a group of half a dozen or more teachers work together with a large group of children. "But team teaching is more a spirit than a thing," says Marland. He finds that since teachers can be more creative, teaching in slum areas becomes more interesting and exciting, which boosts student motivation and community involvement. By the end of this academic year, team teaching will be fully operative in 46 of Pittsburgh's 84 elementary schools, involving 30,000 pupils—the largest team-teaching project in the nation.

► **JOB TRAINING—**with a twist. Vocational, technical and junior-executive education is more in demand than ever; yet the grubby old vocational school is dying, and good riddance. "Ambitious parents felt that for their children to identify with vocational courses was to perpetuate the laborer, anti-intellectual concept," Marland notes. Pittsburgh's contribution is job training given in comprehensive high schools, along with a respectable helping of academic





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courses. With the cooperation of local businessmen, the system has thorough modernized job-training equipment. The proportion of students taking courses has risen from 6% in 1964 to 43% now.

► PREPRIMARY EDUCATION. Two years before the "Head Start" program was conceived, Pittsburgh was one of a handful of communities experimenting with uplifting preschoolers. Operated largely with Ford Foundation funds, the program now accommodates about 1,300 students, aged three and four, in an eleven-month program basis. Primary classes are now run with federal funds, but as federal money becomes available this year, the program



SUPERINTENDENT MARLAND  
So whites will want to stop

will double, using space made available through the purchase of prefabricated classrooms.

► ADVANCED CLASSES. The Pittsburgh Scholars Program, now in its fourth year, has enabled roughly 6,000 students in the eighth and ninth grades to take a high-powered set of college-level courses. A vigorous, five-year program of study, the Scholars Program is a new course created by local scholars in cooperation with the city school system. Marland says that "this is one way in which we provide the means to stretch for our students, exceptional teachers and demanding curriculum."

Superintendent Marland is about making claims for Pittsburgh's dramatic drive for educational excellence. "We can't prove through traditional means that our work is off," he says. "We can't prove Johnny can read better. We can't prove that he behaves better, that he goes to school more, that his attitude is better. We are satisfied we are on the road, and we will stay on the road and continue to invest heavily

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## MUSIC

### OPERA

#### A Sense of Adventure

As a boy in Vienna, Conductor Julius Rudel spent endless hours building miniature theaters and staging puppet operas—*Salome* in a shoe box, *Parsifal* in a packing crate. The training proved to be apt preparation for his job as director of the New York City Opera. For the past eight years, operating on a budget that would pass for carfare at the Metropolitan Opera, he has been nurturing his company in a glorified Manhattan shoe box called City Center. Last week, like slum kids transported to the country, Rudel and his 200-member troupe moved into the spacious luxury of the New York State Theater at Lincoln Center.

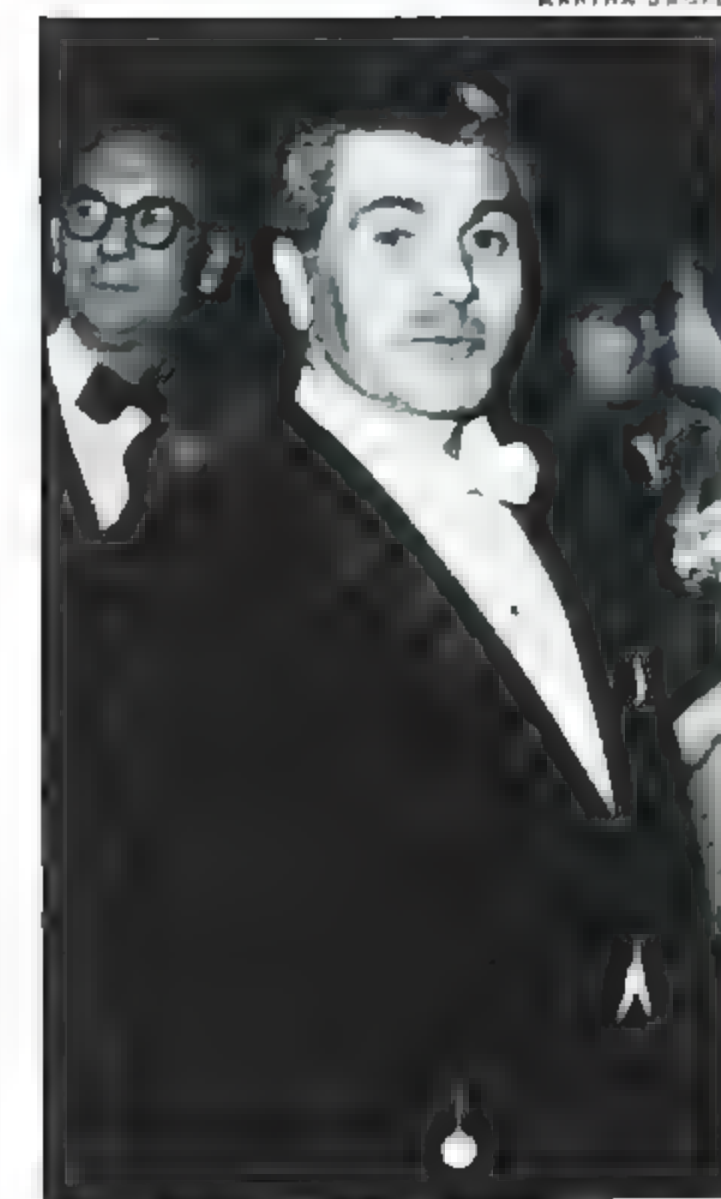
In keeping with the pioneering spirit that has become the company's credo, the opening production was the U.S. premiere of Argentine Composer Alberto Ginastera's fiercely modern *Don Rodrigo*. Set in 18th century Spain, the opera chronicles the rise of a headstrong young king and, after he has had the laughter of a comrade in arms, his subsequent fall. The performance, honed by five weeks of 13-hour-a-day rehearsals, was excellent. The starkly stylized sets and costumes complemented theiggledly atonal score, the acting andinging were superb.

**Complex Tapestry.** Yet as opera, *Don Rodrigo* was something less than a torrid success. Ginastera's score—based on twelve-tone scale and structured after the manner of Alban Berg's groundbreaking 1921 masterwork, *Wozzeck*, truck the ear but not the heart. It was complex musical tapestry, flecked with startled tones of brass and woodwind and splashed with splashes of ecru. In total, the score failed to

achieve the delineation of character and dramatic thrust that distinguish great opera from good. *Don Rodrigo* was nonetheless an adventure worthy of the underwriting (by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr.), and no company could have done it better than Rudel's.

Indeed, in its 22 years the New York City Opera has established itself as the nation's leading champion of contemporary opera. Of the 116 productions it has staged over the years, 60 have been 20th century works, including 26 U.S. and world premières. Quite a record for a company that was founded as something of an afterthought. Back in 1942, when the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine was unable to pay the taxes on its Mecca Temple, Fiorello La Guardia foreclosed. The place was an unsalable white elephant, a dome-topped edifice built in 1925 and styled in Turkish-bath rococo. La Guardia finally decided to subsidize an opera company to present quality productions at moderate prices. Hungarian-born Conductor Laszlo Halasz was recruited as director, and in 1944 the New York City Opera made its debut with *Tosca*. It was a shaky start. In *Tosca's* last act, the guns of the firing squad failed to go off and the hapless hero was obliged to keel over in dead silence. Building maintenance was just as makeshift. One rainy night, to dramatize the need for repairs to the roof, Mayor Vincent Impellitteri was given a pair of tickets for seats directly under a dripping leak.

**Live Duck.** Pioneering began early. In its second year, the company became one of the first to break the color barrier in opera, starring Negro Baritone Robert Todd Duncan in *I Pagliacci*. Mixing "ham-and-eggs repertoire"—*Aida*, *La Bohème*, *Carmen*—with such rarely performed works as Ermanno



CONDUCTOR RUDEL  
Pioneering with carfare.

Wolf-Ferrari's *The Four Ruffians*, the company gradually developed an audience attuned to new and experimental opera.

In this cause, Julius Rudel has been tireless. A Viennese refugee from Hitler, he fled to the U.S. in 1938, earned a degree in conducting from Manhattan's Mannes College of Music. When the New York City Opera got going, so did Rudel, then 22. He was everything from rehearsal pianist to curtain puller to stand-in for ailing members of the chorus. In 1957, after a clash between the opera board and Erich Leinsdorf (who followed Halasz and Joseph Rosenstock) left the company without a conductor, Rudel was appointed director. The decision was made, says one board member, partly because "Julius was the only man in the place who knew where all the scenery was buried." Just as compelling was a petition from the company's musicians and singers recommending Rudel as Leinsdorf's successor.

In 1957, with the aid of a \$100,000 Ford Foundation grant, Rudel presented a season of no fewer than ten American operas. Three years later, he initiated a program of commissioning U.S. composers. The project has so far produced eight new works, including such well-received productions as Douglas Moore's *The Wings of the Dove* and Robert Ward's *The Crucible*. Using enthusiasm to stretch his financial resources, Rudel is able to mount first-rate productions for one-tenth the cost of more elaborate opera companies. His singers represent the finest of the younger U.S. crop, at least 80 have gone on to sing at the Met.

Despite last week's switch to glittering new quarters, Rudel insists that he is not switching his basic aim "to re-instate a sense of adventure in the public." Opera, he says, must not reek of the museum.



SOPRANO CRADLER BATHING IN 'DON RODRIGO'  
Dripping on the mayor.

TIME, MARCH 4, 1966



## MODERN LIVING

### RECREATION

#### Doing the Desert Drag

With temperatures as high as 110° and endless undulating stretches of parched sand, Southern California's deserts have been no man's land. By day, the only tracks were made by rabbits and horned lizards seeking shade; by night, the only noise was the sound of coyotes howling. Now the dunes reverberate with the sound of engines revving and backfiring. These are the echoes of the desert dragster, practitioner of the West's newest, and hottest, fad—desert drag and dune racing.

During the past five years, some 15,000 backyard mechanics have bolted souped-up engines onto skeleton aluminum frames, stuck on a couple of tractor seats and suspended the entire Rube Goldberg contraptions on bloated airplane tires—sometimes two up front and four in back. Organized into a parcel of clubs, the enthusiasts range from young mothers to 70-year-old businessmen, from hard-nosed competitors to misty-eyed naturalists. They all have one thing in common—a child's impatience for the next rally or picnic.

**Bucking Buggies.** Last week the rallying point was at the huge Glamis dunes, known affectionately as the "American Sahara." There to compete were 200 dragsters with bright heraldic flags tied onto the top of flexible 20-ft. antennas (to warn dragsters coming up the other side of the dune). For the first competitive event, they lined up a few hundred feet from the base of an enormous 45°, 300-ft. dune; then each buggy in turn spewed out buckets of sand as it charged upward, bucking furiously. After each heat, the starting gates were moved closer and closer to the top of

the dune, until only one driver reached the top.

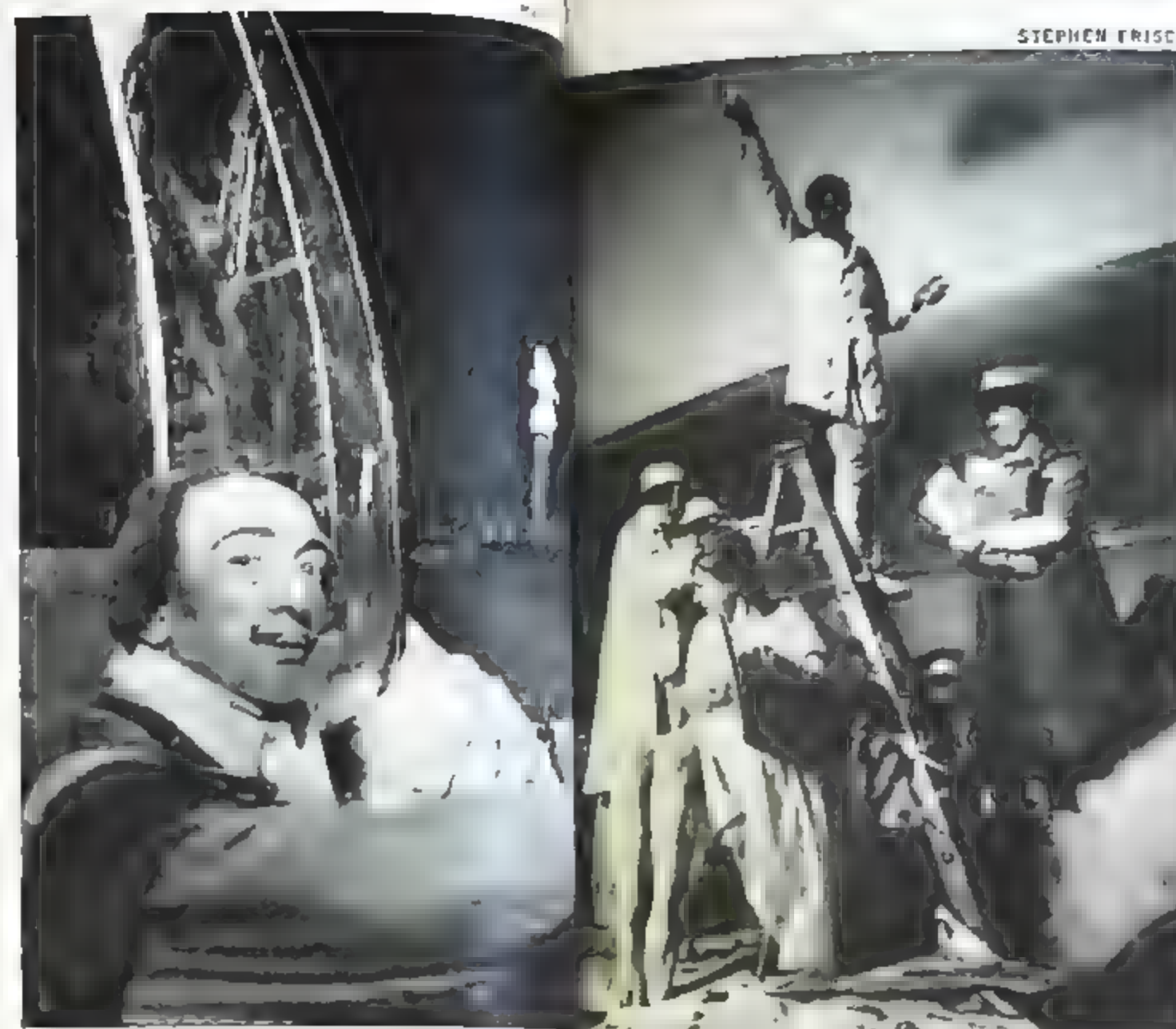
Next came the "drag." Flooring their buggies from a standstill, the drivers made their huge tires bite into the sand like shoveling Seabees, then roared down the 1/8-mile course at speeds that approached 100 m.p.h. Blue ribbon for the top class in both events went to Herman Booy, a 29-year-old rose-bush grower from San Jacinto, who won by going to great lengths. Instead of the usual 96-in. chassis, he struck a new—and better—balance by lengthening it an extra 30 in.

**Just to See.** For many of the new breed of desert rats, the races were just an excuse to enjoy the scenery. After the sun had disappeared along with canned dinners and roasted marshmallows, the sightseeing variety hopped back in their buggies, played follow-the-leader across the moonlit dunes until 4 a.m. Said one enthusiast: "It is simply beautiful out there. In the moonlight, the sand looks as white as snow." If the sport exhilarates Californians, it absolutely floors foreigners. Wrote a senior Japanese naval officer after seeing the Las Vegas Strip, the Grand Canyon and Disneyland: "The U.S. is fine, but the dune buggies were fantastic—the highlight of our trip."

### ENTERTAINMENT

#### Happenings Are Happening

In the beginning, there was the word. The beginning was 1959, and the word was *happening*. Drawing on the antics of Dadaism and surrealism, Manhattan Artist Allan Kaprow decided to stage a series of highly unorthodox, one-shot performances for a handful of friends in Greenwich Village. Read the invita-



DALI IN SAN FRANCISCO  
Pimp the Pepsi generation.

tion: "Think of a buying Macy's; how to grow geraniums in New York. Do not look for pattern, texture, the dance or music."

There were paintings, sculptures and music—of a sort. At the time that Kaprow and his colleagues the "actors" splashed paint on the wall, played electronic John Cage music and danced like puppets with the audience was sent to the moon. On another, the audience was sent to the moon. On another, the audience was sent to the moon.

**Main Course: Sex.** Inevitably, novelty wore off, and the word *happening* began to drift away. But it was too catchy to let go, and it has since been steadily used in town and out from New York to San Francisco. The word is now a main course.

In San Francisco, some last month jammed the Fillmore Auditorium for a three-day "trip." Slides of pop art flashed on and off the wall. Onstage a woman in a bikini was bombarded with raw eggs. Negro beat the drums, and on the trampoline. Without music exploded in the blurred reason. Most spectators in the fun. One wore a to an American flag, another reading "You're in the fun, I'm a pimply freak."

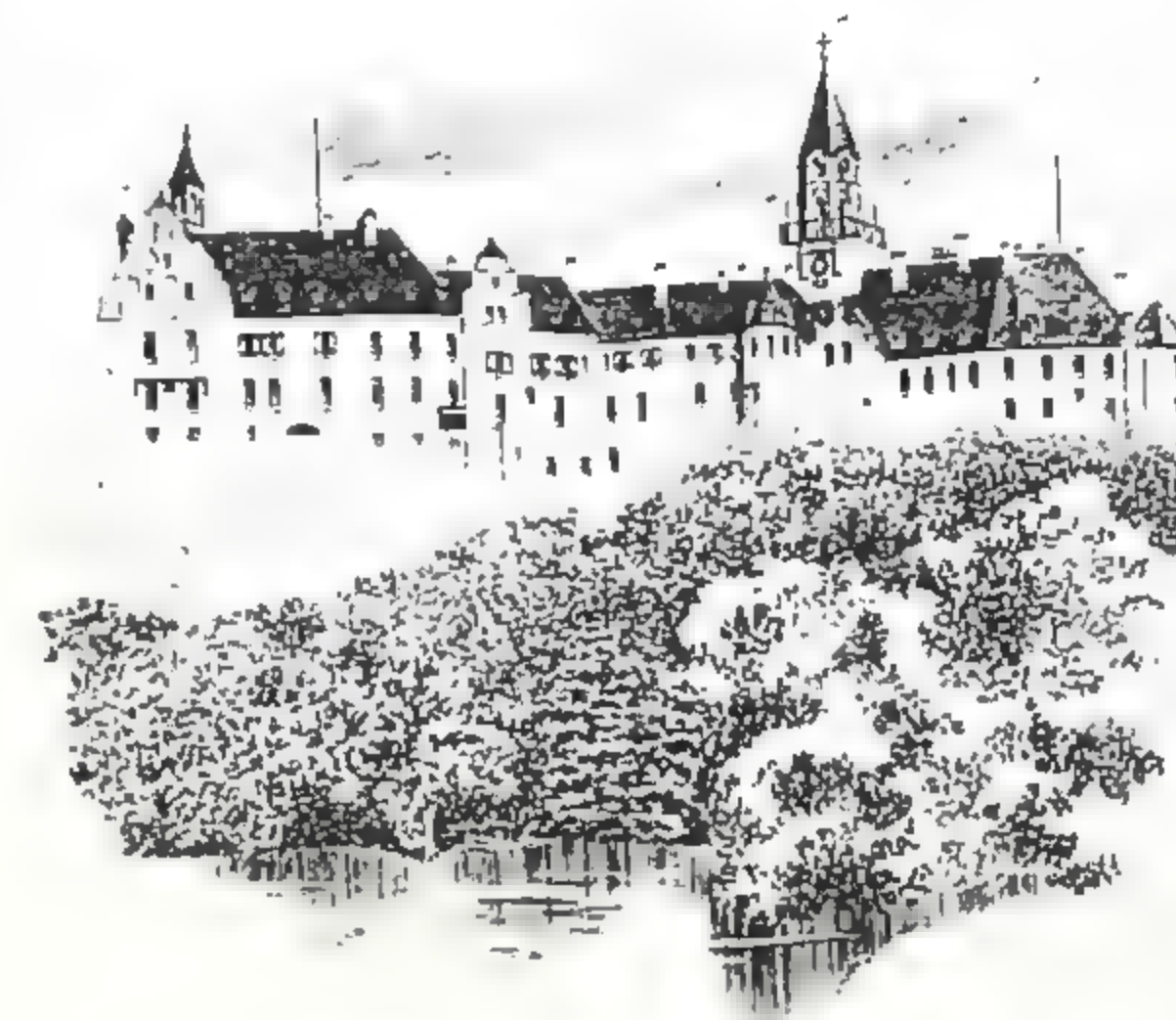
ipped to the waist, had to be rehired a friendly cop.

In Atlanta, an avant-garde theater group called the Interplayers has decided to play happenings to the hilt. One night, they ran a lawnmower down the aisles and accidentally set fire to the seats. On another, the audience was sent to the moon. On another, the audience was sent to the moon.

**Nude on the Round.** Nothing better demonstrates how far happenings have wandered—and how badly they have wandered off—than Salvador Dali's, held a week in Manhattan. It was billed as "Super-Gelatinous Melting Silly-Putty Happening," and staged at the new Philharmonic Hall in Lincoln Center. But the only thing Dali could do was to cavort on-stage inside a huge plastic bubble as he painted its transparent surface with a brush, here with a giant cross, there with a black angel. To inspire him, a blind, spear-carrying beggar named Moondog was brought in to surround the scene, a singer sang soundlessly to a dead mike.

The only thing that kept the audience from departing was Stripper Silver. In Paris' Crazy Horse Saloon. On a revolving platform on center stage, she stripped off her shirt and string, rotated in a raw for five minutes. When the audience was over, one lady in mink picked up, proudly announced "Well, at last I have seen my first happening!" Stripped Innovator Kaprow, who took the whole thing in "It had nothing to do with a happening. But then he did not patent the word, and while the last thing there is nothing he can do to stop it."

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## ART

### ARCHITECTURE

#### Stabilizing the Ruins

"What's out there?"

"A lot of ruins."

"What's in the stadium?"

"Ramps, inside and out, and nearly everybody who ever came through has got his name up there."

"Can you find them?"

"Sure, if you look hard enough, and if you're lucky."

When Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall unveiled plans for the new Ellis Island national shrine last week, he set in motion the wheels that in some eight to ten years, with the help of about \$12 million, will make some such conversation possible. The overgrown, 27.5-acre island in New York's harbor through which passed more than 16 million immigrants between 1892 and 1954 is about to be redone, partially as a collection of romantic ruins, in part as a great reinforced concrete memorial facing on its own open, grassy plaza.

Architect for the project is Manhattan's Philip Johnson, 59, whose taste in the past has run more toward elegant modern museums. In the case of Ellis Island, Johnson decided, the existing turn-of-the-century architecture was scarcely worth preserving, but the nostalgia certainly was. His solution is to take the two major structures, the immigrant station and hospital, turn them into romantic, vine-covered ruins. Pedestrian walkways will wind through the gutted buildings. "The point," he explained, "is to let the spectator himself re-create the feeling of those hard times."

To memorialize the immigrants, he proposes a massive, vertically ribbed cone, with ramps inside and out, to be called the "Wall of the 16 Million." On it will be placed plaques listing as many immigrants' names as can be found in the ships' old passenger lists.



MODEL OF ELLIS ISLAND NATIONAL SHRINE  
Room for 16 million names.

Ellis Island is 1,700 ft. across the water from the Statue of Liberty. Johnson, who wanted to call attention to the island without insulting the lady, has designed the monument to rise 130 ft., bulking large enough to be visible from around the harbor, but still about 20 ft. lower than Liberty's pedestal.

In time Ellis Island will be further enriched. Johnson foresees more recreational facilities, a fortress-shaped restaurant, a pyramidal viewing platform. But the first task, Johnson explains, is to "stabilize the ruins, preserve the nostalgia." Secretary Udall, for one, was delighted. Said he: "Here we see what art and architecture and history can do when we bring them all together."

### SCULPTURE

#### The Motion Is Haphazard,

#### The Situation Unpredictable

He does use paint. Any other resemblance in the recent works of Enrique Castro-Cid to traditional art-making is a backward stretch of the imagination. His palette also includes electromagnets, electric eyes, air compressors, motion-picture projectors; his gift is in knowing how to combine them deftly into an esthetic commentary (see opposite page). Says he: "I put all the components together to make a situation that is not predictable."

**Bouncing Balls.** Since his student days in his native Chile, Castro-Cid's art has thrived on unpredictable influences. While he lived in tropical Central America he painted in hot Fauve colors: "Nature made me get out of myself," he says, "it opened my pores." In Mexico City, he wandered into the anthropological museum. "Suddenly I had pre-Columbian memories that, of course, were impossible for me to have." A series of Fauve paintings of Quetzalcoatl, the brightly plumed serpent god, was the result.

From anthropology, Castro-Cid moved



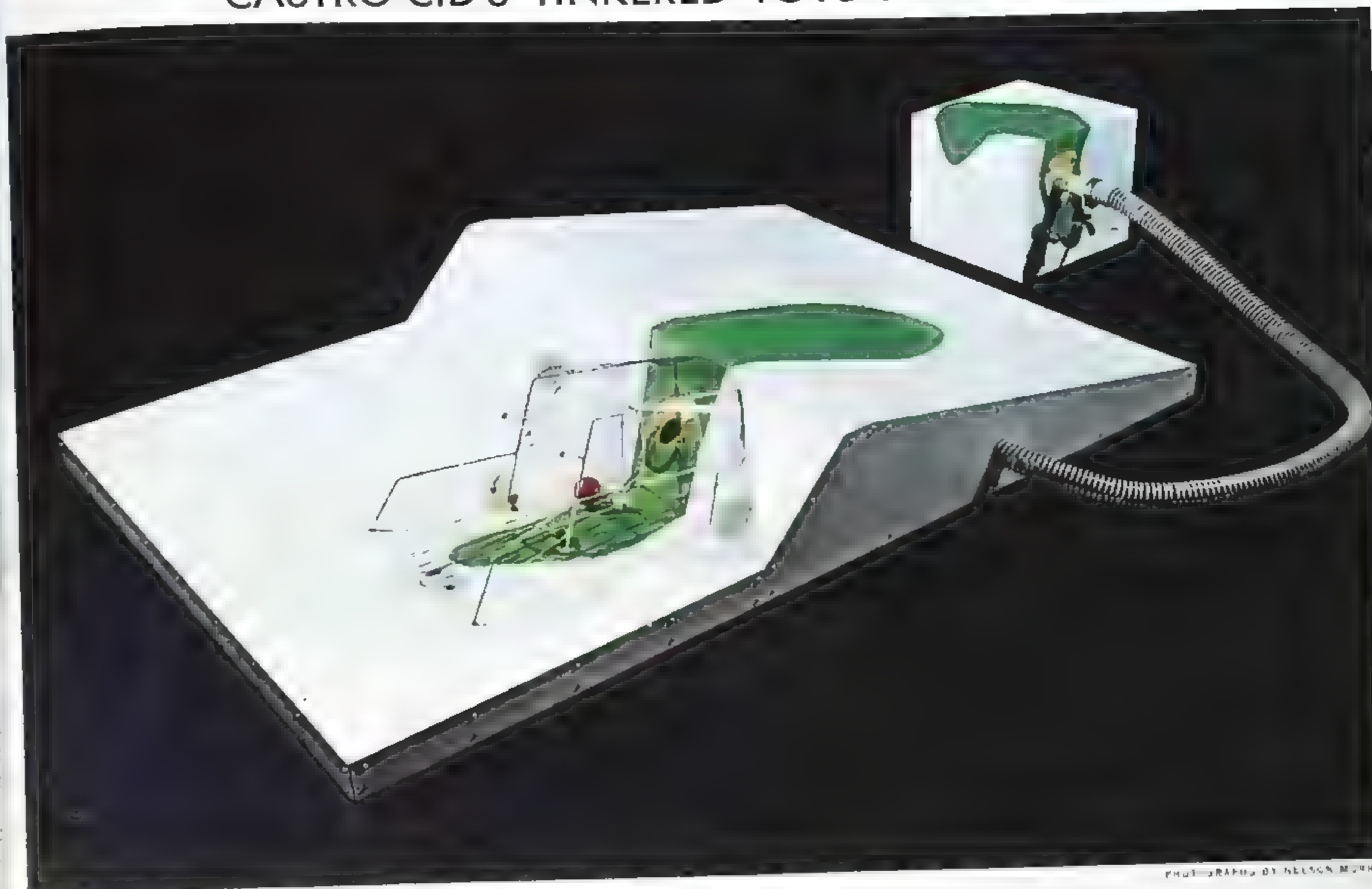
CASTRO-CID, WIFE & ROBOT  
Jukebox full of Beatles

on to anatomy. Arriving in Manhattan with his wife, Harper Bazer Model Sylvia, he spent hours in the musty display cases of Manhattan's American Museum of History. Says he: "My paintings to be surrealist abstractions, a hint of skeletal joints expressing patterns of growth." To add to them, he made toylike robots. They jostled like a Punch and Judy show, or balls with spinning hoops, or a version of Alex, the 1926 "Circus."

His latest works, currently in the clanking humdrum of art, Magically, when he approaches his *Sensitive Sphere*, a colored ball bounces into variation, an 8-mm. film into an airborne ball, torturing and distorting the of human figures. Another presents the appearance of a inside a shaped screen rear projection.

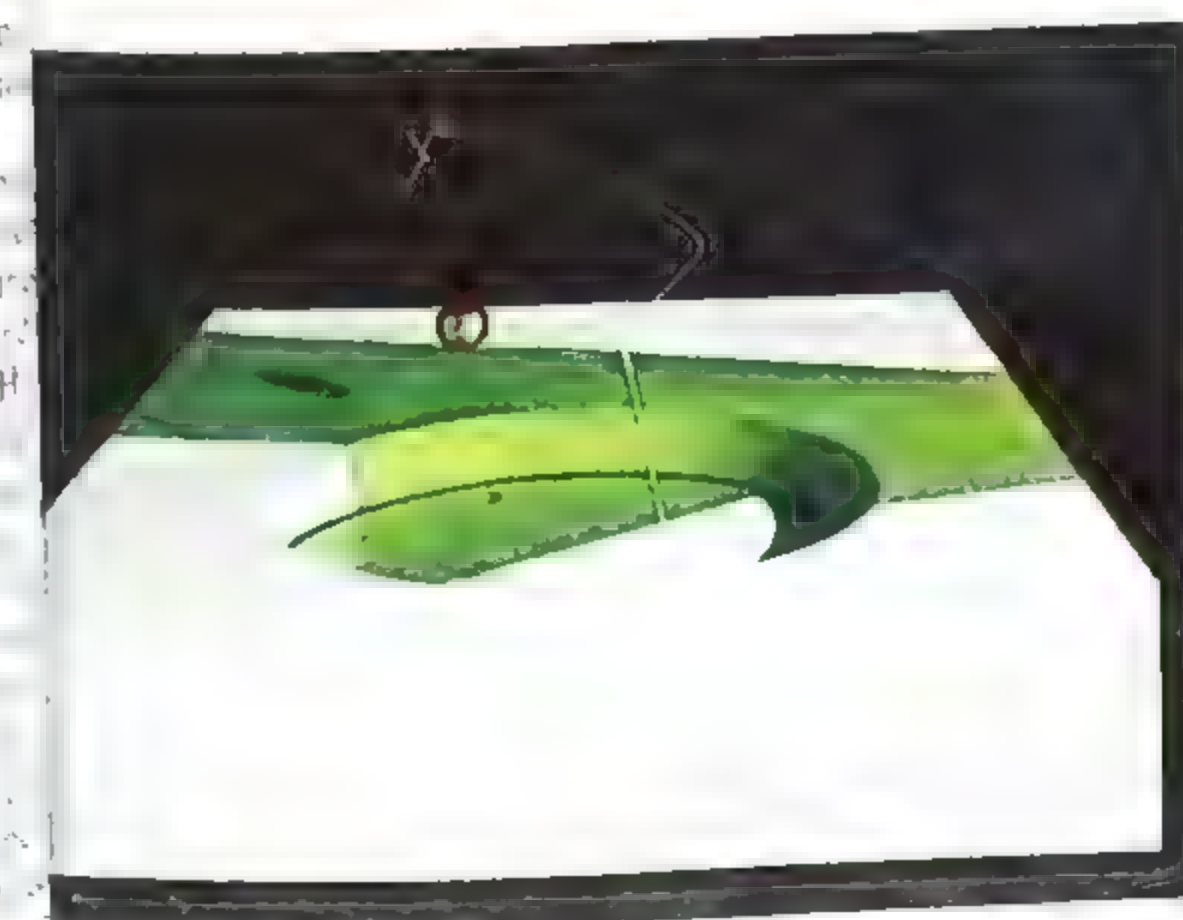
**Role of Chance.** He turned into cybernetic behind their Plexiglas face sculptures are as immediate as a jukebox full of Beatles tunes are "superfluous specific function." They for me to express some. The answer seems to be the world appears to be chance. Says he: "I assume society has sensed this. Look at the number of panics. In the future I his messages across, making his audience on his art. He plans to glass movies to see the penings. The robot into a robot him feel free to

## CASTRO-CID'S TINKERED TOYS FOR ADULTS



PHOTOGRAPH BY NELSON MURPHY

**MOCKING** the regimentation of the mechanical age, the 28-year-old Chilean sculptor's motorized automatons perform playfully random games. *On and Off* (above), which starts and stops in regular time sequences, lets scoops spun by air blower play tag with orange pingpong ball rocking on wire cradle. *Set No. 1* (below) is a kind of aerial roulette: the golden ball floats on blast of air from sunken turntable while spinning antenna seeks to bat it down. In *Sensitive Sphere* (right), the electric eye in white box responds to viewer's presence, starts blower that sets multicolor plastic ball merrily bobbling. Plexiglas cage reflects both bouncing sphere and painted pedestal.



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## SCIENCE

### SPACE

#### Trial & Triumph

On Launch Complex 34 of Cape Kennedy stood Saturn 1B, the mightiest rocket the U.S.—and most likely the world—has ever known. The 224-ft.-tall bird, with a fantastic initial thrust of 1,600,000 lbs. to hurl its 650-ton bulk into space, was ready for its first crucial test. Atop Saturn's nose sat the payload: the 33,800-lb. Apollo three-man command capsule and service module that will transport U.S. astronauts to the moon and back. If the U.S. is to achieve its goal by 1969, now was the time to start ironing out the bugs.

The flight plan called for a suborbital 5,500-mile flight downrange to Ascension Island in the South Atlantic. As it turned out, practically all the bugs were on the ground. The shot was delayed for 75 hours, while the kind of weather that Florida does not advertise locked the cape in clouds and rain. When the skies finally cleared, low pressure readings from a small nitrogen sphere that operates fuel valves delayed the lift-off for 31 hours, at one point. NASA control in Houston decided to scrub the mission, but technicians on the pad convinced Launch Director Kurt Debus that the pressure—though low—was sufficient to complete the mission. The rest was something for rocketeers to cheer about and a new event for the millions who watched on television.

**Roar & a Crackle.** Its eight booster engines spitting a 150-ft. tail of flame, Saturn 1B burned for 2 min. 26 sec., at which point it was 35 miles up and moving at 5,400 m.p.h. Next came the tricky second stage, a single 225,000-lb.-thrust engine powered by an exotic combination of liquid oxygen (lox) and liquid hydrogen (LH<sub>2</sub>). While lox boils off at a difficult -290° F., LH<sub>2</sub> boils at -423° F., thus requires extreme pressurization to keep cool. Moreover, in weightless space, LH<sub>2</sub>, like mercury, tends to gather into a ball or spin off into tiny globs, simply to feed the fuel from tank to engines, the second stage was equipped with three fast-burning rockets that exerted enough G force to start the LH<sub>2</sub> flowing. All went smoothly, and after 74 minutes of burn Saturn was 170 miles up.

Critical to this and all future missions was the super-sophisticated 3-ft. high IBM instrument unit packed with 5,000 lbs. of computers, monitors and guidance equipment. Fully convinced that the entire system was triply redundant, if one set of circuits disagreed with the other two, a majority vote took an instantaneous vote with the majority ruling. In case of a malfunction, the unit orders the second-stage engine to shut down.

Now the test turned to Apollo. The



SATURN 1B AIRBORNE  
The bugs were on the ground.

module was virtually everything that will go to the moon—except the three astronauts, their couches and the Lunar Excursion Module (LEM) for which ballast had been substituted. At an altitude of 310 miles, a programmer—filling in for the astronaut pilot—ordered the Apollo's own 22,900-lb.-thrust engine to head the craft back to earth, increase its speed, then separate the module just before re-entry.

**Seared But Intact.** Though the Apollo's engine achieved 10% less power than expected, the capsule still blazed into the atmosphere at nearly 19,000 m.p.h. and a temperature of 4,000°—fastest and hottest yet for any returning spacecraft. To protect the capsule, a new cone-shaped heat shield completely enveloped Apollo instead of guarding only the blunt end. It came through as expected, seared but intact. And three huge parachutes gently dropped Apollo into the Atlantic about 40 miles from its target ship, the U.S.S. *Bovet*.

NASA has scheduled at least six additional Saturn 1B tests over the next year, including two or more manned missions to orbit the earth. By then Saturn V, the actual moon rocket towering 363 ft. and with 7,500,000 lbs. of initial thrust, will be ready for its first flight. After last week's triumph, NASA's Dr. George Mueller was saying that "a major step toward the moon" had been made. More enthusiastic officials were predicting moon landings by American astronauts by the end of 1968.

### What's Up

#### With Veterok & Ugolyok

The announcement from the Soviet Union was characteristically terse. Two dogs had been blasted into orbit around the spaceship Cosmos 110 "to conduct biological tests." Beyond that the Russians said practically nothing. The intended length of the trip, the breed and sex of the dogs, the size and weight of the spacecraft, whether the experiment was concerned directly with travel to the moon or with lengthy earth orbit, whether an attempt would be made to bring the dogs back—all such matters remained a secret. Clearly the Russians were putting on the dogs to steal headlines from the Saturn 1B launch, but beyond that Western experts were barely able to guess what was up with Veterok (Breeze) and Ugolyok (Little Lump of Coal). But they made an effort.

**Moon Dogs?** The "biological tests," it was assumed, were to check the effects of radiation on living tissue, one of the most plaguing problems of space travel. Because Cosmos 110, at its apogee, was taking its passengers higher (562 miles) into space than any man has ever been, Veterok and Ugolyok were passing regularly through the Van Allen radiation belt. U.S. experts who noted that the low perigee (116 miles) matched the perigee of earlier manned Russian shots decided that this could mean that an attempt would be made to recover the dogs after a trip that might last as long as a month.

One interesting, if currently unsolvable, mystery about the flight was its angle of inclination from the equator. Unlike the 65° slant invariably followed in cosmonaut flights, Cosmos 110 had a 51.9° inclination that did not take it nearly so far north and south. This might have been an attempt to avoid the hazards of an emergency landing in remote snowbound areas. The 51° angle, however, was also close to the angle that Russian moon shots have followed while in earth orbit, lending weight to the premise that Veterok and Ugolyok may be the immediate predecessors of the moon dogs the Russians have said they intend to send into lunar orbit ahead of man.

**Since Pavlov.** For all their guesses, Western experts knew from past experience that for any precise answers they would have to wait until the Russians were ready to release reliable data. Until then, no one could be sure that the angle of inclination, to say nothing of the perigee and apogee, represented more than a launch mistake or a guidance error. In fact, no one was even sure why Veterok and Ugolyok had been chosen for the voyage. Though dogs are perfectly satisfactory subjects, U.S. scientists plan this fall to orbit a biosatellite loaded with wasps and fruit flies, which react far more quickly and sensitively to radiation. Perhaps the reason the Soviet dogs was simply that, even since Pavlov, the Russians have used dogs for everything.



# How come 1 out of every 4 physicians in the U.S. is insured by Metropolitan Life?

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## SHOW BUSINESS

### TELEVISION

#### The Hue of All Flesh

TV's latest cry is hue, so much so that 10% of U.S. households that have television now have color. Half of those sets were bought last year, and at the present sales rate, the percentage of TV homes with color will approach 25% by next spring, two-thirds by 1970. The only catch is that despite the \$1.5 billion they splurged on color in 1965, and despite vast improvements in tuning control, purchasers have discovered that good reception is something that mere money still cannot buy—it takes practice and patience.

**Purple Ghosts.** The basic problem, generally ignored, is that an unattended color set can get no better picture than an unattended black-and-white. The fellow grown accustomed to the foibles of his old machine is in for a shock when the "snow" of yesteryear becomes varicolored "contetti," and the old "ghosts" start haunting in green and purple halos. If either form of interference clouded the old black-and-white picture, it will all but eclipse the new color image.

Only after these problems are corrected (sometimes at the price of a special "color-rated" antenna) can the viewer hope to find happiness with his color-control knobs. The intensity knob (labeled color on some sets) determines the quantity of color, the richness of the palette, so to speak, its adjustment is a matter of personal taste. It is the other knob, the *TINT* or *HUE*, that is crucial—it determines the tone. The trick is to check it out on flesh color. If *TINT* is turned too far in one direction, people on the screen are complexioned a passionate purple; too far the other way, and they turn a gaseous green. When flesh tints are finally adjusted, the viewer will find that other colors are as well. Even the networks calibrate their cameras by zeroing in on so-called "color girls," who stand in with their flesh for 20 minutes before shooting starts.

**True-Blue Batman.** Major trouble in color consistency is that there is no uniform standard used by all production studios on all cameras, so that there are many transmission-tone variations as here are color girls. Often, as Huntley and Brinkley report, the audience just gets Chet tinted correctly (the dithy sun tan, hazel-brown eyes) when the producer cuts to David, who comes in as a lurid lavender. By the time Brinkley's attuned (pale pink skin, blue eyes) here is a switch to a remote Frank McEve looking sickly green at Cape Kennedy. Similarly, every break for a commercial or shift to another channel could require a readjustment. Given the blatant ways of all this, a listener who



WELL, THAT WAS BETTER OF BRINKLEY, BUT NOW HUNTLEY'S FLESH TONE IS OFF

wants realistic color can hardly afford to take his hands off the controls.

For the purist who demands nothing less than perfection, a good test pattern with which to start the morning is Barbara Walters, comely regular on the *Today* show. Her skin should be olive, her anchor desk light mahogany. The set is still performing 17 hours later if Johnny Carson signs off sunburned behind a light green desk. For fans who tune in late on thin-skinned shows, color Lassie strawberry blond and Batman's tights puce, his cape true blue.

### SINGERS

#### The Girls from Motown

One midsummer eve in a Negro-ghetto backyard in Detroit, Diana Ross, then 14, Mary Wilson, 14, and Florence Ballard, 15, made their first professional appearance. They sang *Your Cheating Heart*, and afterward they passed the hat. The take, "Darn near \$3," says Diana's mother. Last week at Manhattan's Copacabana, home range of the big names (Sinatra, Dean Martin), where the big beat is seldom heard,

the same rock-'n'-roll trio was doing turn-away business. Diana, Mary and Florence now call themselves the Supremes, and the take is \$5,000 a performance.

And their Copa runneth over. The Supremes were nationwide headliners last week on the Ed Sullivan TV show and this week will be on the Sammy Davis Jr. show. Their latest record, *My World Is Empty Without You*, rose to No. 5 on the *Billboard* "Hot 100," with plenty of thrust in reserve. If it keeps climbing, it could become the Supremes' seventh release in a row to make No. 1. "You know," hurred Diana, now 21, "we used to get excited about the Apollo [a Harlem vaudeville house]. We never even thought about the Copa. The first night I sang there, I just started laughing and couldn't stop. It must have been because I was so happy."

**Hiphazard Impresario.** Diana, Mary and Florence were all neighbors in Detroit's dreary Brewster Housing Project. "We were eatin'," recalls Mrs. Ross, "and that's pretty good. In the project you got along according to how many



SUPREMES FLORENCE, MARY & DIANA IN MANHATTAN  
*Their Copa runneth over.*



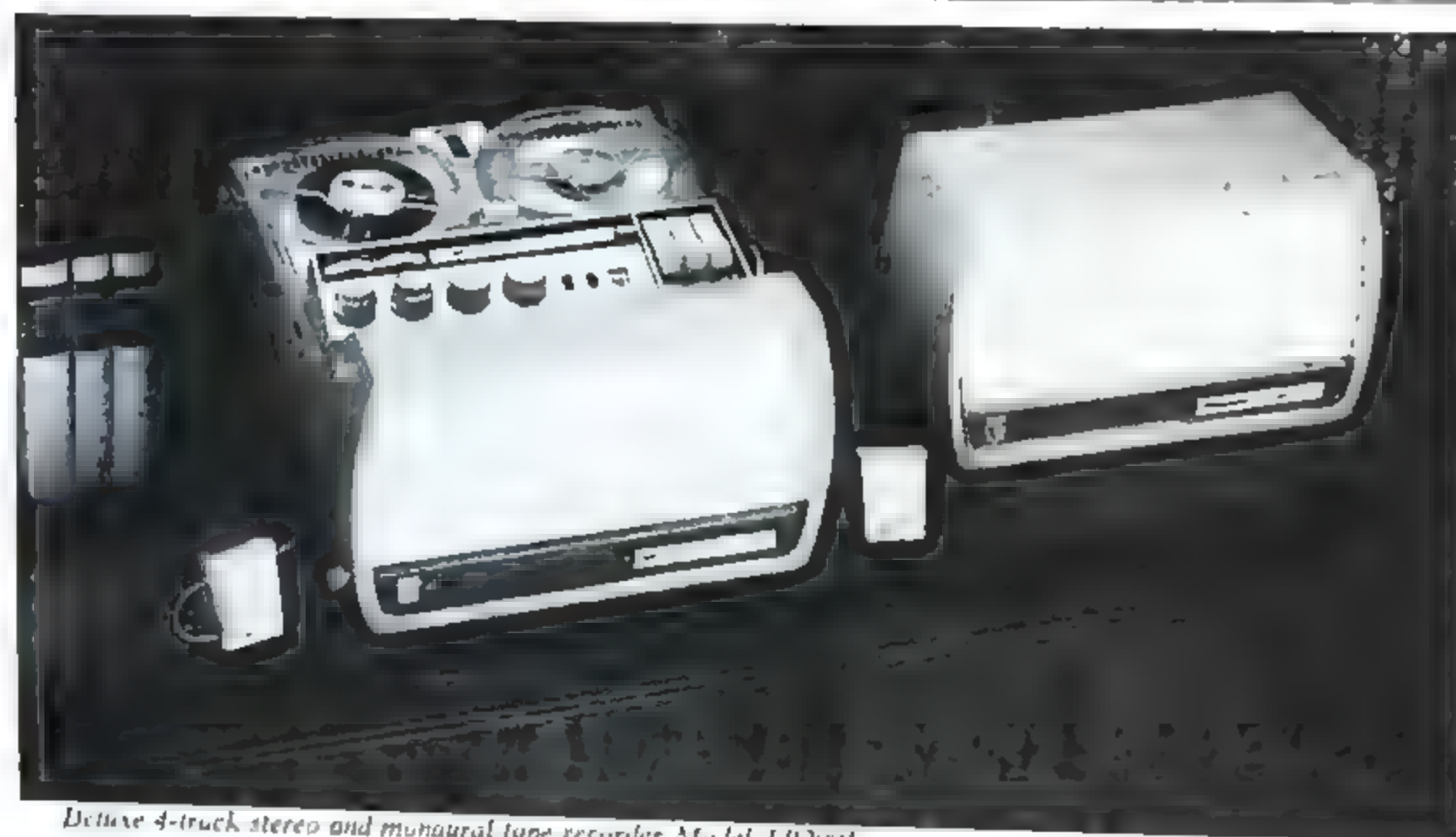
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children you had. There was two Florence's family, there was the Mary's, and there was six in our Mary was the best off, Florence worst, and we were in the middle. Introduced to each other by a time promoter, the girls were singing at neighborhood hops, and basement parties. "I used to be whipped every night for going to parties," recalls Diana, "but I didn't go. We sang because we loved to sing. We wanted to work, to do any show. We didn't care if we were paid." Adds Mary: "We usually did."

In 1960 they made their first big a recording contract with Berry Gordy, the hip-hazard impresario of Detroit's "Motown" Record Co. "They were like just three skinny teenagers," he remembers. "I told them to go back to school." Back they went in her junior year Diana wangled with Gordy as an assistant to his secretary. "I didn't know anything about being a secretary," says Diana. "I used to sing every time he opened the inner door." She was fired after a few weeks, but did manage to land some recording jobs in the ground chorus. One day after they dropped in to tell Gordy they wanted some back pay. The conversation led to the audition and a contract that was to make Berry Gordy's largest producer of records last year.

**No Strains.** The sound of the premises is a blend of gospel, Detroit Symphony strings and W. Run blues, which even the girls describe. "Maybe the Motown sound is just love and warmth," says Mary. "Like a family, we all work together and fight and kiss all day long. You know someone you haven't seen in a long time and you've got to hug and kiss."

The trio's childhood friends, surprisingly, shows no suspicion of their despite a furious schedule that kept them last year with 25 TV shows, tours of Europe, and one-nighters like Yale, San Francisco's City and Manhattan's Philharmonic. All three are still single. Though Diana, as lead singer, carries the heaviest load, they divide their earnings evenly. Last year's take of \$250,000 may hit \$400,000 this year. They moved their families into the duplexes on the same street in northwest Buena Vista. The homes are luxuryless, just comfortable, and reflect the simple, unadorned view of the riches. "You know, my father wants me to get into this business," muses Diana. "When I left, you don't make it, don't come around here asking for help right now, Dad."

For more information, call 1-800-4-A-RECORD or write to Motown Records, P.O. Box 1628, Detroit, Michigan 48216.

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## RELIGION

### ROMAN CATHOLICS

#### For a White-Collar Union

Auto workers have the U.A.W. Teachers have growing unions. Papal encyclicals have strongly defended the right of men to form voluntary associations and protect special interests. Why, then, should there not be an American Federation of Priests for those low-paid, hard-working servants of the Roman Catholic Church? Last week the Rev. William DuBay of Los Angeles set about trying to form a union among the nation's 59,000 priests to seek better wages and working conditions.

**Freedom & Discipline.** Father DuBay is the angry young curate who gained a measure of national notoriety in 1964 by publicly demanding that the Pope remove Los Angeles' James Francis Cardinal McIntyre from office, charging McIntyre with failure to support civil rights for Negroes. After that, DuBay fetched up as chaplain to St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, a job that gave him plenty of time to brood about the inequities of the priestly life. His ten-point program of grievances that need to be corrected includes an end to arbitrary transfers, a tenure policy that would give priests the right to a hearing before they could be suspended, and a professional salary that would end priests' dependence on Mass and baptism offerings.

DuBay insists that he is not challenging the right of bishops to rule, but merely seeking to restore a lost balance in the church between discipline and freedom. "The union is one way that the church can apply its social teachings to itself," he says. The proposal does point up the fact that the parish priest is underprivileged in rights and rewards. Bound by the vow of obedience, he is absolutely subject to the commands of his bishop, has no canonical means of protesting a tyrannical order, and seldom gets more than \$150 a month plus food and lodging.

**Elected Bishops.** A union of priests is not the only change he would like to see in the church. Scheduled for publication this week is a book of his, called *The Human Church* (Doubleday, \$4.50), in which DuBay puts forward a program of reform that makes the ideas of Luther seem positively papalist by comparison. Among other proposals, DuBay suggests that bishops be elected for limited terms, that their statements must represent a consensus of the faithful, and that the parochial school system should be abandoned in favor of informal programs to teach Catholics the principles of Christian action. DuBay argues that the church should voluntarily abandon its tax exemptions and let individual congregations create their own liturgies and creeds.

DuBay's union is not likely to get very far. Even sympathetic priests would be reluctant to put their necks



ORGANIZER DUBAY  
Teacher, teach thyself.

on the line by joining up. Moreover, DuBay's Federation of Priests will get no help from the AFL-CIO, whose president, Catholic Layman George Meany, scoffed that trade unions are intended to help "those who work for wages and not independent contractors." Autocratic Cardinal McIntyre indicated his displeasure by transferring DuBay from St. John's to a Santa Monica parish as curate, at a \$50-a-month cut in salary. With that, DuBay warned that if the cardinal tries to block the union, he will sue His Eminence for violating laws that protect labor organizers. Cardinal McIntyre then suspended him altogether.

### THEOLOGY

#### The Ecumenical Way of Learning

It is a Christian paradox that Protestants and Roman Catholics, separated in worship, are coming together quite naturally at the level where doctrine and theology are studied. Manhattan's Protestant Union Theological Seminary and Jesuit-run Fordham University are about to take the next ecumenical step forward by creating what may grow into a common graduate program in theology. Beginning in September, the two institutions will share libraries and accept each other's credits for graduate degrees; each school, moreover, will list in its catalogue five courses available at the other institution. As a start toward an exchange of professors, Jesuit Robert Johann will lecture on Catholic moral theology at Union in the fall semester, the following semester, Union's Tom Driver will teach a course at Fordham on the theology of Paul Tillich.

These two schools are hardly pioneers. St. Albert's College in Oakland, Calif., a Dominican seminary, joined with six Protestant divinity schools in

the Bay Area to create the Greater Theological Union (TGU) in 1964. Last year three seminaries in Dubuque, Iowa (one Presbyterian, one Lutheran, one Catholic), joined with the University of Iowa to form a similar organization, the Association of Theological

Chairs for Catholics. A number of historically Protestant divinity schools have concluded that their faculties are incomplete without the presence of at least one Roman Catholic. Yale welcomed Jesuit John Courtney Murray as a visiting professor of philosophy in 1951-52, last semester had a Catholic teaching at its divinity school, Carmelite Father Roland Murphy, Old Testament expert from the University of Harvard's divinity school had a chair of Catholic studies in 1958; currently, the professorship is held by Jesuit Sociologist Joseph Terrence. Jesuit Biblical Scholar Kenzie is on the staff of the University of Chicago divinity school. Formerly the divinity school of the University created its own Catholic studies.

Conversely, the Rev. Walter R. Rupp of Missouri's Eden Theological Seminary, a United Church of Christ minister, teaches Old Testament and laywomen studying there. A man Catholic Webster College in St. Louis, and an Episcopal priest, Donald Winslow, is teaching church history at Weston College, a Jesuit seminary near Boston. At the student level, seminaries at Union and non-denominational in fact, yet in name, Harvard's divinity school currently has 14 Catholic priests and a nun. Hebrew College in Cincinnati has 25 ministers and three Jesuit priests in its program.

**From Heresy to Insight.** of the ecumenical interchange, seminaries have turned from their traditional role of training men from different faiths to be refuted but as to be appreciated. Union's Drive, expects to face the pro-and-con debate about ecumenism at Fordham that faces at Union.

Many scholars, moreover, ecumenical experimentation. Dr. Lynn Leavenworth of theological education in the Baptist last November a consolidation of Protestant and Catholic—seminary makes no sense," he said. Methodist Episcopal seminaries. I am a day when seminaries are no longer be headed for church's work.

Who last January to serve as president of Protestant Society, a national's most prominent scholar.

## Research Submersibles: A report from General Dynamics

### New breed of vessel:

A hundred and thirty feet down in the Aegean Sea, a Byzantine galley had hidden its secrets for almost fifteen centuries. Then in 1964, University of Pennsylvania Museum archeologists mounted paired cameras on a new research submarine, Asherah, and learned more from the three-dimensional photographs obtained in one "flight" over the wreck than had been possible from weeks of scuba diving.

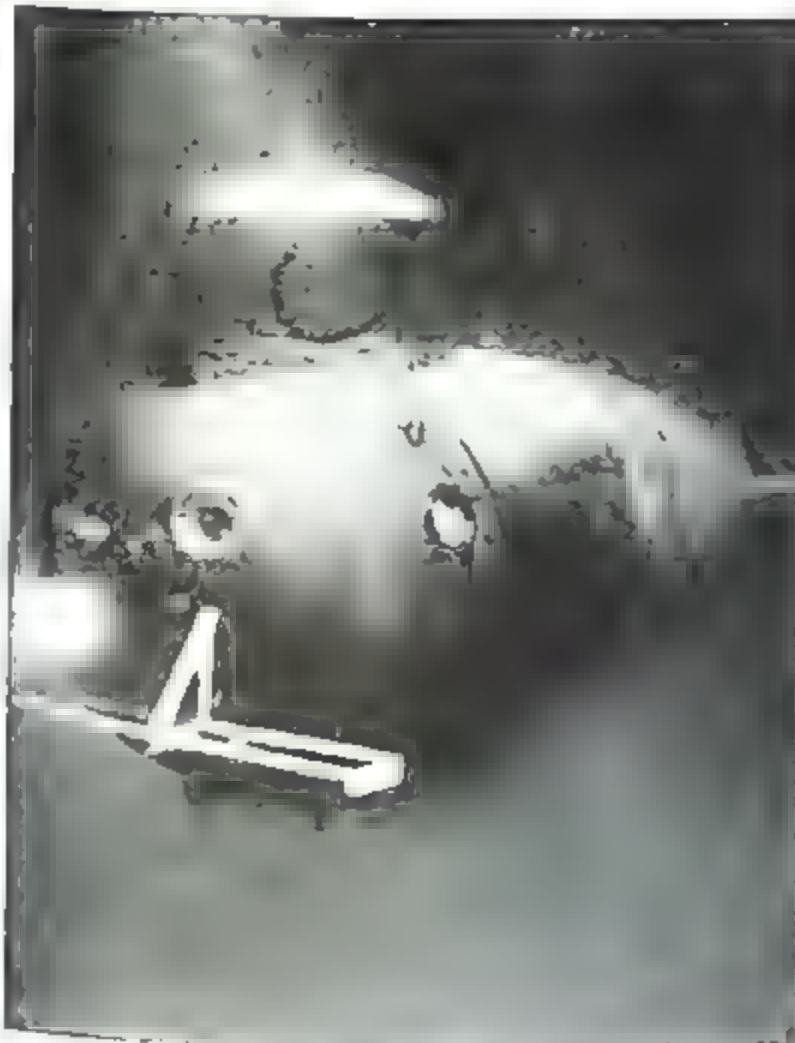
This was the first of dozens of undersea jobs already done by Asherah. The Asherah is the 339th—and at 17 feet long, the smallest—submarine built by General Dynamics. For comparison, the Holland, the very first submarine we delivered to the Navy in 1900, was 54 feet long. Over the years, we have built the prototypes of most classes of United States Navy submarines, including its nuclear-powered undersea ships.

But the true manned research submarines are really a new breed of boat. Less than a score now exist.

### Depth and mobility:

Unlike bathyscaphes, designed to drop to great depths but remain relatively immobile for passive observation, the new research submarines must have depth capability, the ability to perform useful work, and the mobility to survey extended areas at a reasonable speed.

Asherah is one of the first true research submarines. It can dive to 600 feet (World War II subs rarely dived much below 300 feet), stay submerged for ten hours, cruise at three to four knots, move in all directions. An im-



The Asherah research submarine.

proved sister ship, Star II, is made of the same HY-80 steel that goes into nuclear submarines; it has depth capability to 1,200 feet.

A larger boat we call Star III (see cutaway drawing below) is built of even tougher HY-100 steel. It has a cruising depth of 2,000 feet, and is equipped with an external mechanical arm that has interchangeable "hands"—a clamshell grip, a wire cutter, and a "three-finger" which can pick up a pencil or a 200-pound weight, or manipulate a valve.

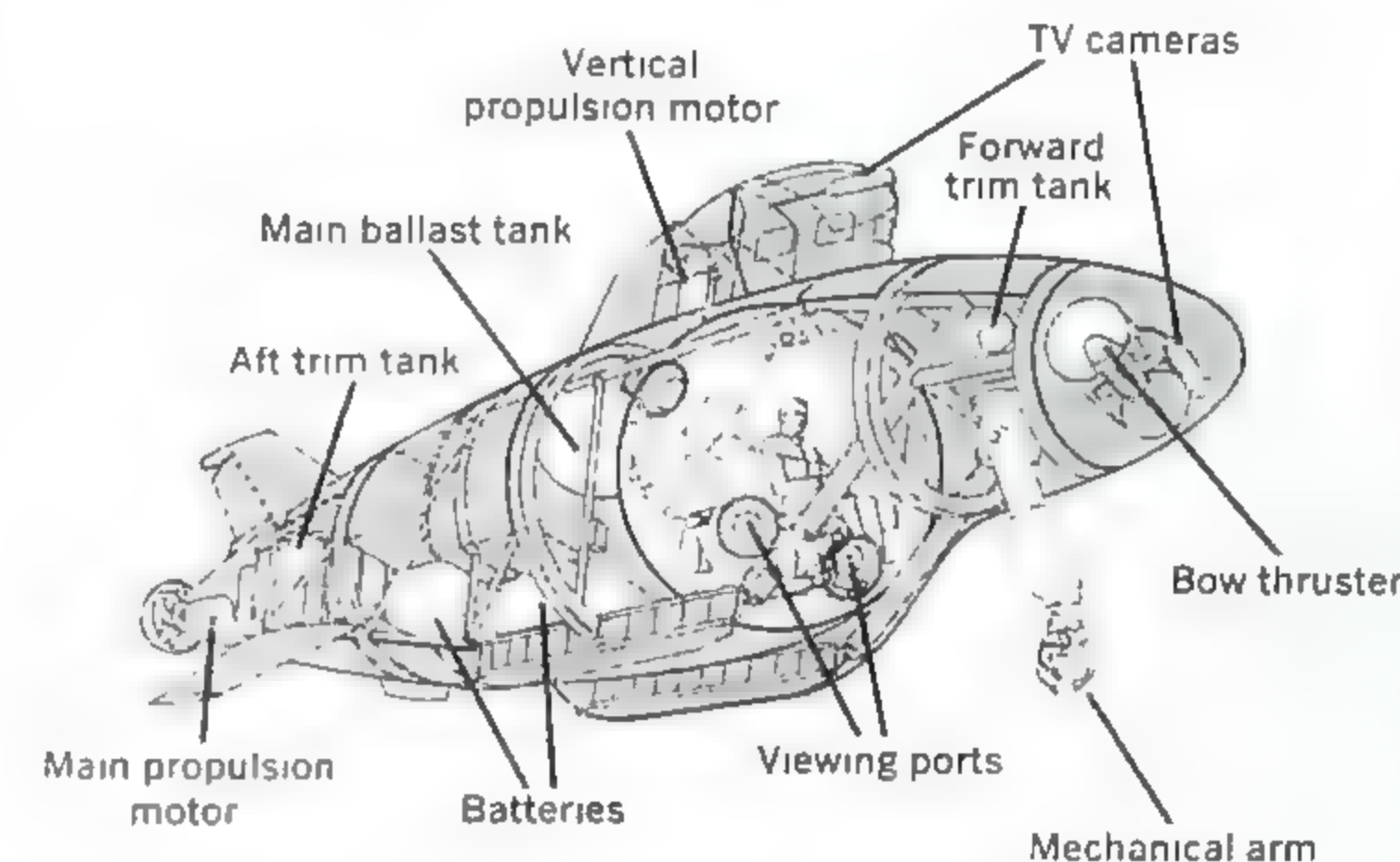
rushed by air for a rescue operation.

But subs with many special characteristics will be needed for exploring—and for exploiting—the sea.

Some vessels will have to withstand pressures up to 10,000 pounds per square inch, to allow them to penetrate into mid-ocean abysses four miles deep. Work subs for, say, mining will have to be stable enough in a buoyant environment not to be whipped about in reaction to the force of their own tools.

We have already done a study for the

### CUTAWAY OF STAR III



The Aluminaut, the largest research sub so far, was built by General Dynamics for Reynolds International to prove, among other things, the feasibility of aluminum as a hull metal. The 51-foot Aluminaut is designed to operate at depths up to 15,000 feet, under pressures up to more than 7,000 pounds per square inch. Aluminaut, in early sea trials, has cruised as deep as 6,250 feet, and remained submerged for over 30 continuous hours. A World War II military submarine rarely remained submerged for more than 24 hours.

### Problems and needs:

These early research subs still have many limitations of speed, range and submerged endurance. They require back-up by a mother ship and have to be carried or towed to a job location.

This last limitation can sometimes be an advantage. Asherah and Star II, for example, are small enough to be

Bureau of Fisheries showing feasibility of a submarine to track oceanic fish. It would be 160 feet long, carry 31 persons at speeds up to 20 knots, and could cruise submerged for up to 90 days.

Right now, we don't think there will ever be one single all-purpose type of research-work submarine. Just as land vehicles range from motor scooters to 20-ton earthmovers, so will most manned submersibles be designed and built for special purposes.

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## THE THEATER

### Penwiper Papers

**Slapstick Tragedy.** Tennessee Williams can sift the soul's gold from man dross. Unhappily, this double of one-acters, which closed after performances, is almost pure dross.

*The Mutilated* brings on two New Orleans floozies who have been falling-out. One is a dead-broke (Kate Reid) who has been barred from her room in the Silver Dollar Hotel. The other (Margaret Leighton) suffered a "mutilation"—one of her breasts has been removed. Reid has ready carved this sad fact on the outside Leighton's apartment. But, brutally proud of her own beauty, she has herself, of course, been set up by life. Kate Reid gives a fine



CALDWELL, REID & LEIGHTON  
Stabs with a rubber dagger

able performance, but is too sure for an alcoholic, and the play out of emotional kitten is poignant as only Leighton is poignant. Her sky-blue eyes hold rain. Williams plays his mood music and loneliness by rote.

A grotesque phantasm of mutilations follows. *The Gnash* is a deaf ex-diva (Leighton) one eye and then the other to loony birds of the Florida Keys she battles for throwaway coming sloop. A cocoon around on stage looking for a giant pelican with a Ph.D. in a red, white and blue war-whoops things up. The "Big Dormitory," and one of this flophouse rock two smoking harpies, a slatter (Kate Reid), who runs the local society editor (Zo, who seems to have escaped barrel. Miss Caldwell is a new acting presence on Broadway. The play is a rubber-dagger of the absurd that lunacy or Pinter's mavericks have come less from Williams than from his pen.



Beginning  
this week in  
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## U.S. BUSINESS

### THE ECONOMY

#### What the President Could Do

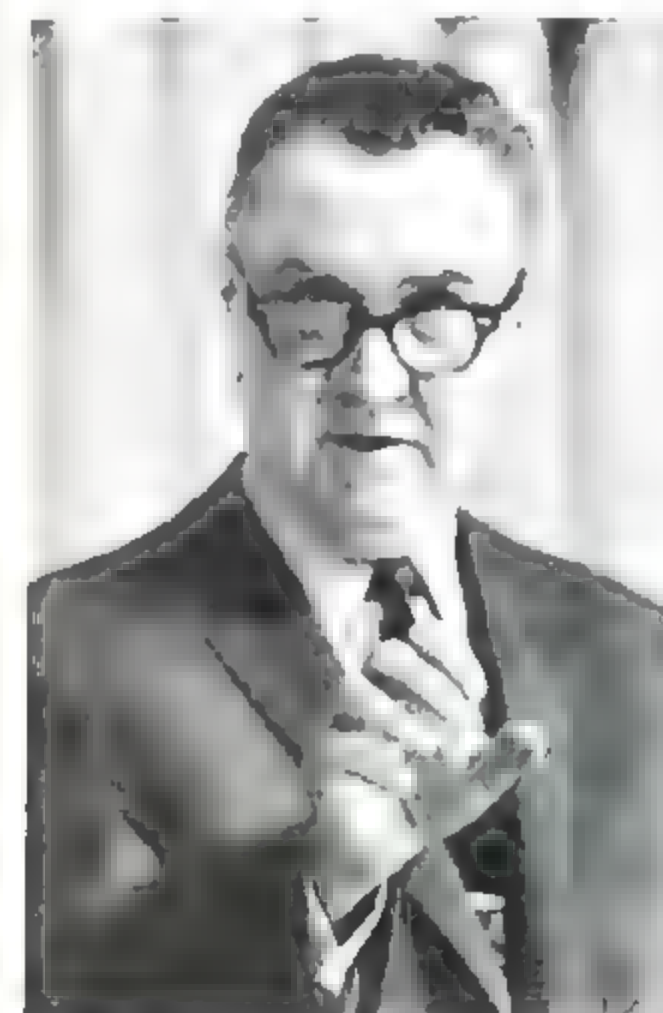
If inflation is not here already, it is just around the corner, and President Johnson had better take tougher steps to stop it soon. That, after months of debate, was the clear consensus expressed last week by both liberal and conservative economists. The Life Insurance Association of America warned that inflationary pressures are boiling up, so did the American Bankers Association and the National Association of Manufacturers. Most significant, former members of the President's Council of Economic Advisers—men who are Democrats and Republicans, experimenters and classicists, Keynesians and

sale prices climbed at an alarming annual rate of 6%. The Government's chief price expert, Commissioner Arthur Ross of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, expects prices to rise more markedly in 1966 than in 1965, when the wholesale index went up 3.4% and the consumer index 2.2%. The biggest increases will be in bills for medical care, recreation and repair services, the price of houses will rise more sharply than in recent years.

To beat further price hikes, businessmen are increasing their inventories at a pace unequalled since the Korean War: \$10.1 billion a year. During January, bank credit expanded at 20% a year, double the already high rate of the past five years. Skilled labor has

been surprisingly called on bankers to hold back loans for excessive inventory buying or plant expansion. Still another rise in the discount rate is by no means out of the question.

When Johnson failed to reappoint conservative C. Canby Balderston to the seven-man board, there was some thought that he might recast the Federal Reserve to swing it toward looser credit. Last week, however, the President appointed Assistant Commerce Secretary Andrew F. Brimmer, the board's first Negro member, who seems unlikely to change its apparent inclination toward restriction. Brimmer, 39, a Harvard Ph.D., is a onetime economist at the New York Federal Reserve



SAULNIER



BURNS & HELLER



KEYSERLING

When floor sweepers get \$3 an hour, it's time to cool it, man.

non-Keynesians—agreed impressively at a Washington symposium that the President should do more than he has so far to fight inflation.

Walter Heller, who worked for Lyndon Johnson as well as John Kennedy and now teaches economics at the University of Minnesota, said that recent price increases and inventory buying have become so "disquieting" that the government should start figuring out right now just which taxes to raise if pressures increase. Raymond J. Saulnier, who served under Dwight Eisenhower, said that the time had come to cool off the economy a bit; he called for a cut in Government spending, followed, if necessary, by a tax increase.

Arthur Burns, who also served Ike, proposed much the same remedies as Saulnier. He said that the time had come to cool off the economy a bit; he called for a cut in Government spending, followed, if necessary, by a tax increase. Arthur Burns, who also served Ike, proposed much the same remedies as Saulnier. He said that the time had come to cool off the economy a bit; he called for a cut in Government spending, followed, if necessary, by a tax increase.

Hurrying to Buy... BUSINESS... HURRYING TO BUY... BUSINESS...

become so scarce that Inland Steel is trying to fill 600 job vacancies, is recruiting as far away as 400 miles from its East Chicago base. Detroit automakers are hiring unemployed Appalachian mountaineers to sweep floors—at \$3 an hour. For its part, the Government has poured on more inflationary fuel: the national income accounts budget, which measures how much money the Government adds to or drains from the economy, has shifted from a \$4 billion surplus to a \$2 billion deficit since last summer.

**Further Tightening.** Lyndon Johnson continues to hold to his wait-and-see policy, is understandably hesitant to repeat the mistakes of 1957 and 1959 when the Government moved so vigorously against inflation that it helped produce recession. The President insisted last week that he would shift policies quickly "if the need should arise." Assuming that inflation continues, what steps is he most likely to take?

First, he will probably rely on the Federal Reserve Board to further tighten the money supply. Last week Board Member Sherman Masek, a Johnson appointee who had voted against last De-

Bank and is known as cautious and moderate in money matters.

If monetary policy alone does not do the anti-inflationary job, the Government will move on the tax front. Economist Heller proposes a temporary suspension of the 7% tax credit for new investment; that apparently would be a quick way of relieving the capital-spending boom without offending too many people. Treasury Secretary Fowler, however, would prefer a general increase in corporate and personal taxes, if necessary. Said Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen last week: "The Administration is talking in terms of another 5% income tax increase and an added 2% corporate tax later this year."

### WALL STREET

#### Overreacting

This week the U.S. enters what promises to be its sixth straight year of economic expansion, and almost everything is rising—except the stock market. It has been falling since early February, and last week Wall Street's bill was still reluctant. The Dow Jones industrial average dropped 25 points in three



days, touched a 1966 low of 950.66, then rallied fitfully at week's end to close at 953—scarcely higher than last October. Measured by the important price-earnings ratio, stocks are lower than they were at the low point of the 1962 break. They are now selling at an average 16.3 times expected 1966 earnings, compared to a 17-to-1 ratio in the bleak summer of '62.

Prices are low because worries are high, and investors are reacting—probably overreacting—to the economic implications of the Viet Nam war. They are afraid of higher taxes and more controls on the economy, perplexed by the squeeze on credit and pressure on profit margins. In this emotional atmosphere, such basic and broadly held stocks as oil, drug, retailing, chemical and utility issues generally weakened last week; many popular highfliers in electronics, color television and office machines held fairly firm. But as prices fell, so did trading volume on the New York Stock Exchange—a technical indication that prices may soon rebound.

Some of the stock market's troubles stem from a worsening shortage of investment money. Salomon Bros. & Hutzler, a leading bond-trading house, predicted that commercial banks will have \$3 billion less to put into long-term credit this year than last. With a swiftness that startled even investment men, the money shortage has driven interest rates on some new bond issues to 45-year peaks, prompting investors to sell stocks in order to buy bonds. Last week \$40 million of Long Island Lighting Co. bonds went on sale with a 5.13% interest return, one of the highest yields ever placed on a corporate issue of its type. The Federal National Mortgage Association had to pay a record 5.38% to sell \$250 million of 14-month debentures. Despite an extraordinarily high 5 1/2% interest, Washington's Export-Import Bank was able to sell only half of a new \$700 million issue of participation certificates in existing loans. That embarrassing failure damaged President Johnson's plans to sell off \$4.7 billion of U.S. paper assets to cut next year's budget deficit—the size of which is already worsening the worries about inflation.

## TAXES

### The Drunken Pyramid

While Washington debates a federal tax increase, the inescapable fact is that some taxes are already on the rise. State and local taxes are growing by 9% a year, or almost twice as fast as the national income. On a per capita basis that counts infants and indigents, the tax bill averages out to \$916—\$53 more than last year—and \$303 of it is siphoned off by states, counties, cities and towns.

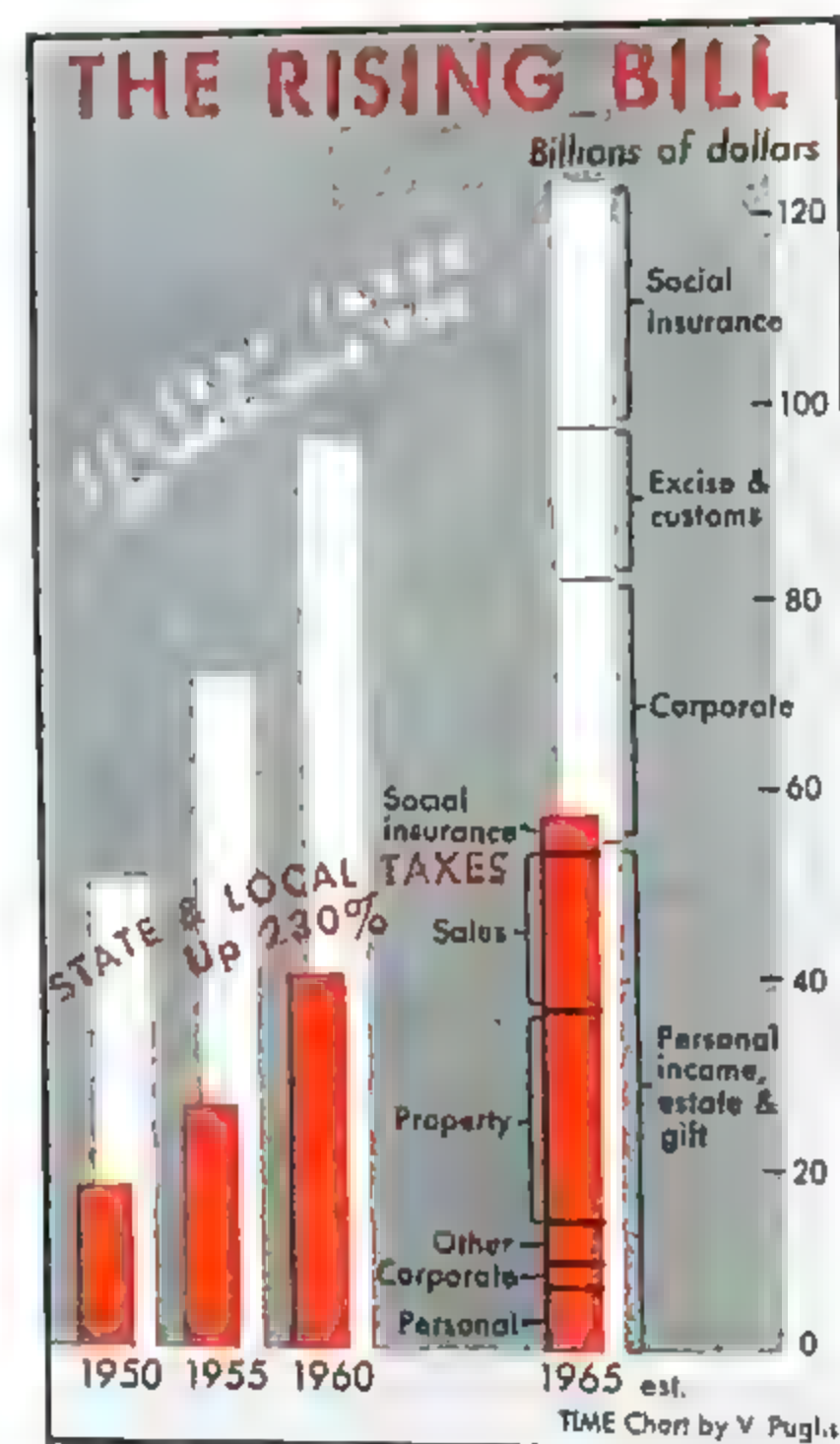
Hardly a week goes by without further increases. Last week alone

► New York City Mayor John Lindsay's aides outlined a proposal for a graduated city income tax that could

come to about 50% as much as the state income tax. If adopted, the measure would mean that a man who earns a taxable net income of \$15,000 in New York City would have to pay \$417.50 to the city in addition to \$835 to the state and \$3,010 to the Federal Government—even if he lives in New Jersey or Connecticut.

► Chicago School Board Member James W. Clement proposed a 1% city income tax to provide \$115 million, mostly for education. (Ten cities now have income taxes, including Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis and Cincinnati.)

► Massachusetts Governor John A. Volpe, after six defeats, pushed through a 3% sales tax to raise \$203 million



to cover a budget deficit and improve education

► Virginia prepared to enforce a 2% sales tax approved earlier.

► New Jersey Governor Richard J. Hughes prodded legislators to approve a new income tax to raise at least \$180 million, lift that wealthy state above its current low rank (48th) in allotments for schools, roads and welfare.

**Stand-bys & Sewers.** The tax-and-spend spree has been touched off by population growth and urbanization (see THE NATION), and the rising demand for services. Of the \$75 billion spent in a year by states and localities, about 17% went for roads, 10% for welfare, 41% for schools. One-third of the money came from bond issues and federal grants, the rest from taxes. Of the 47 state legislatures in session last year, 32 approved tax increases.

States and localities are concocting all sorts of ways to raise money. In addition to those old stand-bys—taxes on whisky, cigarettes and gasoline—they are slapping taxes onto restaurant

meals, hotel rooms, commercial pancy, utility bills, stock transfers on the use of sewers. Last week, ing before a House Judiciary committee that is trying to write guidelines for such taxes, Caloric Vice President Werner N. De complained: "Today the overstate, county, city and school tax structure reminds me of a pyramid built by drunken Egyptians."

**More from Less.** One suggestion to realign the design would be to and suburbs to combine their sales and tax collecting, for the sake of efficiency and economy. States could raise more revenue with less if they abandoned most nuisance taxes in favor of income taxes, which, along with the economy, and the lower sales taxes by reducing the number of exempted goods, such as and drugs. Economists reckon that such changes the states last year have increased their sales and tax revenues by \$5 billion. Of the the states and localities could cut away some nonessential spending but more and more things seem essential these days.

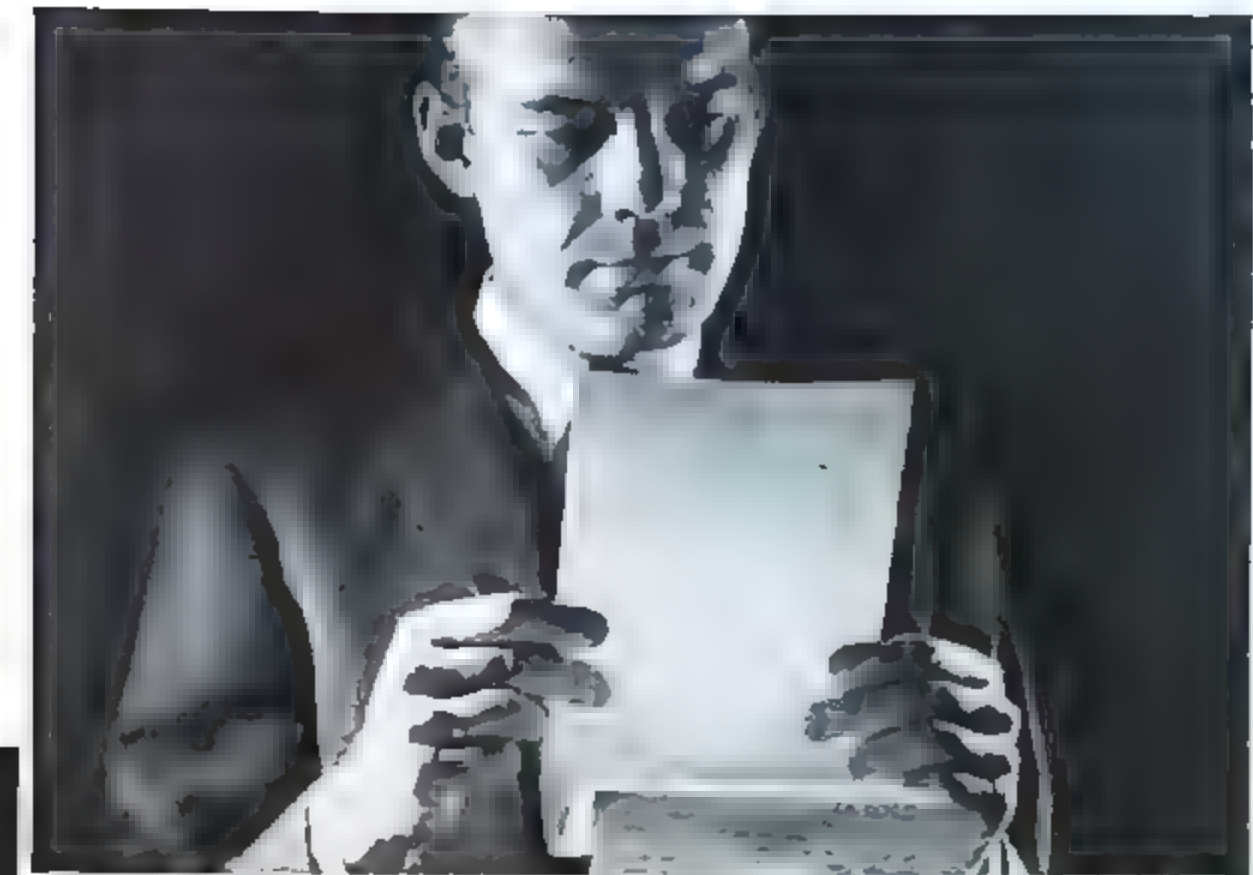
## CORPORATIONS

### Mighty Miniatures

Experts are likely to say that a company suffers from the effects of bad decisions at the top and that of its divisions can barely meet. They have been saying for years about the Fairchild Camera Instrument Corp.—and the right Yet last year Fairchild rose by a greater percentage than others on the New York Stock change, spurring from \$165.25

Last week, going against a down-trend, Fairchild hit a time high of \$210, an extraordinary annual earnings. The company will announce its earnings, and brokers expect sales last year grew 33% a lion, and profits after taxes 300%, to about \$8,000,000.

Fairchild Camera is a company whose eleven divisions on electronics and also turn of products from heavy machinery to printing equipment. excitement is over one Semiconductor branch. It is on the ground floor in new con transistors, which are five times the original germ. tv. last year Fairchild had booming U.S. market for sists. Fairchild's prize accounts for one-third of for integrated circuits, which sized components that do many transistors and a hooked together could replace a TV set to 100 cookie. The company has generated demand since 1964 the average price of integrated



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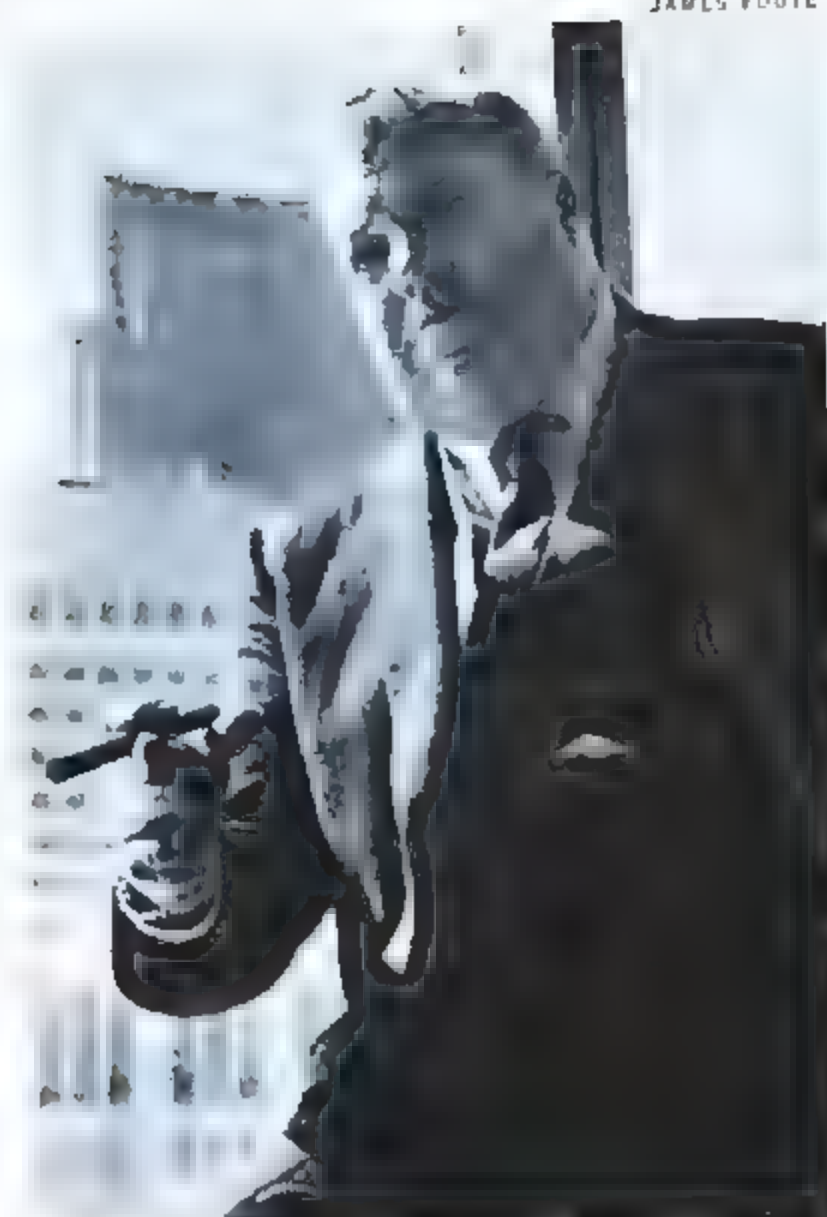
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**Riches to Riches.** Fairchild Camera was started as an aerial survey firm by an inspired tinkerer, Sherman M. Fairchild, now 69. His rise from riches to riches is an enduring business legend (TIME cover, July 25, 1960). Fairchild's father was the first chairman of International Business Machines and made him by inheritance the largest single stockholder in IBM (167,000 shares now worth \$85.5 million). Besides refining his taste for good living and pretty girls, Fairchild tended his investments wisely, personally developed the first plane with an enclosed cabin (the FC-1), manufactured the C-119 Flying Boxcar, and built superb but too costly hi-fi equipment. Like many inventors, Fairchild was a better creator than administrator.

Management is now in the hands of Chairman and Chief Executive Officer John Carter, 45, a rough 250-pounder who proclaimed shortly after taking over: "I know how to handle a sick company." Carter was lured from a Corning Glass vice-presidency nine years ago with a stock option offer of 23,800 shares (he now owns 52,250 shares worth almost \$11 million). Sherman Fairchild withdrew discreetly to the board, has been more concerned with his chairmanship of the completely separate Fairchild Hiller aerospace firm, which recently bought Republic Aviation.

**Gamble That Paid.** Carter has diversified all through electronics, and has concentrated on the civilian market instead of defense business because he does not like the Pentagon's renegotiation of contracts. The best thing that happened to Carter was the arrival in 1957 of eight bright young scientists from the Shockley Semiconductor Laboratory, led by Dr. Robert Noyce, who walked in the door with the idea of making transistors

of silicon. Fairchild gambled \$7,000,000 on the idea and won. Noyce, now 38, is head of the Semiconductor Division, which contributes more than 50% of Fairchild's sales and probably 98% of its profits.

Some of the other divisions are not making money, and though Chairman Carter talks expansively about their future, Fairchild's fortunes will depend for quite a while on the one big division. As technology advances, Fairchild's executives figure they will be able to price their integrated circuits low enough so that they will come into common use for TV sets, telephones, even autos and washing machines.

## PROMOTION

### Big Marketing Man on Campus

Can you make money by selling things that are usually available free? Yes, you can. At any rate, James J. Harris, a former salesman for a photoengraving firm, is doing it.

Harris concentrates on the college market, which is not only vast—5,570,000 students spend \$4 billion annually beyond tuition, board and textbooks—but also articulate and highly susceptible to experiment. As such, it is a prime target for the fiercely competitive package-goods manufacturers, who consider the campus the place to establish brand loyalty. By acting as a middleman bringing salesmen and students together, Harris has built a million-dollar business. He gathers samples of toiletries and tobacco products that manufacturers usually give away free, boxes them into "Campus-Pacs," and distributes them through college stores. His Guest Pac Corp. recently sold its 10 millionth box and, with the obvious inspiration of a public-relations man, celebrated by giving a \$250 scholarship to the MIT coed, Laura Miller, 19, who got it

One to a Customer. Harris, fee from both sides of the Manufacturers pay him 3¢ each of the samples that they to distribute. The campus sto 15¢ for a package of sample or \$3, then charge their custo 29¢ for it. The eight or more men's pack currently include lotion, Gillette blades and All the women's pack has, am items, Pond's cream makeu cum, Colgate's Lustre-Crem and Grove Laboratories' No large campuses, bargain-happ grads have grabbed up as man, one-to-a-customer packs a da.

Harris, 61, got into the bus chance. Curious in 1950 about able samples a friend received the mail, Harris wrote to 100 e for free samples. He got back cluding a twelve-can carton powder and a soda-fountain of headache powder. Harris co toiletries pack, sold the idea to a convenience for guests. He signed up 4,000 hotels, solo banks looking for new-acco on, others to airlines (whi packs to grounded passenger Guest Pac Corp. also sells o Salvation Army and the Red disaster-area use and for a Viet Nam wounded in Arm

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# WORLD BUSINESS

## PRICES

### Inflation Everywhere

Inflation is becoming a worldwide epidemic, producing political fevers as well as economic bruises. Practically no country is immune, regardless of its wealth, size, politics or state of development. Almost everywhere inflation is worse than in the U.S.

In Belgium, where prices rose 4% in the past twelve months, the government fell three weeks ago because it proposed emergency taxes to keep prices in check. Austria next week will hold a national election, with inflation as the central issue: prices advanced 5% last year, and Socialists are mad because the conservative People's Party favors a temporary tax increase. In a rare show of opposition in Portugal, the dictatorial

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QUEUEING UP IN BRAZIL

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government of Antonio Salazar was openly criticized in newspapers last week because living costs are climbing. potato prices are up from 6¢ a sack to 12¢ in a year, and other food tags are rising.

Inflation in most countries has the same causes as in the U.S.: extensive demand, full employment and near-capacity production. Britain's unemployment level is at a near-record low of 1.2%: since last March, wages have risen 9% and prices 5%. In West Germany, where wages increased 8.9% last year and the cost of living grew by 4.2%, Bundesbank President Karl Blessing warned last week that the economy has become dangerously unbalanced and that "the present tempo of cost and price increases cannot continue if we are to stay competitive in world markets. Israel is riddled with inflation because of heavy consumer buying and government spending, including wage boosts for government employees.

In some instances, sharp price rises stem from special local situations. In

India, inflation is the ugly result of the food shortage; most people spend 75% of their meager incomes trying to get enough to eat. Viet Nam's prices have shot up 58% in a year because of the war and the influx of free-spending G.I.s. Peru's government is spending prodigiously on a national development program, with the result that prices went up 18% last year, are expected to rise 25% this year. Brazil's government, battling one of the world's worst inflationary problems, hopes gamely to reduce the rise in living costs from last year's 45% to 25% in 1966.

If there is a single thread that runs through most of these situations, it is simply that human demands are rising exuberantly and straining the available supply of materials and machines to make the goods.

## LATIN AMERICA

### Sears's Profitable Alianza

U.S.-based businessmen who carp about constantly working under the gun ought to get a look at Fred Eaton. On the roof above his modern office in Caracas, Venezuela, booted militiamen with submachine guns patrol 24 hours a day. They are watching for Communist terrorists who, in a perverse kind of compliment, have focused on Eaton's company as a prime example of *Yanqui* capitalism. It is Sears, Roebuck of Venezuela, and all of its 13 stores have been the targets of bombs or burning. Though nothing has happened lately, Eaton's workers each night before closing have to examine every drawer, dress pocket and cranny in the store for possible homemade incendiaries. Nevertheless, Sears is prospering in Venezuela and throughout Latin America.

On a continent where revolt, expropriation and inflation are common Sears since 1960 has lifted sales from

\$103 million to \$150 million a decade—despite the nationalization of six stores by Castro's Cuba. It tripled its number of stores in nine countries from Costa Rica to Brazil (plus seven in Puerto Rico) last week its top Latin American executive will meet in Mexico City, the biggest operation, to discuss future expansion. Next year the company will open two stores in Spain—a European venture—and transfer its Latin American chiefs there.

**A Stake in Stock.** Like any trader, Sears staffs its stores with natives, 99.3% of its employees are Americans, including almost all managers. The company offers in stock ownership as well as Venezuela, for example, through profit sharing has accumulated a 17% stake in the local currency. Because Latin Americans have prohibitive import barriers, Sears buys 80% of its merchandise from 9,000 native manufacturers. It produces such goods as refrigerators, sewing machines and blue jeans. A local purchasing program, the private Alliance for Progress, made a lot of suppliers rich and the company become an ally of each country.

When a new Sears store opens, curious crowds form thick. Lured by such innovations as one-stop shopping, money orders, credit buying, parking, prompt deliveries, customers turned Sears's air-conditioned American bazaars into *hormigueros*, or anthills. What mainly come for home goods, which are tailor-made to European tastes. Clothing and paint departments stay in the U.S., scarce in America, where cheap middle-class aversion to prevent any do-it-yourself.

Sears expects to grow in America, in the next 10 to open 50 new branches alone. Smaller local retailers. They can compete, and languish prosper by adopting Sears' moderate prices and modern have done just that.

## BRITAIN

### Changing Altitude

The fate of Britain's craft industry involves 10 jobs and \$400 million also the pride of a nation who built the *Heretic*. It would just commercial seem to be the decline from more strongly than



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their Empire. The ominous signs have been obvious for a long time—the bad luck of the Comet, the financial losses of the Britannia, and now the lack of a market for the long-range, rear-engined VC 10. Though popular with passengers, the VC 10 is costlier to operate than the competitive Boeing 707 and Douglas DC-8, and Britain has failed so far to sell a single one of them outside the Commonwealth.

Britain long ago gave up the idea of any serious role in missilery and space, and last year the Labor government canceled three military aircraft programs. Last week the government beat a still more painful retreat. In the biggest post-war Royal Air Force order, Britain announced it would buy 400 military planes over the next four years—but 250 will be Lockheed, McDonnell and General Dynamics aircraft (see THE WORLD). The British will build parts for some of them.

It is tempting to write off Britain's aircraft industry as dying, but that probably would be a mistake. In their strategy for survival, the British are gliding into a new, temporarily lower altitude—and hope to climb from there, in cooperation with the Continent.

Alliance with France. For now, they plan to save money by buying advanced military aircraft from the U.S., whose huge production lines permit lower pricing. The 50 swing-wing F-111A fighter-bombers that Britain will buy from General Dynamics at \$5,950,000 each are at least \$1,000,000 cheaper than anything Britain's much smaller industry could build.

For the longer term, Britain will ally itself with Continental countries, notably France, to build a European aerospace industry that might do battle against the Americans. The chief hope is the Anglo-French Mach 2.2 Concorde, which is likely to be the world's first supersonic airliner. It is slated to go into service in 1971 or 1972, at least two years ahead of the U.S. supersonic liner. Production of an Anglo-French prototype is on schedule, though development costs have risen from \$500 million to more than \$1 billion. Beyond that, there has been talk about jointly built military craft, and the British, French and Germans have agreed to make a subsonic, short-range "airbus" that would carry more than 200 passengers and go into service in 1972.

Merger Drive. Europeans are not likely to see a Siddeley-Messerschmitt or a Rolls-Royce company for some time, but mergers within the British aviation industry itself are in the offing. The government hopes to induce a merger between the two big airplane manufacturers, British Aircraft Corp. and Hawker Siddeley, and perhaps even to include the Avro and Jetstream builders, Rolls-Royce and Bristol Siddeley. The combined companies presently would be asked to improve productivity, which is considered a top priority in the U.S.

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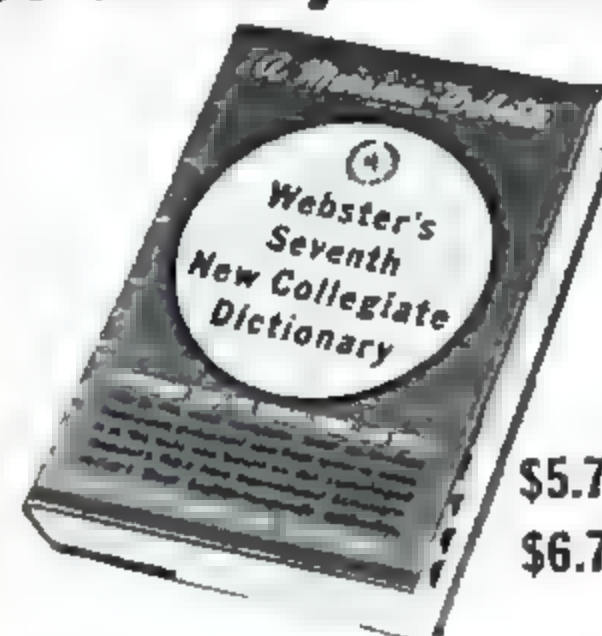
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### ITALY

#### Romeo's Sweet Giulia

Deep down, even the most stoic driver occasionally imagines himself a Juan Fangio or Jimmie shifting down for the Curva Gr. Monza or roaring onto the Me Straight at Le Mans. Few other play on this fancy so successfully Milan's Alfa-Romeo. An ad for sporty Giulia GT model, for example, shows a father strapping on a helmet while his wife and child pre-climb in. "The family car that races," proclaims the ad. Thank fast cars and fanciful advertising



ALFA'S NEW \$2,270 MODEL  
For the family Fangio

Romeo is pulling ahead in the auto market. The company, which last year turned out 60,262 cars, increased over 1964. Sales were up to \$200 million.

Wind Design. To enlarge its Alfa-Romeo last month began a light Giulia 1300 (1.6 liter, 100 mph). Prices in the \$2,270, the four-passenger, quite the cheapest Alfa Romeo. Several years, the company has plainer, less well-padded on the market at \$2,080. TI model, with a more powerful and stylish interior, is called appeal to customers who want speed at a moderate price.

This latest Giulia joins other models, many of described by one poet, "The Wind Designed." The wind-blown look are can leave most other car. The expensive 2600 (\$7,669) speeds up to 130 mph.

One Alfa Romeo that left the car in which Benito Mussolini tried, unsuccessfully, to participate in 1943.

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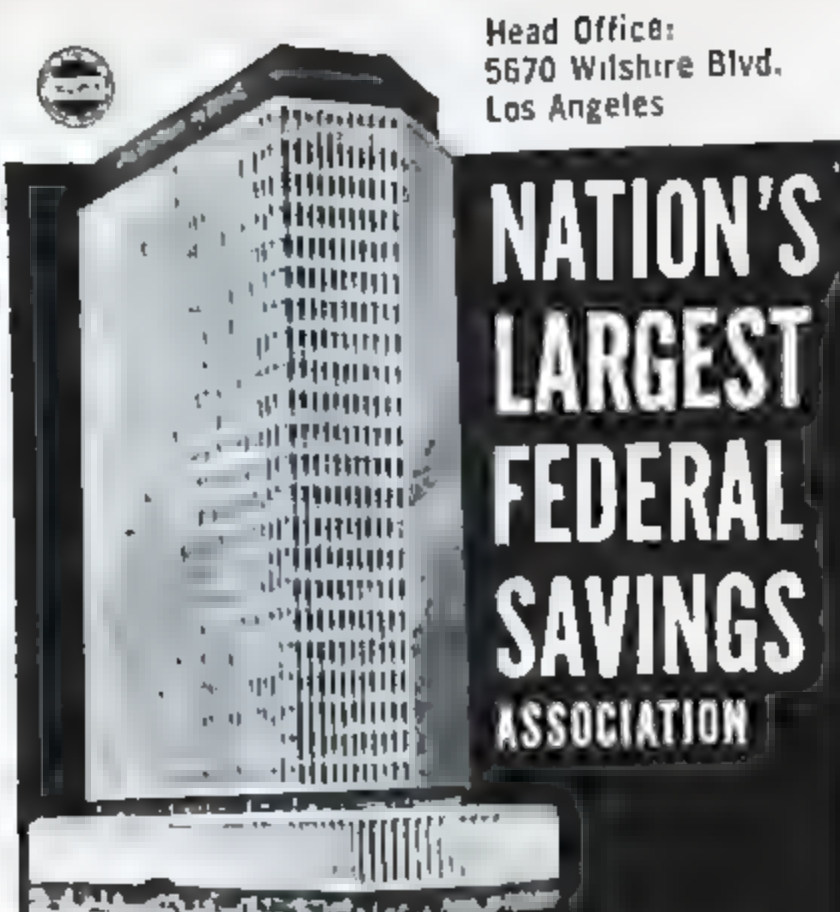
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TIME MARCH 4, 1966





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other Alfa-Romeos easily top 100 m.p.h.; the somewhat sedate Giulias are modestly rated at "over 96 m.p.h."

Alfa-Romeo's performance delights the Italian government, which owns 90% of the company's 45 million shares through Istituto per la Ricostruzione Industriale, the government holding company which also controls the jets of Alitalia, the luxury ships of the Italian Line and the nation's telephone and radio-TV networks. After suffering from indifferent sales early in the 1960s Alfa-Romeo has been revived largely by President Giuseppe Luraghi, 60. A one-time IRI executive, Luraghi was put in the driver's seat to balance speed and wind designing with cost accounting, marketing and long-range planning. Like many of his competitors in the U.S. and Europe, he sees world auto-

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**Bigger Overseas.** Luraghi also expects that the future of European autoing depends on exports. Alfa-Romeo last year exported 23% of its cars, sent only 1,500 to the U.S. To meet those totals, the company has invested \$90 million to build a modern plant at Arese, just outside Milan. Luraghi expects to double output in seven years by turning out cars that appeal to the everyday driver whose Fangio-inspired cars are stirred by a six-speed manual shift and easy acceleration to 100-

## MILESTONES

**Born.** To John Wayne, 58, who last month finished *Eldorado*, his 166th movie, and Pilar Palette Wayne, 37, his third wife: their third child, second daughter; in Encino, Calif.

**Married.** Edson Arantes do Nascimento, 25, better known as Pelé, Brazil's—and probably the world's—best soccer player; and Rosemary Cholbi, 20, a Santos dockworker's daughter; in Santos, Brazil.

**Married.** Brian Donlevy, 63, now playing the mad scientist in Hollywood's *The Curse of the Fly*; and Lillian Arch Lugosi, 54, ex-wife of the late Bela (Dracula) Lugosi; he for the third time, she for the second; in Indio, Calif.

**Died.** Charles Von Fremd, 40, CBS newscaster, who reported on Washington from 1953 to 1957 when he shifted his beat to space, covering nearly every mission from the first Navaho rocket firings to last December's Gemini space rendezvous; apparently of a heart attack; in Bethesda, Md.

**Died.** Victor Weisz, 52, Britain's acerbic political cartoonist "Vicky," an aggressive socialist who over 25 years leveled his pen at everyone on his right from John Foster Dulles, whom he showed brandishing H-bombs, to Tory Harold Macmillan, whom he drew as the winged "Supermac," and Charles de Gaulle, whom he captioned with the famed inverted quotation, "Après le déluge—moi"; of as yet undetermined causes; in London.

**Died.** James D. Norris, 59, sports promoter and onetime Mr. Big of boxing; following a heart attack; in Chicago. The son of a Chicago millionaire, Norris won notoriety in the late 1940s and '50s as the boss of the International Boxing Club, through which he and Hoodlum Frankie Carbo held a mo-

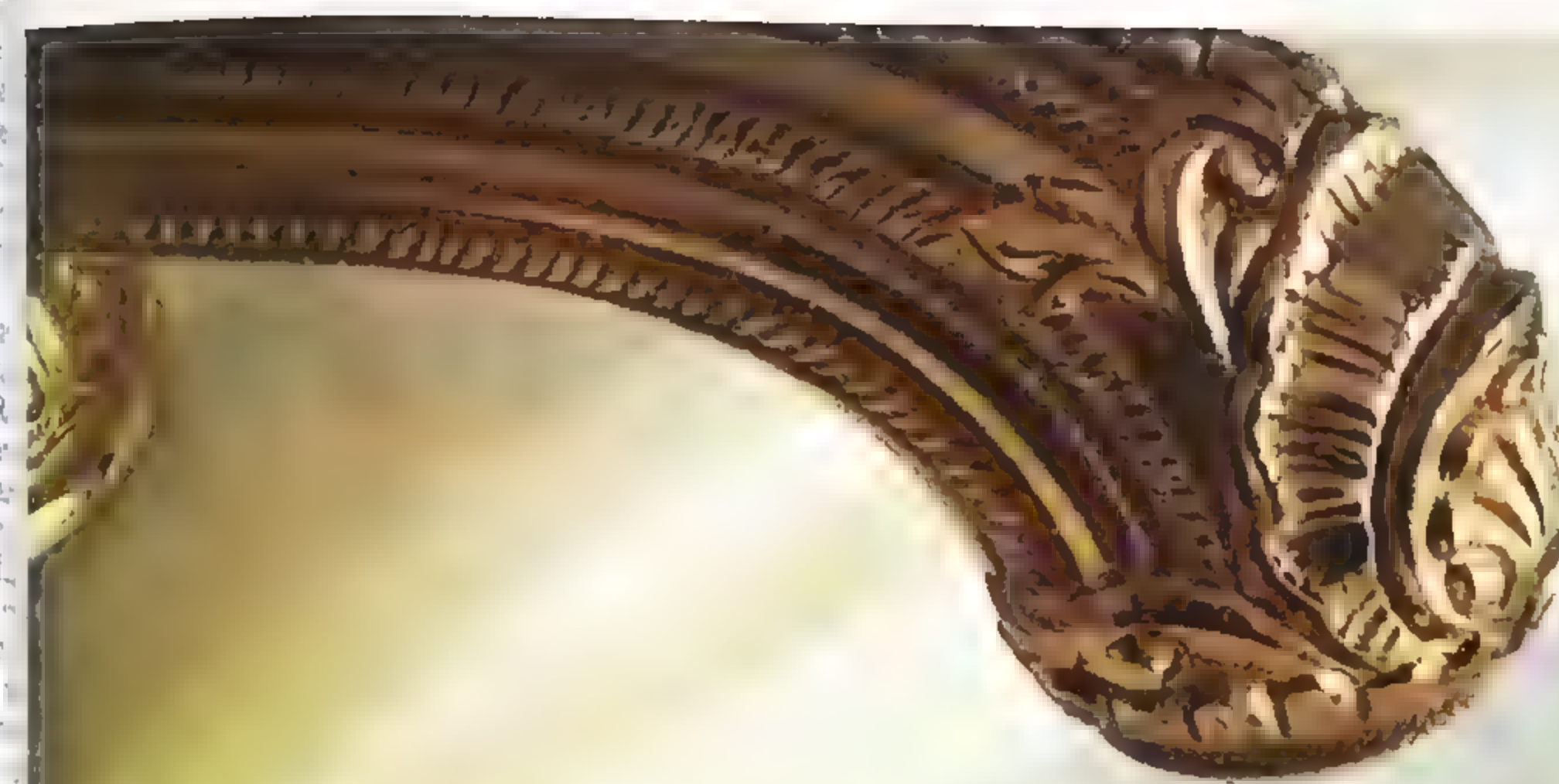
nopoly on virtually all major fights until 1959, when the U.S. Supreme Court broke their hold. Norris later took view, quietly operating his vast railroad, real estate and cattle empire plus the Spring Hill Farm stable, Chicago Black Hawks hockey team and stadiums in Chicago and St. Louis.

**Died.** Victor Kravchenko, 49, Soviet time defector, an army officer who sought asylum while on duty as a supply officer in Washington. He briefly held the limelight with his best-selling *I Chose Freedom* (1946). He changed his name to "Peter" because "I am an American." He continued his writings, though with constant fear of Red retribution. He owned a .38-cal. pistol and lived in a Manhattan apartment, where he had been depressed over the war "and other things."

**Died.** Boris Nicolaevich, 79, renowned Kremlinologist and Social Democrat who in years of exile in Europe and the U.S. wrote more than 20 books on Soviet life, such as *I Soviet Russia* (1947). He was Co-Author David J. D. in the U.N. as "Sters" by the late Andrei Gromyko after a heart attack; in Menlo Park, Calif.

**Died.** The Rev. Bernice L. Davis, 79, chaplain of the House of Representatives since 1950 who described his duties thus: "I pray each day's session, I pray for the House and then I pray for the world." Died of a stroke; in Washington.

**Died.** Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, 80, who led the U.S. armada to victory in the Pacific during World War II, died of pneumonia, on Yerba Buena Island, San Francisco Bay.



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Lough Anne, 4, was born with spinal bifida—partly paralyzed from the waist down. She is learning to walk and cure for herself at the Easter Seal Center in Villa Park, Illinois.

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Jimmy Durante is National Chairman of the 1966 Easter Seal Fund Appeal.

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### CINEMA

#### The Spies Who Came into the Fold

Movie moguls have long sought the perfect pop-art hero, the infallible magnetic moneymaker with equal pull for kids under twelve and adolescents up to and beyond retirement age. Tarzan, a perennial favorite, still takes to the trees occasionally to fight for right, but with obsolete weapons. The Wild West gun-fighter endures, though an hombre who traditionally hates kissin' and gets his kicks by digging spurs into horseflesh seems equally ill-adapted to the times. The exquisitely contemporary hero is girl-happy, gadget-minded James Bond whose legend has already tempted a host of imitators to bland larceny. Now five new spy spoofs reverently ape Bond, with more a-making to catch the rich financial fallout from *Goldfinger* and *Thunderball*.

**Naked Naiads.** The biggest, noisiest and naughtiest contender in the new spystakes is *The Silencers*, with Crooner Dean Martin playing Matt Helm, a secret agent for ICE (Intelligence Counter Espionage). Its plot pits Helm against the mastermind of one of those atomic conspiracies, headquartered in what appears to be a sunken carrier under the desert near Alamogordo. But the real contest is between nudity and gadgetry. The striptease fun, with Cyd Charisse as team captain, begins during the opening credits, then gets right down to business in Martin's circular bed, which turns, travels, tilts, finally plunges him naked into a swimming pool with a naia identified as Lovey Kravetz. While the camera plays anatomical peekaboo, they are dried on two cylindrical Freudian symbols, then dressed and breakfasted by machine. Innuendo roars through *Silencers* with nothing omitted save scrawling



CYD CHARISSE IN 'SILENCERS' Captain of the anatomical team



CROWLEY & VAUGHN IN 'TRAP' Ellery Queen for a day.

with nothing omitted save scrawling feelthy pictures on the screen. Now and then, Martin sleepily warbles a song parody, his way of adding sauce to all the gleeful violence, drunken driving and self-conscious smut. Chief compensation over the long haul is Stella Stevens' zany, refreshing performance as a tourist who flees a conducted bus tour and plunges into escapades with the resolute air of a girl making every minute of her vacation count.

**Keeping Clean.** Intelligence men's intrigues wash cleaner in *To Trap a Spy* and *The Spy with My Face*. Originally designed for home use, these television retreads are expanded versions of two episodes from MGM's *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* series (the seams still show). In *Face*, Napoleon Solo (Robert Vaughn) seduces Thrush Agent Senta Berger somewhat more explicitly than he could before, when he had to take time out for commercials. In *Trap*, Luciana Paluzzi adds sex appeal until gunfire spoils her game, but the story really concerns an ordinary housewife (Patricia Crowley) who helps Solo foil an assassination plot. A kind of Ellery Queen for a Day, she goes home with an armful of presents, having scored a clear win for small-screen morality.

The man least likely to threaten Bond's supremacy is *That Man in Istanbul*, with Horst Buchholz battling a one-armed villain atop a minaret and performing other improbable feats to rescue a kidnapped scientist. A masquerade in a Turkish bath, long visits with FBI Sexpot Sylva Koscina and a tour of the city cannot save *Istanbul*. Delivering insouciant asides to the audience brings out the unseasoned ham in Horst.

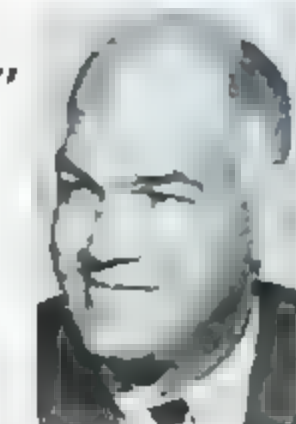
Another elusive scientist is the excuse given for *The 2nd Best Secret Agent in the Whole Wide World*, the most flagrantly imitative spoof of the lot. Its second-best agent is played with studied respect by one Tom Adams, who vaguely resembles Sean Connery. The

#### The Case of the Elastic Umbrella

by  
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President

Old Fitzgerald  
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky  
Established 1849



Under Chief Justice Marshall, the U. S. Supreme Court developed a rule permitting its members to "tipple" only on rainy days.

During a prolonged spate of sunny Washington weather, however, the ruling was interpreted to include all the territory under the court's jurisdiction. With so many legal minds at work, it was logical to assume that at any given moment somewhere in the continental U. S. or its outlying possessions, somebody was carrying an umbrella!

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film sputters with genuine excitement in the scramble for Regrav, a process for reversing the law of gravity. But the laws of levity begin to go awry as well in *Agent's* craven homage to its prototype. Curling Adams' sheets, one pussycat purr met someone like you in Florida. Call himself James . . . James Somer. If the bogus Bonds abhor originality, they should at least show enough professional savvy to cover their tracks.

**Mechanical Sin.** The least that the spate of spies signifies, it would seem, is that ventures into vengence, sadism, furious action have set an even higher raising new standard for family entertainment. Kids adore the lethal toy collection. Dads happily ogle a potent he-man, king of a computer wonderland in which every foe is swiftly vanquished, every voluptuous ren bedded. And women seem susceptible to the fantasy of being cariously mauled by a master of the perhaps after flooring him with a wrist chop. Slapdash, comic-strip plots more violent than suspenseful, are into a joke that viewers are invited to share while soaking up the splendor of strange locales, gawking new feats of technology. The sin is mechanical—a series of clashes between the hostile male and deadly female sensuality suggesting some futuristic brand of electric sex.

The bizarre, decadent world of superspy naturally inspires a certain amount of earnest speculation. A Vatican newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano*, denounces *Bondomania* as a dangerous mixture of violence, sadism and sex. Though Dr. Joseph Fletcher, author of *Procreation Ethics* (*TIME*, Jan. 21), sees "healthy fantasizing and masturbation," Dr. Harold Lief of Tulane University's Department of Psychiatry thinks the boy philosophy may reflect changing values and the shadow to come—"another manifestation of the trend toward greater femininity, the separation of the sexes."

Though the surreal I would probably stand up to such criticism, he might pundits who reason that, in a hidden age, it is more fun to Spectre, Thrush, and Zorro. ponder the threats posed by a crew to inflict any pernicious on young or old, male or female. art, the spy spools have little they lack even true satirical what Critic G. K. Chesterton's *fence of Nonsense* called exuberant capering round truth. A craze occurs, a required taste unaccountably addiction. Without ever being audiences find the spoof swallow. But mock espionage hard put to survive a throng string undercover men who in need of vocational guidance.



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TIME, MARCH 4, 1966

TIME, MARCH 4



## BOOKS

### The Second Longest Day

AUSTERLITZ by Claude Manceron 318 pages Norton. \$5 95.

In August 1805, eight months after he had unceremoniously crowned himself Emperor of the French, Napoleon was up to his coronet in complications. His invasion of England, announced 18 months earlier, had bogged down on the beaches near Boulogne. His fleet floundered useless, bottled up by the British at Ferrol. His treasury lay empty, and all across Europe his prestige was ebbing. On Aug. 13, Talleyrand brought word that Austria and Russia were hastening to mount a massive attack on France.

Napoleon made his decision and went to work. In six blazing, uninterrupted hours that left his secretary's hand a stiffened lump, he dictated to the last detail the plan of a campaign that took 150,000 men from the Channel to the Danube in what many historians consider the greatest military march of modern times. Though this book is burdened by a poor English translation, French Novelist-Historian Claude Manceron succeeds in providing a meticulously documented account of the 1805 campaign. And his hour-by-hour reconstruction of Austerlitz, Napoleon's most brilliant military success, presents a compelling, page-by-page study as well of the man who was an incomparable military genius.

**Wrung Necks.** Napoleon was a maniac for detail, and one of the first of the Organization Men. He demanded and got a running record of every regiment, including a summary of its encounters, its numerical strength, the roll of its injured and sick and the number of its annual recruitment. He commanded an elaborate network of spies who informed him minutely of the strength and movements of his adversaries. He centralized authority absolutely in himself, and his precise, ingeniously correlated orders of march gained a maneuverability for his army that was far in excess of that enjoyed by any other contemporary fighting force. For the Austerlitz campaign, he invented and applied a set of rules involving foraging, billeting, and shifting from order of march to order of battle that exemplified his methods almost perfectly.

One of his methods was "to wring the neck of each of his adversaries separately." Before the Russians could join their allies in Austria, Napoleon rushed across Germany to meet the Austrians alone at Ulm and attacked from the rear. Ulm fell, and Austria surrendered 60,000 soldiers, the main body of its

army, to Napoleon. At this point, the Russians lumbered up. Napoleon chased them down the Danube, captured Vienna and carted off 100,000 muskets, 2,000 artillery pieces and a virtually inexhaustible supply of ammunition, while the Russians and a few thousand leftover Austrians escaped northward to Olmütz to wait for reinforcements.

**Shattered Wings.** Like an angry eagle whose prey has eluded his first pounce, Napoleon instantly set out to lure the enemy back into striking range. Literally trailing a broken right wing, he drew up his army near Austerlitz. Thanks to the deceptive disposition of his forces,



FRANCIS & NAPOLEON AT AUSTERLITZ  
First of the Organization Men.

the Allies imagined that they outnumbered him two to one. They hurled the full force of their armies against the vulnerable French right. Napoleon smashed back violently at the unguarded Allied flank, shattered its center, broke through, circled both halves for the kill. He made his only major tactical mistake when he diverted troops to fight the bitterly resisting Allied left and allowed most of the Allied right to escape.

The results of the campaign were all that Napoleon could have wanted. He had shaped the Grand Army into an incomparable machine for conquest. He had established his imperial prestige unquestionably before the world. He had crippled the ambitions of the fatuous Czar Alexander. He had reduced the haughty Holy Roman Emperor Francis II to the role of a satrap of France. And he had unknowingly avenged himself on his old English enemy, William Pitt, who literally died after he got the news of Austerlitz.

**The Wicked "Mister Six"**  
MARQUIS DE SADE, SELECTED  
edited by Gilbert Lely 188  
tober House. \$8 50

The jailers in the big prison cenes called him *Monsieur Six*. No one, neither the name of the arrogant prisoner tower had not yet become a for conscienceless cruelty, but something about him that they did not like, and they preferred his dinner to him through a in the floor.

Perhaps the warders were Mister Six. No one, neither the France nor the Republican raries nor Napoleon himself, knew to do with the Marquis de Sade lock him up. And no one knew what to make of him.

**Dyspeptic Glutton.** He was a cause he liked to whip girls. So even a prostitute's pay is not this sort of thing—De Sade's apparatus could be pretty damn and there were complaints about the death penalty. His rank from the gallows but not from His trouble seems to have been was a stupendous sexual glutton the same time a sexual dyspeptic much was not enough. His pain, and pain was his pleasure, confined him to the not uncommon pleasures of his imagination. 20 years he wrote his blue masterpiece *The Bedroom Philosophers*, *Days of Sodom*, *Justine*, and which he gave literary form to he hoped, philosophical state aberrations.

He also wrote letters to his wife, his mother-in-law, his valet. Unlike his these painful letters at give pleasure. Most of dling pleas to be let the usual prisoner's cor food or the class of p pelled to associate with ny, some unconscious one in which he sue girls as cellmates with the urge to write books.

**Somewhere Over the** new collection was di by Gilbert Lely, a t the château of the M Sade, a direct descen impolite to call Lely certainly is a Sadean that Lely hopes to help readers to "enjoy erotic paradise with and Havelock Ellis triumph of human id Fair enough from the Lely insists that one is pared only to "the p In other places, Shaktophanes are some correspondence forest treatmont. Arthur Rim

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TIME, MARCH 4 1966



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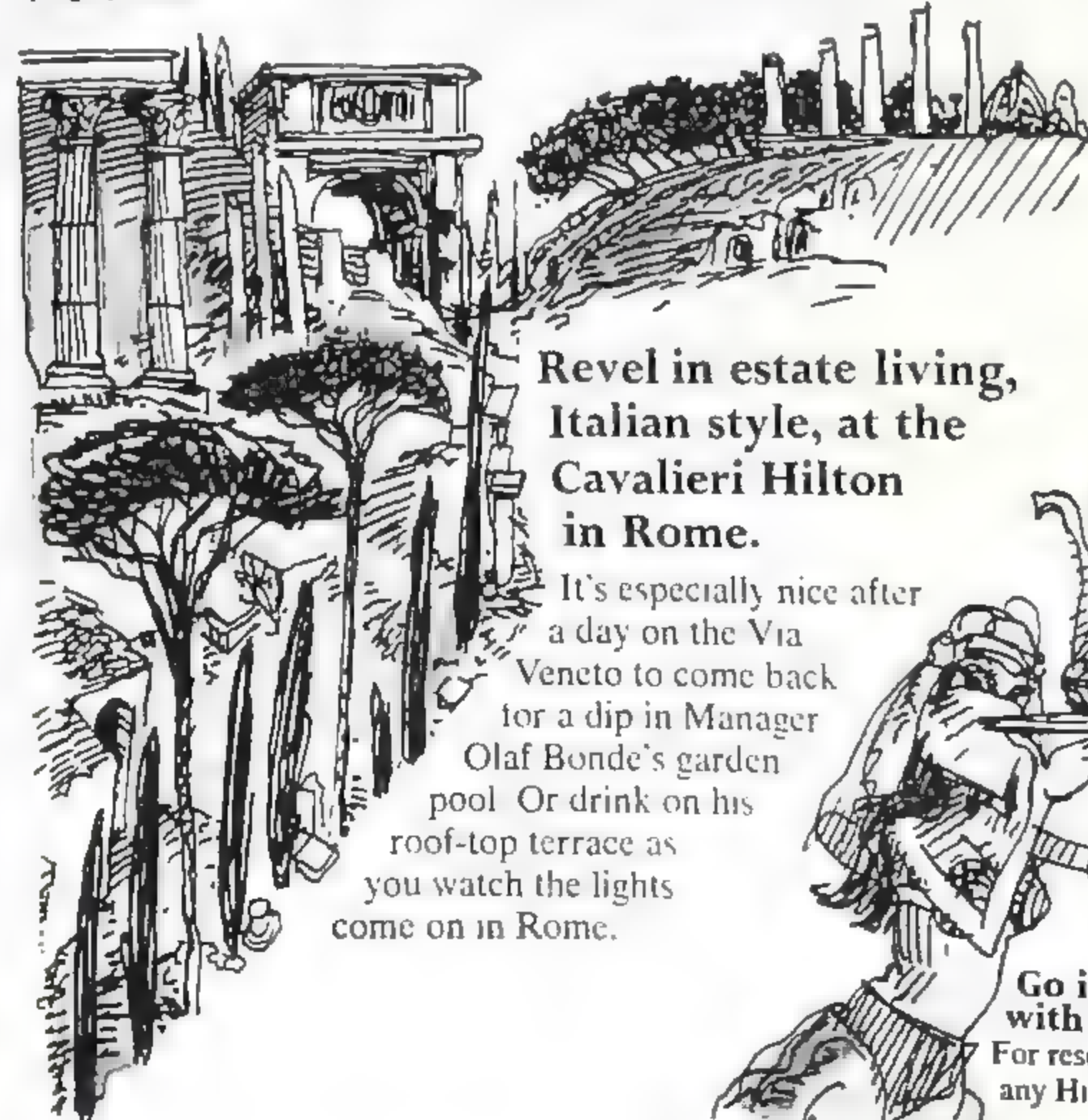
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**Stroll through Madrid's finest shops in the Castellana Hilton's own plaza.**

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**Dance the hora on the shores of the Mediterranean at the Tel Aviv Hilton.**

Better yet, let somebody else do the dancing. You just relax and enjoy the sea from your private balcony. Bob Grant's new hotel. (You won't find anything like this on the Jewish shore.)

**Enjoy coffee as you neer before at the Istanbul Hilton.**

You'll have to admit George Desbaillets' was pretty spectacular. But no more the view of the Bosphorus. You'll have from the magnificent roof-top rotisserie.

Jarry. Finally, De Sade can now be considered "an admissible genius like Shakespeare, Pascal or Nietzsche."

All this is literary poppycock. It may be true that De Sade is a fascinating figure; Edmund Wilson and Simone de Beauvoir have written studies on him, and the London-Broadway hit *Marat/Sade*, as well as a new paperback edition of his writings, testifies to renewed public interest. But it is also true that he is the compulsive addict of every conceivable extremity within the technical possibilities of the human sexual apparatus. What he could not do he dreamed, and what he dreamed, he wrote. His letters can be analyzed in seven deeply felt but wonderfully inconsistent categories. 1) he didn't do it (he had been accused of kidnapping young girls, and there was a suspicion



THE MARQUIS DE SADE  
Too much was not enough.

of murder). 2) the victim was only a whore. 3) others do as bad—like judges and cardinals. 4) he couldn't help it (forgetting that if that were so, his mother-in-law couldn't help wanting him locked up). 5) it was all a conspiracy (again by his mother-in-law, who wanted his estates). 6) he was a special case, and finally and sadly 7) he wasn't doing it any more, he had as it were left off beating his wife. This does not exactly reveal a great mind at work or the just and sensitive spirit that he regarded himself.

Whiplash. Still, De Sade's letters are interesting not only for his status as a metaphysical monster but for his human inconsistencies. Sometimes he addressed his wife as "my doll," "celestial pussy cat," "my Mahomet," and "whiplash of my nerves"; at other times he complained that she had visited him in "modest clothes," told her he would rather see her in a whorehouse than with her mother, and lectured her sternly about his superior philosophical systems ("Mine," he wrote, "are based on

reason, and yours are merely the fruit of stupidity"). He was more jovial with his valet Carteron: "Ah! you ancient pumpkin cooked in bugs' juice, third horn of the devil's head, codface drawn out like the two ears of an oyster, slipper of a procuress." It was hardly an appropriate tone to take with one's valet, but Carteron was no ordinary valet, he was a member of the orgy.

In one letter from prison, De Sade wrote "Imaginative about morality in a way more disorderly than the world has ever known, atheist to the point of fanaticism, in fact, that is what I am like, and once again, kill me or take me as I am, for I shall not change." Rejection of God seems to have exhausted his powers of skepticism. In his lonely circular cell he became a devout numerologist, and solemnly counted the words or lines in letters he received as a basis for abstruse and totally nutty calculations that would provide, he believed, the exact date of his release. His number never came up. He died of a pulmonary congestion in the asylum at Charenton.

## Beyond Unreality

THE NOWHERE CITY by Alison Lurie  
276 pages Coward-McCann \$4.50

Los Angeles is a fiction whose accepted public image carries the impact of heightened reality, like Disneyland or a dream. Even the displaced outlanders who now make Los Angeles their home accept as fact such ephemeral entities as Venice West, rats in palm trees, eternal sunshine, Hollywood and Vine schools of pink Cadillacs, and tawny, ubiquitous beauties in spike heels and white sharkskin Jax slacks.

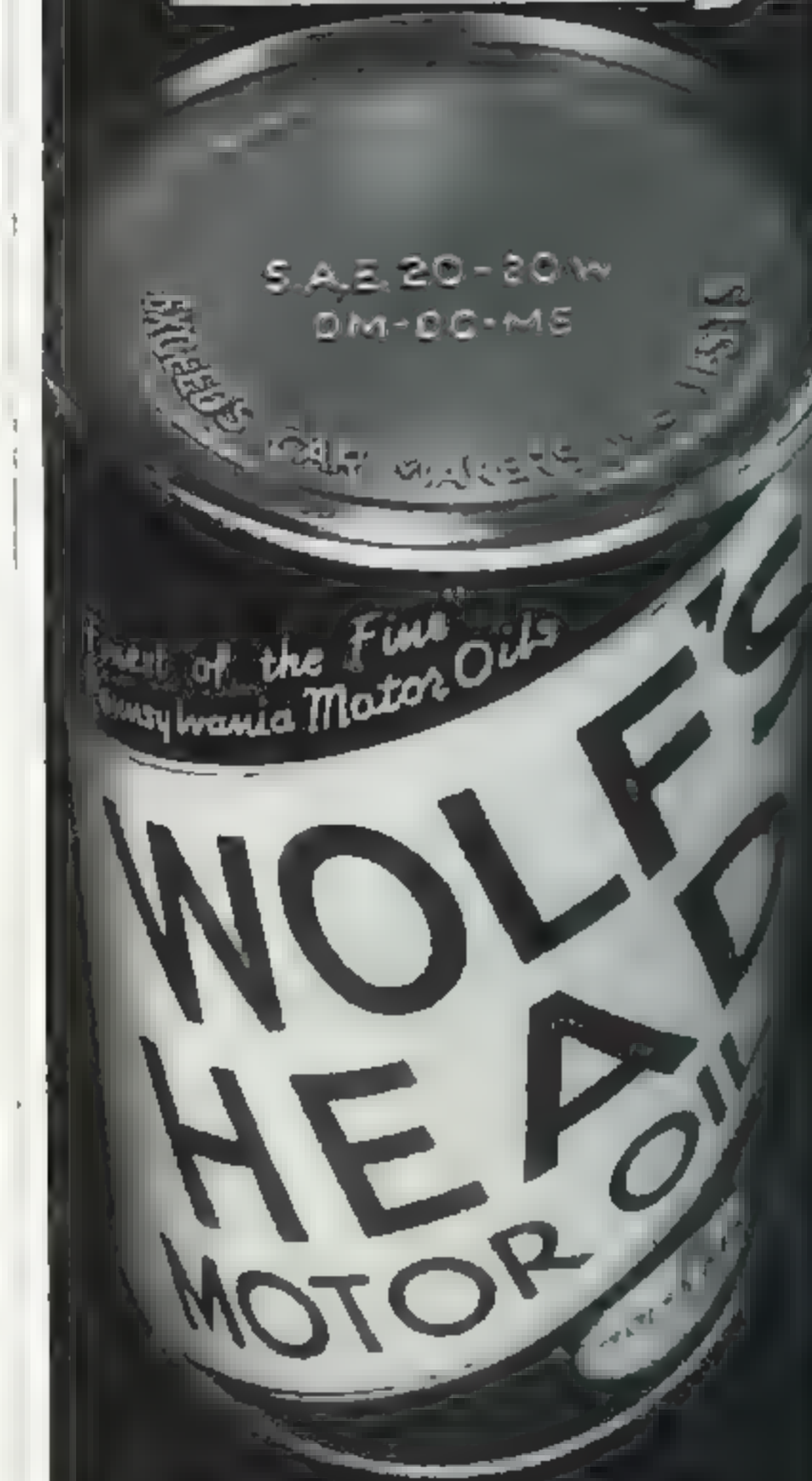
Despite a great body of belief, and much effort, no novelist has ever fully succeeded in making Los Angeles seem real. Alison Lurie, the author of this novel about Los Angeles, does not succeed in bringing it off either. But she fails so charmingly that the reader at least can understand why all those migrants went West.

**Comical Fun.** In *Love and Friendship*, her first novel, Miss Lurie, the wife of a Cornell University professor vamped with considerable effect on the shopworn theme of infidelity. She treated sex not as something to leer about, sneer about or pontificate about, but as innocent and slightly comical fun. This attitude is read-made for Los Angeles, where the sun is said to remove inhibitions even faster than it reduces skin pallor. But Miss Lurie is less concerned with proving for the umpteenth time that Los Angeles is phony than she is in the possibility that phonicness is just another form of reality.

All the characters in *The Nowhere City* are so improbable that they could have been spawned by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. Dr. Isidore Finsam is introduced as a veritable caricature, who with his spade beard and Mittel-European manner looks like "an

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advertisement for a psychiatrist gives dictation in the nude and rule about his Westwood apartment any woman who ventures the expect, willy-nilly, to be relieved virtue.

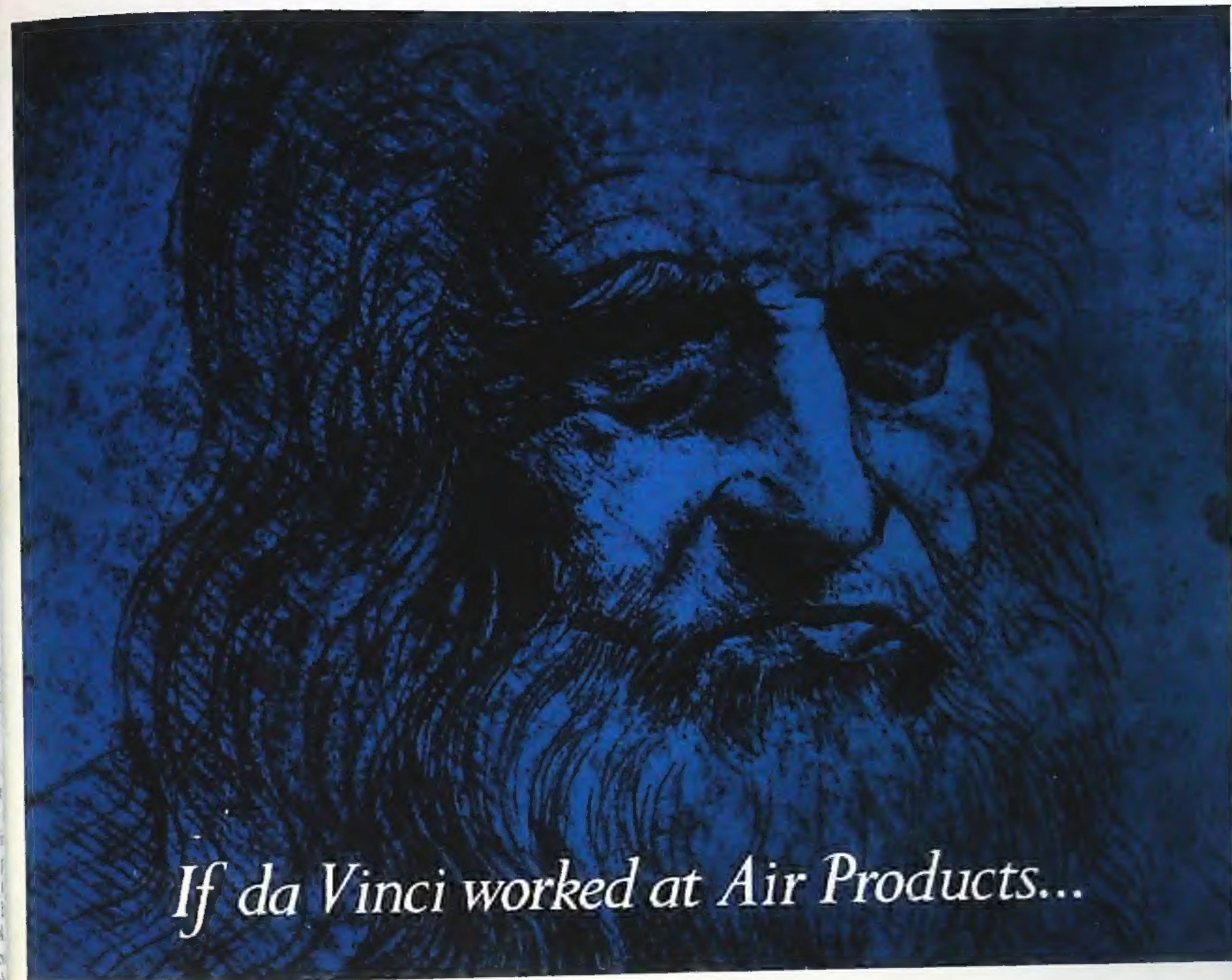
Einsam is married to Glory, a Hollywood starlet who loses beauty on before breakfast and in four-letter words. To believe characters is nothing short of generous. Or is it? In Miss Lurie's sympathetic hands, Glory and nearly everyone else in the book ate the appeal of children whose ingenuousness disarms the Most Hollywood starlets would be dead than bred. But Glory templating pregnancy at the Einsam, goes all starletty—think I'd really like to get knocked she says.

**Warning: Curves.** The less *Nowhere's* plot the better. It like Los Angeles itself and relentlessly as Mulholland Drive two books. Miss Lurie's sense of tion lags well behind her sense of acter. But the latter is sure enough engaging enough to compensate deficiency. If the trip through is not particularly compelling, characterization at least suggests Lurie's proper direction lies.

### Short Notices

THAT SUMMER by Allen Drury. 349 pages. Coward-McCann. \$4.95.

It seemed obvious from the late press gallery back in 1940 those 100-odd characters milling and orating down below searching for some author to them up in a novel. So Newsday Drury wrote *Advise and Consent*. course there was a sequel—*A Difference*—but now the trouble started for Novelist Drury, he gun to write about ordinary. They are the nice upper-middle-



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Unhappily, Author Lyons has produced something closer to an irritatingly detailed publicity release than a definitive and probing biography, a glossy photograph rather than an interpretive painting. Some achievements deserve better recognition—and a better biography.

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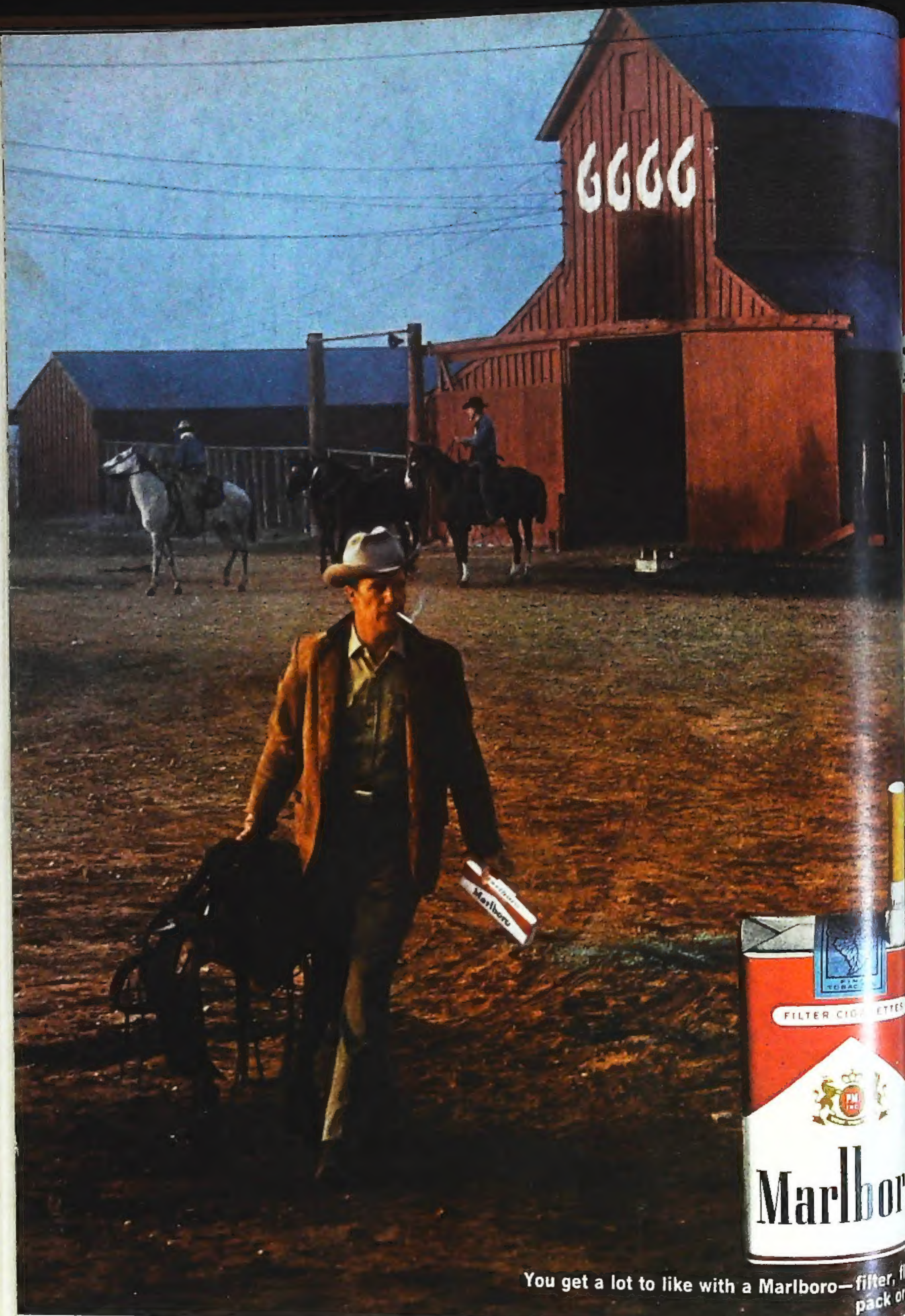


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